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ART. I.—*The Dramatic Works and Poems of James Shirley, now first collected.* With Notes by the late William Gifford, Esq. And additional Notes, and some Account of Shirley and his Writings, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. 6 vols. London, 1832.

SHIRLEY at length takes his place among the poets of England. His collected works are, for the first time, within the reach of the common reader. A few years ago these volumes would have excited more general interest, and stood a chance of more extensive popularity. The admiration of our older dramatists was then at its height. The wonder and delight raised by a vein of poetry so rich and so deep, almost suddenly disclosed, tempted the public mind to imagine that its wealth was inexhaustible, and, in the fresh ardour of enthusiasm, it refused to suspect that much dross might be mingled with the precious metal. The strong excitement, in those days, perpetually administered by modern poetry, kept the popular taste in a state prepared, and wrought up, as it were, to receive with pleasure the force, the passionate vehemence, the splendid imagery of our ancient theatre. Most of the successful poets then living were professed admirers, some avowed imitators, of the Elizabethan dramatists. They seemed to demand, and obtained a favourable hearing for their masters in the art.

If latterly this ardour of the public mind has sunk into comparative apathy, and its curiosity languished into indifference, we are not inclined altogether to ascribe this defection from the objects of brief idolatry to its general inconstancy:—the blame must be borne, at least in an equal share, by the injudicious panegyrists of our older poets. Of these some had but a cold, an antiquarian, or a bibliomaniac passion for these neglected writers—they loved, not their invention, their poetry, their character, but their rarity; their admiration rose and fell, not with the kindling of their imagination, or the thrilling of their inmost heart, but with the anxiously-watched vibrations of Mr. Sotheby's or Mr. Evans's hammer; their principles of taste were on the margin of a Roxburghe catalogue—and inestimable *must be* the merit of that drama which was not to be found in the Malone or the Garrick collection. But this was innocent in comparison with the patronage of another class, by which the older dramatists were incumbered. These were a

certain race of writers, with little knowledge of the ancient drama, and less discrimination as to its real excellencies—professed admirers of poetry, but egregious admirers of themselves—who seized upon these slumbering worthies, as subjects for showy and epigrammatic essays, in which the public attention was invited, less to the long-neglected genius of the *dead*, than to the profound and original principles of taste developed by the living. Some of them took possession of the ground, as it were, by a pretended right of discovery; and it became an object of competition to force into notice some name, whose merit had been a secret even to the initiated. In the meantime the authority of the more sound and judicious admirers of the old drama, such as the late Mr. Gifford and Mr. Lamb—(men, perhaps, as opposite in the character of their minds, as two so highly gifted and accomplished could be, but who met upon this common ground)—their ripe and sober judgment was overborne by the louder and more extravagant praises lavished with equal profusion upon the humbler and the better part of this remarkable school. The reaction took place; the public taste, wearied with these incessant demands on its approbation,—unable to admire in the mass, as it was authoritatively required to do, that which, in most cases, is only excellent in particular passages;—neither inclined, nor scarcely permitted, to make the necessary allowance for the difference of manners, or for the irregularities of writers, who, if the most vigorous, amusing, and various, are, unquestionably, the most unequal,—gradually fell off in its encouragement, and left the field to those whose not less fervent, though more discriminating love of our older poetry, maintained its fidelity. These, as they had been earlier, so they were more lasting votaries; as uninfluenced by the excitement, so superior to the capriciousness of popular admiration.

In the meantime great advantages had been derived from the impulse given to the public taste. Excellent editions of the better, and even some of the inferior, of these old poets had been published. Men who, like Mr. Collier and Mr. Dyce, united the patient industry of the antiquarian with a real, yet chastened feeling for the beauties of their authors, have continued to work on with unwearied assiduity, though with less hope of reward from the general interest in their studies. The present edition of Shirley, commenced, and almost finished, as to the collection and the arrangement of the plays, by Mr. Gifford, and now completed by the addition of the poems, and a life, by Mr. Dyce, closes that prolific but brilliant series of our dramatic authors, without which no library, which pretends to comprehend the more valuable body of English poetic literature, can be considered perfect.

Shirley

Shirley was the 'last minstrel' of the early English stage. In him expired what may be properly called the school of Shakspeare. Like our northern poet's 'last of all the bards,' or, as he was called by one of his contemporaries, 'the last supporter of the dying scene,' after enjoying some years of fame and popularity, Shirley found himself fallen upon an ungenial time, on days in which his art could obtain but little audience. Before his career was half run, his occupation was proscribed; and at the Restoration, the lineal descendant of Fletcher and Massinger saw a new art take possession of the stage. He was a stranger among the race of poets who sprung up around him—he belonged to another age; some of his plays, as well as those of his great masters, Shakspeare and Fletcher, were indeed revived, but the rhyming heroic tragedy, and the profligate comedy of intrigue, were in the ascendant—and Shirley stood aloof. Conscious, as it were, that he belonged to a departed generation, that he had nothing in common with the popular playwrights of the modern æra, he refused to become a pupil in the new, the degenerate school, and thus to form, as he might, the link between the romantic and that which called itself the heroic drama. Hence the civil wars draw a complete line of demarcation between two periods of dramatic art.

Even if it had not thus come to a violent end, the Shakspearian drama might have yielded to that more slow and secret principle of change which seems to operate upon taste, as upon everything else connected with our mortal state; at this period, however, its fate was inevitable. Unless the drama could have taken higher ground,—unless, from an amusement it could have become a political power,—an engine by which one of the conflicting parties could strongly work upon the opinions of men, it could not but become extinct. Even Shakspeare himself, in such days of tumult and fierce collision, would scarcely have commanded a hearing. It needed not the ponderous anathema of Prynne, nor the stern edict of the Puritanical Parliament, to wean the popular taste from that languishing stage, which, for its few last years, was only supported as a faithful adherent of royalty, by the more indolent and careless cavaliers. The public mind was too serious for diversion; a real tragic drama was now darkening over the kingdom, and its still-impending catastrophe held the whole nation in breathless suspense. Characters were developing, in more striking and vivid colours than Shakspeare himself could have drawn; incidents, which had all the strange and stirring novelty of the boldest fiction, with the tremendous force of truth, were coming home to the hearths, to the bosoms of men. What, at such a time, was 'the fiction, the dream of passion?'

'What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?'

B 2

Who

Who would go to witness the imaginary 'Politician' of the dramatist, when he might watch the unravelling of the great plot in either House of Parliament? who listen to the hired actor at the Globe or the Cockpit, when he could see the Pymys and the Hampdens, the Hydes and the Falklands on that spirit-stirring stage? Even the apprentices had more animating work than in the galleries of the theatres, in themselves learning to take a part, by hooting down bishops, or malignants, in the tragedies of the day, and accelerating the last scene of Stratford, or of Charles.* Even the pulpits would drain away the few lingering votaries from the sock and buskin, not merely by their stern maledictions on the sin of stage-playing, but by ministering themselves still stronger excitement. They dealt more largely, more effectively, in tragic terrors; they were not sparing even in comic buffoonery;—they no longer dwelt, in their high, and solemn, and serene, and unworldly dignity, upon the eternal interests of man;—they appealed to earthly passions;—they addressed themselves to the personal, to the immediate hopes and fears; the eventful present occupied all minds far more than the remote and mysterious future. It was another form in which the same great political drama was developed, and absorbed all less real, all fictitious interest; men's passions were in too vehement and tumultuous a state during every hour of the day, and at every occupation, whether religious or political, to be purged and softened, according to the advice of the old Greek critic, by the imaginary terror and pity of poetic representations.

The life of Shirley is perversely enough as obscure as that of most of his poetic fraternity. It appears to have been far from unfertile of incidents, but those incidents are unconnected, and unexplained by any knowledge of his private feelings or personal character. His poems, though sufficiently explicit upon his political sentiments, betray little of the workings of his mind, or of his moral temperament. To the meagre and unsatisfactory outline of Antony Wood, we know that Mr. Gifford despaired of adding anything of value; and where the diligent research and ex-

* Thomas May, himself once no unsuccessful votary of the prohibited stage, but now a fiery partizan of the parliament, whose historian he became, thus addresses Shirley:—

'Although thou want the theatre's applause,
Which now is fitly silenced by the laws,
Since these sad times that civil swords did rage
And make three kingdoms the lamented stage
Of real tragedies'—

He concludes, in a high strain of compliment, which shows the estimation in which our poet was held in his own day:—

'All Muses are not guiltless; but such strains
As thine deserve, if I may verdict give,
In sober, chaste, and learned times to live.'

tensive

tensive knowledge of Mr. Dyce are found at fault, we can scarcely hope, unless new and, at present, inaccessible sources of information should be unexpectedly opened, that anything further will be gleaned to throw light on his personal history. Yet, living at such a period, it would have been singularly interesting to have traced the personal feelings and opinions of a man of genius in his peculiar situation, who, from a clergyman of the Protestant church, became a Roman Catholic; then a popular writer for the stage; who lived on terms of intimate friendship with most of the literary characters of his day, shared in the patronage of Strafford, was a personal follower of Newcastle; sank again, in the troublous times, to his old employment of a schoolmaster, and, finally, became a fellow drudge with Ogilvy, and with him was exposed to the ignominious immortality of Dryden's satire.

James Shirley was descended from a family of good name, who had ancient manors both in Sussex and Warwickshire. He was born in 1596, in the parish of St. Mary Woolnoth, London. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and went from thence to St. John's College, Oxford. Laud, then the head of that society, and already an ecclesiastical Martinet, is said, though he admired the talents of Shirley, to have considered him disqualified for the clerical profession by—a mole on his cheek. Mr. Dyce quotes a whimsical improvement of this anecdote from 'Cibber's Lives of the Poets':—

'Shirley had unfortunately a large mole upon his left cheek, which much disfigured him, and gave him a forbidding appearance. Laud observed very justly, that an audience can scarcely help conceiving a prejudice against a man whose appearance shocks them, and were he to preach with the tongue of an angel, that prejudice could never be surmounted; besides the danger of women with child fixing their eyes on him in the pulpit; and as the imagination of pregnant women has strange influence on the unborn infants, it is somewhat cruel to expose them to the danger, and by these means do them great injury, as one's fortunes, in some measure, depend upon external comeliness.'

If these were Laud's motives, other dignitaries of the church were not equally sensitive as to personal appearance, nor so provident of the beauty of unborn generations, for Shirley, having graduated at Catherine Hall, Cambridge, entered into orders, and obtained a living in or near St. Alban's. But 'the sweet sin' of poetry had already captivated the imagination, and no doubt interfered with the professional studies of the young divine; he had already ventured on the press: his first work was a poem, called 'Echo, or the Unfortunate Lovers.' His mind, as was too common in those days of fierce religious strife, became unsettled, and more, of course, under the influence of imagination than of reason, he

he embraced the Roman Catholic religion, to which he afterwards adhered with fidelity. Of course he had made up his mind to forfeit his benefice, and, for his livelihood, he submitted, for a short time, to the drudgery of teacher to a grammar-school in St. Alban's. But the neighbourhood of the metropolis opened brighter prospects to a man of poetic talent. Perhaps while yet in his humble situation he had made his first attempt on the stage with 'Love's Tricks.' This comedy, though with little originality or power, yet from its liveliness, and its strokes of satire at some of the follies, the affected language, and ridiculous accomplishments of the day, seems to have met with success, and probably determined at once the future destination of Shirley.

He had protested in his prologue, and at the time, perhaps, in perfect sincerity,—

‘ This play is

The first fruits of a muse, that before this

Never saluted audience, nor doth mean

To swear herself a factor for the scene.’

But, supposing, no doubt, that at poets', as well as 'at lovers' perjuries Jove laughs,' his ambition soon soared beyond drilling the accident into the little boys of St. Alban's:—he chose, if the more precarious, the more pleasant and lucrative employment of ministering to the delight and sharing in the favour of a splendid court and an opulent city. In the downright words of old Wood, he 'retired to the metropolis, lived in Gray's Inn, and set up for a play-maker.' The halcyon days of the stage were not yet over; the dark times to which we have alluded did not yet even 'cast their shadows before.' For several years the prolific invention of Shirley poured forth dramas in quick and unfailing succession; he appears to have lived on terms of intimacy with many of his brother poets—to have been universally esteemed for his gentle manners and amiable disposition; real respect for the blamelessness of his morals may be traced even through the flattering language of commendatory verses. Though his printed plays are by no means free from the vice of the age, coarse and indelicate allusions, yet in his later dramas he is far less offensive, and by the master of the revels, he is quoted as a pattern of 'a more beneficial and cleanly way of poetry.' 'The comedy called The Young Admiral, being free from oaths, prophaneness, or obscenity, hath given mee much delight and satisfaction in the readinge, and may serve for a patterne to other poetts, not only for the bettring of maners and language, but for the improvement of the quality, which hath received some brushings of late.'* Such is part of an entry

* Mr. Dyce quotes another curious passage from this document: it appears that the

entry in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, who latterly seems to have turned somewhat of 'a precisian.'

Shirley was twice married, and had several children, but of the birth or quality of his two wives we know nothing, though Mr. Dyce conjectures that the first was a lady, whom he addresses in many poems, written in the conceited and metaphysical style of the day, under the name of Odelia. 'He gained,' says Wood, 'not only a considerable livelihood, but also great respect and encouragement from persons of quality, especially from Henrietta Maria, the queen consort, who made him her servant.' It appears, however, that he failed in improving the opportunities of advancement which such patronage afforded. 'I never,' he observes, 'affected the ways of flattery; some say, I have lost my preferment by not practising that court sin.' His broad and humorous song on the birth of Charles II., considering the adulation usually poured forth on such events, will scarcely impeach his sinlessness on this head.

Probably something of a chivalrous feeling of indignation at the insult supposed to be offered to Henrietta Maria by Prynne in his '*Histriomastix*' embittered the fierce irony with which he dedicated his '*Bird in a Cage*' to the Puritan in prison:—

'The fame of your candour and innocent love to learning, especially to that musical part of humane knowledge, poetry, and in particular that which concerns the stage and scene (yourself, as I hear, having lately written a tragedy*), doth justly challenge from me this dedication. I had an early desire to congratulate your happy retirement; but no poem could tempt me with so fair a circumstance as this in the title, wherein I take some delight to think (not without imitation of yourself, who have ingeniously fancied such elegant and apposite names for your own compositions, as *Health's Sickness*, *The Untoveliness of Lovelocks*, &c.) how aptly I may present you, at this time, with the "*Bird in a Cage*," a comedy which wanteth, I must confess, much of that ornament, which the stage and action lent it, for it comprehending also another *play or interlude, personated by ladies*, I must refer to your imagination the music, the songs, the the players were apt 'to speak more than was set down for them,' and to interpolate oaths and other offensive expressions, the blame of which fell upon the innocent licenser of the plays. This led to a delicate question. 'The kinge is pleased to take *faith, death, slight*, for asseverations, and no oaths—as to which I doe humbly submit to my master's judgment; but under favour conceive them to be oaths, and enter them here, to declare my opinion and submission.' This will remind the reader of a scene in the '*Spiritual Quixote*,' or of a still more recent farce enacted in the Committee-room of the House of Commons,—where a part of the great legislative council of this nation were gravely employed in ascertaining from the elderly *Grunner*, who, we presume, upon the same principle on which the famous Barrington was made a judge in New South Wales, has been selected to watch over the morals of the drama, his opinions on the propriety of calling a woman an angel, and other equally deep points of doctrine!

* The second part of the '*Histriomastix*' was entitled the '*Actor's Tragedie*.' dancing,

dancing, and other varieties, which I know would have pleased you infinitely in the presentment.'

The cruel sentence of Prynne, it is well known, was inflicted on account of some real or supposed allusion to the queen as having danced in an interlude at court; and our poet no doubt justified by his loyalty, as well as by the internecine hostility between puritanism, whose spirit was embodied in Prynne, and the stage, of which Shirley might stand forth as the champion, this merciless tone of exultation in his sufferings.

Shirley was engaged in a more honourable and more public testimony which was borne at this time against the austere opinions of Prynne. He was appointed to write the poetry for the most splendid interlude ever performed at Whitehall, 'The Triumph of Peace,' which, at this 'seasonable time,' was represented at the expense, and by members, of the Inns of Court. The distinguished names, which were selected to conduct this gorgeous pageant, remind us of the days when

—The grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
The seals and maces danced before him;

while at the same time they carry us on to that darker period, of which the clouds were beginning to gather, and in which these great men, now uniting in festive rejoicings, and alike eager to display their loyalty, were to be arrayed in opposite ranks, and grapple in deadly opposition. For the Middle Temple were chosen Mr. Hyde and Mr. Whitelock; Sir Edward Herbert and Mr. Selden for the Inner Temple; for Lincoln's Inn, Mr. Attorney Noy and Mr. Gerling; Sir John Finch and another for Gray's Inn. The pageant paraded London from Ely House in Holborn to Whitehall. The masque was performed in the Banqueting-house; the decorations were by Inigo Jones, the music by William Lawes and Simon Ives. The sumptuousness of the dresses and decorations may be best estimated by the expense—the interlude cost 20,000*l.* to the Inns of Court. The following observation of a correspondent of Strafford's, then Lord Deputy in Ireland, is very remarkable, and illustrative of the memorable chapter in Clarendon, in which he expatiates on the prosperity of the nation before the civil wars:—'Oh that they would give over these things, or lay them by for a time, and bend all their endeavours to make the king rich! For it gives me no satisfaction, who am but a looker on, to see a rich commonwealth, a rich people, and the crown poor. God direct them to remedy this quickly.'

When Strafford proceeded to Ireland in 1633, John Ogilby, a name with which that of Shirley was unfortunately associated in later days, went over as posture-master, and teacher of the art of handling

handling the pike and musket in the family of the deputy, from which he rose to be master of the revels to the vice-regal court. The ill-omened friendship of Shirley with this worthy, who, from an excellent dancing-master, by one unfortunate caper, was lamed into a miserable poet, had already been formed in London; and in 1637 Shirley went to Ireland on his invitation, to support the Dublin stage by his acknowledged talents in dramatic composition. Several of his plays were first acted in the theatre of the Irish metropolis. It does not appear at what time his spirited stanzas on the 'recovery of the Earl of Strafford' were written; whether they were inspired by gratitude for his patronage when in Ireland, or that more general admiration of his character, prevalent among the royalist party.

'My lord, the voice that did your sickness tell,
 Strook like a midnight chime or knell;
 At every sound
 I took into my sense a wound,
Which had no cure till I did hear
 Your health again
 Restor'd, and then
There was a balsam pour'd into mine ear.
'But hymns are now requir'd; 'tis time to rise,
 And pay the altar sacrifice:
 My heart allows
 No gums, nor amber, but pure vows;
 There's fire at breathing of your name,
 And do not fear—
 I have a tear

Of joy, to curb any immodest flame.' &c.—vol. vi., p. 428.

Shirley resided about two years in Ireland; on his return to London he resumed his occupation—but that occupation soon came to an end. Those days of fiercer excitement were at hand, —the spirit of Prynne was in the ascendant, and in 1642, the first ordinance for the suppression of stage-plays was issued by the parliament. This ordinance, according to Mr. Collier, was not altogether effective; the players, in more than one instance, defied or attempted to elude the hostile edict. On one occasion, in 1644, Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy, 'King and no King,' (whether purposely selected on account of its significant title, is not clear,) was performed at the theatre in Salisbury Court. It was not till 1647, that severer measures were taken. An act then passed, empowering the Lord Mayor and other magistrates to pull down and destroy all theatres; condemning all players to be publicly whipped; confiscating all money received, for the good of the poor; and enforcing a fine of five shillings upon any person present at a dramatic representation. It cannot be wondered that
all

all persons connected with the stage threw themselves into the royal ranks. Shirley followed the fortunes of the brave and chivalrous, but unsteady and eccentric Newcastle,* to whom he had already dedicated one of his plays, the 'Traitor,' in language, as is generally the case in Shirley's dedications, though highly complimentary, yet remarkably graceful, and even dignified. There occurs, by the way, in one of Shirley's amatory pieces, an allusion to his northern campaign, which has escaped the notice of his biographer. The poem may be quoted as a specimen of the sweet and tender thoughts which the bards of that day, after the example of Donne, were apt to mar by quaint language and whimsical metre—

'That mistress I pronounce but poor in bliss,

That, when her servant parts,

Gives not as much with her last kiss,

As will maintain two hearts

Till both do meet

To taste what else is sweet.

Cherish that heart, Odelia, that is mine,

And if the north thou fear,

Dispatch but from thy southern clime

A sigh, to warm thine here ;

But be so kind

To send by the next wind,—

'Tis far,

And many accidents do wait on war.'—vol. vi., p. 408.

On the discomfiture of Newcastle at Marston Moor, and his unaccountable abandonment of the royal cause, Shirley stole back to London, where, in his obscurity, he obtained the patronage of a man of much higher literary rank than Newcastle, Thomas Stanley, the editor of 'Æschylus,' and author of the 'History of Philosophy.' But his chief maintenance and that of his wife and family depended on his own exertions; he was glad to sink again to his old drudgery of keeping a school in White Friars; the poetic spirit which had so long delighted a polished court and a tasteful age, by the fertility of its invention, the grace and elegance of its dramatic dialogue, now condescended to versify the accident of the Latin Grammar; the successor, if not the rival of Fletcher and Massinger, entered the lists with old John Lily. The author of the 'Traitor' and the 'Cardinal' now sang thus—

'In *di*, *do*, *dum*, the Gerunds chime and close :

Um the first Supine, *u* the latter shows.'

An amusing chapter in the history of human life might be

* Wood insinuates, that Shirley had no inconsiderable hand in the plays which this singular nobleman afterwards published. Mr. Dyce is inclined to acquit him of this serious charge.

formed on the great men who have been schoolmasters. We recommend the subject to Mr. D'Israeli. Among monarchs it would descend from Dionysius the tyrant, to the present King of France. (By this juxta-position we would not be thought to disparage the by no means least honourable, perhaps not the least happy, period in the life of Louis Philippe.) Among men of letters the times of which we write offer us the names of Shirley, and that far greater 'blind old schoolmaster,' as Milton was denominated by the miserable scorn of his enemies.

The dedication to his very amusing comedy of the 'Sisters,' reprinted with several others at this period, may well be quoted here. It is, in the words of Mr. Gifford, 'singularly affecting, as a well expressed and striking picture of the times.'—The play is inscribed to the most worthily honoured Wm. Paulet, Esquire:—

'Compositions of this nature have heretofore been graced by the acceptance and protection of the greatest nobility (I say not princes); but in this age, when the scene of dramatic poetry is changed into a wilderness, it is hard to find a patron to a legitimate muse. Many that were wont to encourage poems are fallen beneath the proverbial want of the composers, and, by their ruins, are only at leisure to take measure with their eye of what they have been. Some, extinguished with their fortune, have this happiness to be out of capacity of further shipwreck, while their sad remains peep out of the sea, and may serve as naked marks, and caution to other navigators' malignant stars the while. In this unequal condition of the times, give me leave to congratulate my own felicity that hath directed this comedy unto you, who wear your nobleness with more security than titles, and a name that continues bright and impassable among the constellations in our sphere of English honour.'—vol. v., p. 355.

But the fire of Shirley's invention was not yet completely extinguished either by the base use to which he had fallen, or by his chilling association with his old friend Ogilby. It is next to impossible to doubt that it was by the fall, if not by the death of Charles I., that the mind of the royalist poet was solemnized to the creation of those imperishable stanzas, which first appeared in his *Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*. 'Oliver Cromwell is said, on the recital of them, to have been seized with great terror and agitation of mind.' This is one of those stories which ought to be true; unfortunately, Zouch, who has published it in his notes on *Walton's Lives*, has given no authority. Frequently as this noble dirge has been quoted, it must not be omitted here:—

'The glories of our mortal state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:

Sceptre

Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
 Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield;
 They tame but one another still:
 Early or late,
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.
 The garlands wither on your brow;
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
 Upon death's purple altar now,
 See, where the victor-victim bleeds:
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb,—
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.'

vol. vi., pp. 396, 397.

At the Restoration Shirley had his full share in the benefits of the Act of Oblivion, passed, as it was humorously said, in favour of the king's friends. His plays were revived, but he remained toiling in his school, and drudging, in his ill-assorted partnership with Ogilby, in those vast volumes, the translations of Virgil and Homer, which tower in undisturbed dignity on the tallest shelves of our public libraries. The worthy ex-dancing master, it may be observed, had qualified himself for translating Homer by beginning Greek, in the year 1654, under the tuition of a Scotch usher of Shirley's. The fact of this literary copartnership must be borne in mind, as in some degree accounting for the contemptuous acrimony of the Macflecknoe:—

'Heywood and Shirley are but types of thee,
 Thou last great prophet of tautology.'

And again on the coronation of Shadwell—

'No Persian carpets spread the imperial way,
 But scattered limbs of mangled poets lay.
 From dusty shops neglected authors come,
 Martyrs of pies
 * * *
 Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogilby there lay,
 But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd the way.'

The Mezentian martyrdom by which Shirley bound his living self to the dead weight of old Ogilby—was thus all but fatal at the time. According to the general principle by which a poet, during his life, is often noted for his worst work, but is remembered

bered by posterity, if remembered at all, for his best—so Shirley's nobler flights, his dramatic invention, the graceful ease of his dialogue, were cast into the shade by the impenetrable obscurity of those huge folios, in which he was admitted to be an accomplice, and of which the unmitigated dulness could be known to no one better than to Dryden, who himself trod the same ground. Dryden, conscious of Shirley's immeasurable inferiority as a translator, was no doubt blinded by this, as well as by the false taste of his day for rhyming tragedy and profligate comedy, to his own no less undoubted inferiority, as a dramatist, to the last legitimate descendant of Shakspeare.

The death of Shirley was a tragic termination to a life of vicissitude. He and his second wife, Frances, were burnt out of their dwelling, near Fleet Street, in the memorable Fire of London. They fled to St. Giles's, then *in the fields*, and broken down with fright, exposure, and distress of mind at their losses, the unhappy old couple died in one day, and were buried in one grave in the churchyard of that parish.

Few poets have moralized more beautifully on death than Shirley; happy if in that sad hour the sentiment, embodied in the following exquisite verses, soothed and consoled his failing spirit:

——— ' I have not lived
After the rate to fear another world.
We come from nothing into life, a time
We measure with a short breath, and that often
Made tedious too, with our own cares that fill it,
Which like so many atoms in a sunbeam,
But crowd and jostle one another. All
From the adored purple to the haircloth,
Must centre in a shade, and they that have
Their virtues to wait on them, bravely mock
The rugged storms that so much fright them here,
When their soul's launch'd by death into a sea
That's ever calm. *Honoria and Mammon*, vi. p. 78.

We are tempted to transcribe also the following beautiful lines:—

' Hark! how chimes the passing bell!
There's no music to a knell:
All the other sounds we hear
Flatter, and but cheat the ear.
This doth put us still in mind
That our flesh must be resigned,
And, a general silence made,
The world be muffled in a shade.
Orpheus' lute, as poets tell,
Was but moral of this bell,

And

And the captive soul was she
Which they call Euridice,
Rescued by our holy groan,
A loud echo to this tone.
He that on his pillow lies
Tear-embalmed before he dies,
Carries, like a sheep, his life
To the sacrificer's knife.'—vol. vi., p. 452.

Shirley, as a dramatist, bears evident indications of being the last of a great, but almost exhausted school. It is the decline, though still the serene and beautiful decline of a glorious day. The royal race submits with tranquil dignity to its deposition, but the sceptre is passing into other hands. His poetic character is by no means so strongly marked as that of most of his predecessors. The distinctive peculiarities of genius were pre-occupied. Of course the ground where Shakspeare had trod was not merely sacred—it was unattainable; and Jonson—though in his *Comedy of Manners* he was followed by many of the later writers—in his profound learning, and not less in his full and elaborate delineation of character, stood also alone. Massinger had excelled in vigorous and masculine eloquence, and in a peculiar style of dark moral painting, such as we trace in his *Luke* and his *Sir Giles Overreach*. The infinite variety of Beaumont and Fletcher seemed to leave no character unattempted, no passion unexplored, no situation untried. Among the inferior writers, Ford had stretched the passions on the rack till they almost burst with agony. Webster, the Spagnolet of the old drama, had, in the same manner, overwrought the principle of terror, and thus too often marred the impressiveness of that sombre grandeur in which lies his true strength. Middleton had passages of a kind of homely pathos not easily surpassed. Thus, when Shirley came on the stage, he might seem to succeed to a mine, of which the wealth had been completely exhausted—a land, of which every nook and corner had been explored and cultivated to its utmost height of productiveness. Every source from which dramatic invention had drawn its materials might seem dried up. The history of every country had been dramatized—every distinguished personage in ancient or modern times had appeared on the stage—even the novelists of Italy were well nigh run to their dregs: human nature itself might almost appear to have been worked out—every shade and modification of character had been variously combined, every incident placed in every possible light. Yet under all these disadvantages Shirley is an original writer: though he perpetually works up materials of the same kind as those of his predecessors, yet his forms are new; though we are constantly reminded

reminded of the earlier writers, particularly of Fletcher, his plays are far from servile copies; the manner of composition is the same, yet his lights and shadows are so infinitely varied, that the impression is entirely different. Even his style is his own: far inferior in force, in variety, in richness to his masters, it has an ease, a grace, sometimes an elegance, essentially his own. As softened and more delicately-pencilled outlines of characters, with which we are familiar, meet us again in the volumes of Shirley—so his poetry is full of the same images;—yet passing, as it were, through the clear and pellucid medium of his mind, they appear as if they were the new-born creations of his own fancy.

If the character of Shirley's genius is less marked, he has escaped the mannerism of many of his predecessors; if there is no one qualification of the dramatist in which he is pre-eminent in the great school to which he belongs, yet he combines more than most, except the very first writers; and it is impossible not to admire the variety and versatility with which he ranges, if with a less vigorous and decided, yet with an easy and graceful step, through every province of the drama; rarely perhaps exciting any violent or profound emotion, yet rarely failing to awaken and keep alive the curiosity, to amuse and delight the imagination. For, after all, it is the life and activity of Shirley's mind, the fertility of his invention, which is the most extraordinary point in his poetic character. Among all the plays, which nearly fill the volumes before us, there are few in which the interest, however often strange and improbable, is not sustained to the end; few, in which we do not find scenes or speeches of easy and unlaboured beauty, which could only be poured forth in such profusion by a true poet.

As a tragic writer, Shirley betrays, perhaps with least disguise, that he is the last of his school. He seems to write for an audience accustomed to sup full of horrors. There is a prodigality of crime, a profuse pouring forth of blood, not altogether in the coarse and 'King Cambyzes' manner of the older school, but still crowded together, as if nothing less than such strong stimulants would produce any effect; as if the poet were under the necessity of working up to an established standard of terror—to equal, if not to surpass, the awful scenes which were in full possession of the public imagination. In his two finest tragedies, 'The Traitor' and 'The Cardinal,' reminiscences more or less distinct of 'The Maid's Tragedy' of Fletcher and the 'Duchess of Malfy' of Webster involuntarily arise. As he would rival the passion and the sombre grandeur, so he seems to have thought it necessary to vie with his fearful models in the blackness of the crimes which he describes and in the lavish expenditure of blood. 'The Traitor,' unfortunately, turns on a kind of interest in which our older poets

poets delighted, but which is proscribed by the decency of modern manners. In Shirley, as in all the school to which he belongs, there is the same remarkable contrast between the manners and the morals. Excepting in passages of coarse, and it should seem privileged buffoonery, which, especially in the earlier plays, occur far too frequently, and sometimes intrude when they are most out of keeping with the purer character of the scene,—(yet in which, we must remember, the actors are accused of venturing on liberties of which their authors are blameless)—almost all which seems offensive to propriety was *de facto* intended to improve and elevate, rather than to corrupt and degrade, the mind. Virtue ever obtains the mastery over vice—vice is visited with shame and misery. Those passions and animal propensities of our nature, over the secret workings of which delicacy now draws a veil, which are left unexplored by the most searching moralist in the dark recesses of the heart, are exhibited by these unscrupulous painters in their repulsive nakedness. They will trace lust in its inmost thoughts and impulses, as they would ambition or jealousy. Stern anatomists, and intent only on the progress of their science, that of the moral nature of man, they unblushingly lay open the most hidden mysteries of that nature to the gaze. In fact, on such subjects they spoke language which was common to the age, and sanctioned by writers of a far graver class. Our old divines enlarge with a minuteness and particularity on points of this kind, at which the sensitive propriety of modern manners would stand aghast. There are many passages in the works of Jeremy Taylor, intended for general use, and no doubt for family instruction, which it would be impossible to read aloud; and even our older books of devotion can be used only with the strictest caution.

These observations are made, not to extenuate what is objectionable in the older dramatists, but in strict justice, lest the great distinction between the plays of this earlier period, and those of Charles the Second's time, should be lost sight of. With the former the manners are coarse and indelicate, the morals sound and vigorous; in the latter, manners and morals are alike corrupt and embruted. In one respect the dramatic writers of the older and better age might read a lesson to times, if of more fastidious nicety in expression, by no means endowed with an equally fine moral sensitiveness. Broad and plain-spoken as they are in their description of vice, and true to the worse as to the better parts of our nature—strangely and violently as they sometimes precipitate their nobler characters to their fall, or extricate their guilty ones from the trammels of sin—they never mingle and mould up the most incongruous qualities, the best and the worst ingredients of human character, at the same time, in the same individual.

They

They never shadow off the lofty into the base, and dash what is most admirable in the heart and soul of man, with that which is most loathsome, till the judgment is perplexed and confounded. Their lines of demarcation are strong and decided; nor among all their inconsistencies do we find that which was resorted to, with malice prepense against the elemental principles of morality, by the filthier pioneers of anarchy in France, and which we are sorry to see has, in our own time, been often employed to stimulate, if not on purpose to corrupt, the jaded mind of the public—the selection of the most virtuous and highly-gifted personage for the lowest crime, the meanest ruffian for the sublimest act of virtue. The energetic imagination and fiery verse of a Byron might throw a veil over offences even of this class:—*He* could make us overlook, for example, the absurdity of representing a Corsair, whose trade was murder, as revolting from that streak of blood on a woman's brow which was the witness and symbol of his own personal salvation, due to the daring of her hand. It is well, on the other hand, for our literary pastry-cooks, who rummage the Newgate Calendar for some vile domestic atrocity, and serve it up frosted over with Rosa-Matilda sentiment, under the name of *romance*—that when people have before them the coxcombry of a Malvolio, graver faults can hardly fix attention.

The 'Traitor' of Shirley is the dark Macchiavellian minister of an Italian court, one of his favourite characters, but no where drawn with such boldness and vigour as in this striking tragedy. The manner in which he winds to his purposes the passions of the feeble and voluptuous duke, of the fiery and daring Sciarrha, and of the vain Depazzi, is imagined and executed with equal power and skill. We can, however, venture on only one quotation from this play; and that is, to our judgment, in a vein of exquisite sweetness. By the wiles of Lorenzo, Amidea, the sister of Sciarrha, the original of Otway's Chamont, is exposed to the criminal passion of the Duke, and rejected by Pisano, to whom she had been betrothed. The faithless Pisano is on his way to be married to Oriana, when the bridal procession is arrested by Amidea:—

Ami. Not for my sake, but for your own, go back,
Or take some other way—this leads to death;
My brother—

Pis. What of him?

Ami. Transported with
The fury of revenge for my dishonour,
As he conceives, for 'tis against my will,
Hath vow'd to kill you in your nuptial glory.

Alas ! I fear his haste ; now, good my lord,
 Have mercy on yourself ; I do not beg
 Your pity upon me, I know too well
 You cannot love me now, nor would I rob
 This virgin of your faith, since you have pleas'd
 To throw me from your love : I do not ask
 One smile, nor one poor kiss ; enrich this maid,
 Created for those blessings ; but again
 I would beseech you, cherish your own life,
 Though I be lost for ever.

Alon. It is worth
 Your care, my lord, if there be any danger.

Pis. Alas ! her grief hath made her wild, poor lady.
 I should not love Oriana to go back ;
 Set forward.—Amidea, you may live
 To be a happier bride : Sciarrha is not
 So irreligious to profane these rites.

Ami. Will you not then believe me ?—Pray persuade him,
 You are his friends.—Lady, it will concern
 You most of all ; indeed, I fear you'll weep
 To see him dead, as well as I.

Pis. No more ;
 Go forward.

Ami. I have done ; pray be not angry,
 That still I wish you well : may heaven divert
 All harms that threaten you ; full blessings crown
 Your marriage ! I hope there is no sin in this ;
 Indeed I cannot choose but pray for you.—
 This might have been my wedding-day—

Ori. Good heaven,
 I would it were ! my heart can tell, I take
 No joy in being his bride, none in your prayers ;
 You shall have my consent to have him still ;
 I will resign my place, and wait on you,
 If you will marry him.

Ami. Pray do not mock me,
 But if you do, I can forgive you too.

Ori. Dear Amidea, do not think I mock
 Your sorrow ; by these tears, that are not worn
 By every virgin on her wedding-day,
 I am compell'd to give away myself :
 Your hearts were promis'd, but he ne'er had mine.
 Am not I wretched too ?

Ami. Alas, poor maid !
 We two keep sorrow alive then ; but I prithee,
 When thou art married, love him, prithee love him,
 For he esteems thee well ; and once a day
 Give him a kiss for me ; but do not tell him

'Twas my desire ; perhaps 'twill fetch a sigh
From him, and I had rather break my heart.
But one word more, and heaven be with you all.—
Since you have led the way, I hope, my lord,
That I am free to marry too ?

Pis. Thou art.

Ami. Let me beseech you then, to be so kind,
After your own solemnities are done,
To grace my wedding ; I shall be married shortly.

Pis. To whom ?

Ami. To one whom you have all heard talk of,—
Your fathers knew him well ; one, who will never
Give cause I should suspect him to forsake me ;
A constant lover, one whose lips, though cold,
Distil chaste kisses : though our bridal bed
Be not adorn'd with roses, 'twill be green ;
We shall have virgin laurel, cypress, yew,
To make us garlands ; though no pine do burn,
Our nuptial shall have torches, and our chamber
Shall be cut out of marble, where we'll sleep,
Free from all care for ever : Death, my lord,
I hope, shall be my husband. Now, farewell ;
Although no kiss, accept my parting tear,
And give me leave to wear my willow here.'—vol. ii. p. 163—165.

The ' Cardinal ' is another tragedy of great power ; dark and impressive ; but too often revolting where it ought to be terrible. The Duchess Rosaura, though obliged to plight her vows to Columbo, the nephew of the all-powerful cardinal, is still in love with Alvarez. While Columbo is absent with the army, she obtains by artifice a letter releasing her from her vows. Alvarez is murdered by Columbo. He, in his turn, is slain in a duel at her instigation, by Hernando, to whom, in her incipient frenzy, she has promised her hand as his reward, and who accosts his victim in these terrific lines :—

— ' You must account, sir, if that my sword prosper,
Whose point and every edge is made more keen
With young Alvarez' blood. Does not that sin
Benumb thy arteries, and turn the guilty flowings
To trembling jelly in thy veins ?—One little knot
Of phlegm that clogs my stomach, and I've done ;—
You have an uncle, called a Cardinal,
Would he were lurking now about that heart,
That the same wound might reach you both, and send
Your reeling souls together !—Now have at you.'

There is great tenderness in some touches of the ensuing madness of the Duchess—a sort of agony of suppressed and conflicting emotion :—

Her. Dear madam, do not weep.

Duch. You're very welcome ;

I have done ; I will not shed a tear more
Till I meet Alvarez, then I'll weep for joy.
He was a fine young gentleman, and sung sweetly ;
An you had heard him but the night before
We were married, you would have sworn he had been
A swan, and sung his own sad epitaph.
But we'll talk o' the Cardinal.

Her. Would his death
Might ransom your fair sense ! he should not live
To triumph in the loss. Beshrew my manhood,
But I begin to melt.

Duch. I pray, sir, tell me,
For I can understand, although they say
I have lost my wits ; but they are safe enough,
And I shall have them when the Cardinal dies ;
Who had a letter from his nephew, too,
Since he was slain.

Her. From whence ?

Duch. I know not where he is. But in some bower
Within a garden he is making chaplets,
And means to send me one ; but I'll not take it ;
I have flowers enough, I thank him, while I live.

Her. But do you love your governor ?

Duch. Yes, but I'll never marry him ; I am promis'd
Already.

Her. To whom, madam ?

Duch. Do not you
Blush when you ask me that ? must not you be
My husband ? I know why, but that's a secret.
Indeed, if you believe me, I do love
No man alive so well as you : the Cardinal
Shall never know't : he'll kill us both ; and yet
He says he loves me dearly, and has promis'd
To make me well again ; but I'm afraid,
One time or other, he will give me poison.

Her. Prevent him, madam, and take nothing from him.

Duch. Why, do you think 'twill hurt me ?

Her. It will kill you.

Duch. I shall but die, and meet my dear-lov'd lord,
Whom, when I have kiss'd, I'll come again and work
A bracelet of my hair for you to carry him,
When you are going to heaven ; the poesy shall
Be my own name, in little tears, that I
Will weep next winter, which congeal'd i' the frost,
Will shew like seed-pearl. You'll deliver it ?
I know he'll love, and wear it for my sake.

Her. She is quite lost.

Duch. Pray, give me, sir, your pardon:
I know I talk not wisely: but if you had
The burthen of my sorrow, you would miss
Sometimes your better reason. Now I'm well.'

—vol. v. pp. 341, 342.

Shirley is still more successful in a kind of romantic tragi-comedy, crowded in general with incident and adventure, often wild and extravagant, but always full of life and amusement; sometimes, as in the diverting play of the 'Sisters,' the comic part greatly predominating; sometimes, as in the 'Young Admiral,' the interest being serious and tragic, but the catastrophe without bloodshed. It is not easy to give a fair notion of these pieces, by extracting single speeches or even scenes. It is the general effect of the whole drama, with all its intricacies of plot, however inconsistent, its rapid succession of perilous or diverting situations, however strangely brought about, and its varieties of character—it is the animation, the excitement of the dramatized romance—for such, as in a former article we attempted to explain, are all the plays of this school,—which constitutes their chief excellence.

The 'Brothers' is another drama of the same class, though less raised above the level of common life. In this play, the bustle and intricacy of a Spanish plot is mingled up with scenes of a kind of quiet pathos, in which Shirley, apt to overstrain the more violent passions, is often inimitably happy. There is something exquisitely touching in the following scene. Nothing is laboured,—nothing forced. The truth,—the simplicity of nature is perfectly preserved, while a hue of poetic fancy is thrown over the whole dialogue. Its very tranquillity is affecting, and a deep emotion is produced by the absence of all effort to produce emotion. Fernando, the elder son of Don Ramirez, is in love with Felisarda, the poor daughter of Theodoro, and the humble companion of Jacinta. Ramirez is supposed to have died in a fit of passion at the disobedience of Fernando, in refusing to pay his court to the rich heiress Jacinta, of whom his brother Francisco is enamoured. With his dying breath he disinherits Fernando, who is reduced to the most abject poverty.

'*Fel.* Why should I
Give any entertainment to my fears?
Suspensions are but like the shape of clouds,
And idle forms i' the air, we make to fright us.
I will admit no jealous thought to wound
Fernando's truth, but with that cheerfulness,
My own first clear intents to honour him
Can arm me with, expect to meet his faith

As

As noble as he promis'd.—Ha ! 'tis he.

Enter FERNANDO.

My poor heart trembles like a timorous leaf,
Which the wind shakes upon his sickly stalk,
And frights into a palsy.

Fer. Felisarda !

Fel. Shall I want fortitude to bid him welcome ?— [*Aside.*

Sir, if you think there is a heart alive
That can be grateful, and with humble thought
And prayers reward your piety, despise not
The offer of it here ; you have not cast
Your bounty on a rock ; while the seeds thrive
Where you did place your charity, my joy
May seem ill dress'd to come like sorrow thus,
But you may see through every tear, and find
My eyes meant innocence, and your hearty welcome.

Fer. Who did prepare thee, Felisarda, thus
To entertain me weeping ? Sure our souls
Meet and converse, and we not know't ; there is
Such beauty in that watery circle, I
Am fearful to come near, and breathe a kiss
Upon thy cheek, lest I pollute that crystal ;
And yet I must salute thee, and I dare,
With one warm sigh, meet and dry up this sorrow.

Fel. I shall forget all misery ; for when
I look upon the world, and race of men,
I find them proud, and all so unacquainted
With pity to such miserable things
As poverty hath made us, that I must
Conclude you sent from heaven.

Fer. Oh, do not flatter
Thyself, poor Felisarda ; I am mortal ;
The life I bear about me is not mine,
But borrow'd to come to thee once again,
And, ere I go, to clear how much I love thee—
But first, I have a story to deliver,
A tale will make thee sad, but I must tell it,—
There is one dead that lov'd thee not.

Fel. One dead
That lov'd me not ? this carries, sir, in nature
No killing sound ; I shall be sad to know
I did deserve an enemy, or he want
A charity at death.

Fer. Thy cruel enemy,
And my best friend, hath took eternal leave,
And's gone—to heaven, I hope ; excuse my tears,
It is a tribute I must pay his memory,
For I did love my father.

Fel.

Fel. Ha ! your father ?

Fer. Yes, Felisarda, he is gone, that in
The morning promis'd many years ; but death
Hath in few hours made him as stiff, as all
The winds of winter had thrown cold upon him,
And whisper'd him to marble.

Fel. Now trust me,
My heart weeps for him ; but I understand
Not how I was concern'd in his displeasure ;
And in such height as you profess.

Fer. He did
Command me, on his blessing, to forsake thee.
Was't not a cruel precept, to enforce
The soul, and curse his son for honest love ?

Fel. This is a wound indeed.

Fer. But not so mortal ;
For his last breath was balsam pour'd upon it,
By which he did reverse his malediction ;
And I, that groan'd beneath the weight of that
Anathema, sunk almost to despair,
Where night and heavy shades hung round about me,
Found myself rising like the morning star
To view the world.

Fel. Never, I hope, to be
Eclips'd again.

Fer. This was a welcome blessing.

Fel. Heaven had a care of both : my joys are mighty.
Vouchsafe me, sir, your pardon, if I blush,
And say I love, but rather than the peace
That should preserve your bosom suffer for
My sake, 'twere better I were dead.

Fer. No, live,
And live for ever happy, thou deserved'st it.
It is Fernando doth make haste to sleep
In his forgotten dust.

Fel. Those accents did
Not sound so cheerfully.

Fer. Dost love me ?

Fel. Sir ?

Fer. Do not, I prithee, do not ; I am lost,
Alas ! I am no more Fernando, there
Is nothing but the empty name of him
That did betray thee ; place a guard about
Thy heart betime, I am not worth this sweetness.

Fel. Did not Fernando speak all this ? alas,
He knew that I was poor before, and needed not
Despise me now for that.

Fer. Desert me, goodness,
When I upbraid thy wants. 'Tis I am poor,

For

For I have not a stock in all the world
 Of so much dust, as would contrive one narrow
 Cabin to shroud a worm ; my dying father
 Hath given away my birthright to Francisco ;
 I'm disinherited, thrown out of all,
 But the small earth I borrow, thus to walk on ;]
 And having nothing left, I come to kiss thee,
 And take my everlasting leave of thee too.
 Farewell ! this will persuade thee to consent
 To my eternal absence.

Fel. I must beseech you stay a little, sir,
 And clear my faith. Hath your displeased father
 Depriv'd you then of all, and made Francisco
 The lord of your inheritance, without hope
 To be repair'd in fortune ?

Fer. 'Tis sad truth.

Fel. This is a happiness I did not look for.

Fer. A happiness !

Fel. Yes, sir, a happiness.

Fer. Can Felisarda take delight to hear
 What hath undone her servant ?

Fel. Heaven avert it.

But 'tis not worth my grief to be assured
 That this will bring me nearer now to him
 Whom I most honour of the world ; and 'tis
 My pride, if you exceed me not in fortune,
 That I can boast my heart, as high, and rich,
 With noble flame, and every way your equal ;
 And if you be as poor as I, Fernando,
 I can deserve you now, and love you more
 Than when your expectation carried all
 The pride and blossoms of the spring upon it.

Fer. Those shadows will not feed more than your fancies :
 Two poverties will keep but a thin table ;
 And while we dream of this high nourishment,
 We do but starve more gloriously.

Fel. 'Tis ease

And wealth first taught us art to surfeit by :
 Nature is wise, not costly, and will spread
 A table for us in the wilderness ;
 And the kind earth keep us alive and healthful,
 With what her bosom doth invite us to ;
 The brooks, not there suspected, as the wine
 That sometimes princes quaff, are all transparent,
 And with their pretty murmurs call to taste them.
 In every tree a chorister to sing
 Health to our loves ; our lives shall there be free
 As the first knowledge was from sin, and all
 Our dreams as innocent.

Fel.

Fel. Oh, Felisarda?

If thou didst own less virtue I might prove
Unkind, and marry thee: but being so rich
In goodness, it becomes me not to bring
One that is poor in every worth, to waste
So excellent a dower: be free, and meet
One that hath wealth to cherish it—I shall
Undo thee quite; but pray for me, as I,
That thou mayst change for a more happy bridegroom;
I dare as soon be guilty of my death,
As make thee miserable by expecting me.
Farewell! and do not wrong my soul, to think
That any storm could separate us two,
But that I have no fortune now to serve thee.

Fel. This will be no exception, sir, I hope,
When we are both dead, yet our bodies may
Be cold, and strangers in the winding sheet,
We shall be married when our spirits meet.'—vol. i. pp. 246—252.

Scenes like this are interspersed throughout the whole of the intermediate compositions which form nearly two-thirds of Shirley's dramas. They bear considerable resemblance to some of Calderon's plays, those which are not in his more serious vein, but more elevated and poetical than those *Capo y Espada* comedies, from which the later English comic writers borrowed so largely. There is the same disregard of probability, (this, however, the animation and activity of the scene scarcely allow us time to detect, or inclination to criticize)—the same love of disguises, princesses in the garb of pages, princes who turn out to be changelings, and humbler characters who turn out to be princes, everybody in love, and everybody in love with the wrong person—until, by some unexpected *dénouement*, they all fall into harmonious and well-assorted couples—and a general marriage winds up the whole piece. Like the great Spanish dramatist, Shirley delights in throwing his leading characters into the most embarrassing situations—their constancy is exposed to the rudest trials; sometimes he has caught the high chivalrous tone of self-devotion, the sort of voluntary martyrdom of love which will surrender its object, either at the call of some more commanding duty, or for the greater glory and happiness of its mistress. We would direct particular attention to 'The Grateful Servant.'

There is still another class of drama in which Shirley is extremely successful, though here, likewise, the skill of the author is rather shown in the general conduct of his piece, than in the striking execution of single parts. It is a poetic comedy of English and domestic manners, mingled with serious, sometimes with
pathetic

pathetic scenes. To this class belong the *Lady of Pleasure*, *Hyde Park*, the whimsical play of *Love in a Maze*, the *Constant Maid*, the *Gamester*, the *Example*, and one or two others. Shirley's comic, like his tragic powers, are rather fertile and various than rich and original; he is easy and playful rather than broad and vigorous. Of course, even his more serious and tragic plays are relieved, according to the invariable practice of his school, by the humours of the clown or the buffoon. In some of the romantic tragic-comedies, as in the *Sisters*, a play which we cannot but think might succeed on the modern stage, the main interest is altogether comic; and even in this last class, the comedy of *Manners*, occur many of those passages of gentle and quiet sweetness, which are characteristic of Shirley. As a satirical painter of manners, as a playful castigator of the fashions, the follies, the humours of the day, he is to Jonson what, in his serious efforts, he is to Fletcher. In all such pictures the very excellence, in some degree, endangers the lasting popularity; the more accurately the resemblance of the poet's own times is drawn, the more alien it is to the habits and feelings of modern days; in precise proportion that such pieces are valuable to the antiquarian, they are obsolete and unintelligible to the common reader. Much, therefore, of the zest and raciness of the following scene must, of course, be lost; it is from the *Lady of Pleasure*, a play which, but for one wanton and unnecessary blemish, might be quoted almost throughout as a very curious and lively description of fashionable manners in the days of Charles I. Aretina, the wife of Sir Thomas Bornwell, is the *Lady Townley*, or the *Lady Teazle*, of an older date:—

‘ *Steward*. Be patient, Madam; you may have your pleasure.
Lady Bornwell. 'Tis that I came to town for. I would not
 Endure again the country conversation,
 To be the lady of six shires! The men,
 So near the primitive making, they retain
 A sense of nothing but the earth; their brains,
 And barren heads standing as much in want
 Of ploughing as their ground. To hear a fellow
 Make himself merry and his horse, with whistling
Sellinger's Round! To observe with what solemnity
 They keep their wakes, and throw for pewter candlesticks!
 How they become the morris, with whose bells
 They ring all in to Whitsun-ales; and sweat,
 Through twenty scarfs and napkins, till the hobby-horse
 Tire, and the Maid Marian, dissolv'd to a jelly,
 Be kept for spoon meat!

Stew. These, with your pardon, are no argument

To

To make the country life appear so hateful;
At least to your particular, who enjoy'd
A blessing in that calm, would you be pleas'd
To think so, and the pleasure of a kingdom;
While your own will commanded what should move
Delights, your husband's love and power join'd
To give your life more harmony. You liv'd there
Secure, and innocent, beloved of all;
Prais'd for your hospitality, and pray'd for:
You might be envied; but malice knew
Not where you dwelt. I would not prophesy,
But leave to your own apprehension,
What may succeed your change.

Lady B. You do imagine,
No doubt, you have talk'd wisely, and confuted
London past all defence. Your master should
Do well to send you back into the country,
With title of superintendent-bailiff.

Stew. How, Madam!

Enter Sir THOMAS BORNWELL.

Born. How now? What's the matter?

Stew. Nothing, Sir.

Born. Angry, sweetheart?

Lady B. I am angry with myself,
To be so miserably restrain'd in things,
Wherein it doth concern your love and honour
To see me satisfied.

Born. In what, Aretina,
Dost thou accuse me? Have I not obey'd
All thy desires? against mine own opinion
Quitted the country, and removed the hope
Of our return, by sale of that fair lordship
We lived in? changed a calm and retired life
For this wild town, compos'd of noise and charge?

Lady B. What charge, more than is necessary for
A lady of my birth and education?

Born. Your charge of gaudy furniture, and pictures
Of this Italian master, and that Dutchman;
Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery,
Brought home on engines; the superfluous plate,
Antique and novel; vanities of tires;
Four-score pound suppers for my lord your kinsman,
Banquets for t' other lady aunt, and cousins,
And perfumes that exceed all: train of servants,
To stifle us at home, and shew abroad
More motley than the French or the Venetian,
About your coach, whose rude postillion
Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers
And tradesmen curse your choking up their stalls;

And

And common cries pursue your ladyship,
For hindering of their market.

Lady B. Have you done, sir?

Born. I could accuse the gaiety of your wardrobe,
And prodigal embroideries, under which
Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare
Not shew their own complexions; your jewels,
Able to burn out the spectators' eyes,
And shew like bonfires on you by the tapers:
I could urge something more.

Lady B. Pray do, I like
Your homily of thrift.

Born. I could wish, madam,
You would not game so much.

Lady B. A gamester too!

Born. But are not come to that acquaintance yet,
Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit.
You look not through the subtilty of cards,
And mysteries of dice; nor can you save
Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls,
And keep your family by the precious income;
Nor do I wish you should: my poorest servant
Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire,
Purchas'd beneath my honour. You make play
Not a pastime but a tyranny, and vex
Yourself and my estate by it.

Lady B. Good! proceed.

Born. Another game you have, which consumes more
Your fame than purse; your revels in the night,
Your meetings call'd THE BALL, to which repair,
As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants,
And ladies, thither bound by a subpoena
Of Venus, and small Cupid's high displeasure;
'Tis but the Family of Love translated
Into more costly sin!

Lady B. Have you concluded?

Born. I have done; and howsoever
My language may appear to you, it carries
No other than my fair and just intent
To your delights, without curb to their modest
And noble freedom.—vol. iv., pp. 5—10.

We conclude with a few observations on this 'editio princeps' of Shirley. The plays, as we have before observed, were collected, arranged, and edited by the late Mr. Gifford; and his was a task of no light labour—for never had unhappy author suffered so much from careless and ignorant printers as Shirley. Some errors of the press, which have either crept into this edition or have remained uncorrected, show that the keen eye of that most accurate

accurate scholar was somewhat bedimmed before his work was concluded; but the fame of Shirley is deeply indebted to the collector of his dramas. Many passages of poetry, which had been crowded into halt and disjointed prose, have been brought back, as near as possible, to their original harmonious flow: in some places, the sense, which might have appeared irrevocably lost, by the dislocation of sentences and the transposition of lines, has been restored by conjectural emendations, both bold and felicitous; in others, where words or lines have been lost, the hiatus is marked, and the reader is spared much unprofitable waste of time, in endeavouring to elucidate the meaning of vocables which might seem cast at random from the types.* No one, in short, who has not attempted to acquaint himself with the beauties of Shirley's drama, through the old quartos, can appreciate the luxury of reading them in the clearer letter, and more genuine text of the present edition. Mr. Dyce has performed his humbler task as editor of the poems, with his accustomed ability; and, on the whole, it is no fault of the edition, if justice be not at length fairly done to the merit of Shirley. One of his cotemporary poets ventured to prophesy,—

That ages yet to come shall hear and see,
When dead, thy works a living elegy.

For the first time, in the nineteenth century, this elegy has been removed from the obscure and inaccessible quarter where it had long mouldered unseen; it has been transcribed in legible characters; and fully asserts the claim of this last of our Elizabethan dramatists, to be admitted to a high place among the second class of the poetical hierarchy of England.

ART. II.—*Mémoires de René Le Vasseur, de la Sarthe, ex-Conventionnel.* 4 vols. Paris. 1829-1832.

THESE *Mémoires* profess to be written by one Le Vasseur, an old Jacobin and regicide, who is still, or lately was alive, and are preceded by an introduction and a biographical notice avowedly from the pen of an editor, M. Achille Roche. We had not, however, read half-a-dozen pages of the *Mémoires* before we began to suspect that they were not the actual composition of Le Vasseur—that this was a fresh instance of French *fabrication*, and

* In the fine and eloquent tragedy of Chabot, the obscurity of Chapman's manner, the hardness of which his contemporaries called his 'full and heightened style,' is greatly increased by the incorrectness of the press. This play, as bearing the name of Shirley in its title-page, conjoined with that of Chapman, ought not to have been omitted: yet it is very difficult to assign any part of it to Shirley; even the comic scenes are more in Chapman's close and pregnant manner than in the light and airy style of Shirley.

that

that the *editor* was also substantially the *author*. As we proceeded in our perusal, this suspicion became certainty. We did not doubt that M. Roche might have had some communication with Le Vasseur and his sanction for the use of his name, but it was evident that Roche was the writer of the whole, and that Le Vasseur's share in the work must be very inconsiderable. We noted, as we read, several proofs of fabrication which we intended to lay before our readers; but when we came to the conclusion of the fourth volume (which was published two years after the first), we found that we might spare ourselves the trouble of a critical examination of that point,—for that the fact of fabrication, to the full extent we suspected, had been already established in a court of justice.

The case was this. The two first volumes were published in 1829, and in Feb. 1830 they were prosecuted before the *tribunal de police correctionnelle*, as immoral and seditious—as a justification of regicide, irreligion, and anarchy; and on the trial it appeared, that Roche had been employed by the son of Le Vasseur to *éditer* his father's memoirs under the following circumstances. Le Vasseur the younger says, that his father had a wish to write his own apology, and had in fact made many scattered memoranda, but that his great age and infirmities (he was above eighty) had interrupted his work. He gave, however, these notes to the son, who put them into some kind of order, and with the help of verbal explanations from the old gentleman, and large *extracts* from the *Moniteur*, completed a manuscript—equivalent in size to about one volume. On his return to Paris he offered this volume to the bookseller Rapilly. In the then state of France, an apology for regicide and a panegyric on the republic fell in luckily with the conspiracy '*de quinze ans*,' against the legitimate monarchy, which was already so far matured as to have obtained full possession of the press; and Rapilly entered readily into the speculation; but one volume, he said, would never do—it must be swelled into four at least, in order to make it lucrative as well as mischievous—for these *liberals* have always a careful eye to the main chance. Le Vasseur consented; a young *litterateur*, M. Roche, was selected for the business—and into his hands the manuscript was delivered. The bookseller's evidence, and the sentence of the court, describe the manuscript delivered to Roche as being only *heads of chapters* and scattered *materials* for about one volume; but Le Vasseur the younger, alarmed for his profits, is very indignant with the bookseller for having given so poor an account of his materials; '*which were not*,' he says, '*scattered, but collected by himself into a volume.*' Both these stories may be true—the bookseller's *substantially*—Le Vasseur's *verbally*. The materials were, we have

no doubt, mere loose notes and scattered hints, which, M. Le Vasseur, junior, must permit us to think, would not have acquired much historical authenticity, even if he should have pasted or transcribed them into a volume. The difference, however, is of no great importance; as all parties are agreed that the *Mémoires* were *not* written by old Le Vasseur, as they affect to be, but that the original draft was compiled by the son, and that even *that* portion was all re-written, and three-fourths of additional matter supplied, by the ingenuity of Roche, who never had seen either the son or the father.

How much of the work thus doubly fabricated may really belong to the old Regicide, we must leave to the conjecture of our readers. In our own judgment, the portion is so small and so insignificant, that we should not have thought it worth while to have noticed the book at all, but that it seemed desirable to exhibit so well authenticated an instance of the system of fabrication which is now carried on so impudently in France;* while it may not be unamusing nor uninteresting to see the kind of apology which the conscience of the father, the filial piety of the son, and the literary talents of the editor, have combined to make for a period, hitherto, as they tell us, most unjustly stigmatised as the *Reign of Terror*.

Having thus, however, acquainted our readers with the real history of the production, we shall, in our further observations, treat it as the work of Le Vasseur the elder—not only because it has, to a certain degree, his sanction, but also because it may be considered as expressing the sentiments of the party to which he belongs, and which has lately recovered not a little of authority in France. In fact, M. Thiers, now Secretary of State for the Home Department, in a history of the Revolution published previous to July, 1830, took much the same view of the subject that M. Le Vasseur does or is made to do; though we hear, and indeed could have guessed if we had not heard, that Thiers looks back with no great satisfaction to that foundation of his fame and fortunes. The theories of a young advocate of the Revolution are rather at variance with the duties of the minister of even a *citizen-king*. Not that Le Vasseur is quite so universal a panegyrist of the Revolution as M. Thiers—for *he* admits with great sincerity that the course of that Revolution was distinguished by at least one bloody injustice, one lamentable tragedy, in which certain

* There is in this work one instance of impudence so remarkable, that we cannot but notice it. The trial which established that Roche, and *not* Le Vasseur, was the real author of the book, took place after two volumes only had been published, or *even written*, yet the two latter volumes proceed gravely in the name of old Le Vasseur; nay, what is still droller, after the son had avowed that in 1828 the *octogenarian* was *incapable* of continuing his own notes, we find him in 1832 revived into a lively observer of, and active critic on, current events and recent publications.

friends of the author—Messrs. Danton, Robespierre, and others—were cruelly and wantonly put to death, while he himself narrowly escaped the same unworthy treatment. These victims were all ‘*des hommes énergiques*, mais que n’avait jamais souillé le crime,’ members of a society called the *Jacobins*, and of a party called the *Mountain*. It is the object of the book to rescue these much-injured persons from a great deal of unmerited obloquy which has, some how or other, attached itself to their proceedings.

Before we proceed to investigate the merits of this apology, we must premise that we are ready to give it all the weight which is arrogated to it on the score of Le Vasseur’s character. The intensity of his conviction, his sincere enthusiasm, we admit without cavil; and he claims what it is not hazardous to allow to a Frenchman—courage in the field. As a man and a midwife, (his profession united these characters,) we give him his due, and are even willing to believe the story of his sacrificing the expectation of a rich inheritance to the honest maintenance of his opinion, against that of a wealthy relative, on the subject of negro slavery. We fear, indeed, that the race of rich West Indian uncles is extinct in France as elsewhere, or only survives to wind up the denouements of M. Scribe’s comedies, and to supply the *deus ex machina* for the relief of that ingenious dramatist’s heroes and heroines. But such things were; and, without discrediting this anecdote of M. Le Vasseur’s early life, we will only add, that when any of our own Buxtons or Lushingtons can give anything like as good proof of their sincerity, we will admit their individual right to complete the robbery of the planter, and the destruction of poor Lord Seaford’s remaining sugar mills.

From what we have already said, it is obvious that those who may open these volumes, with the hope of finding in them that fund of personal details which constitutes the charm of memoirs, must be disappointed. They will discover here no counterpart to Madame d’Abrantes’ trousseau or accouchement, or Napoleon’s master-key of the bed-chambers of St. Cloud! and they must content themselves with floods of declamation, and a few facts floating here and there—in *gurgite vasto*. We are told that the ardent patriotism which had procured our *accoucheur* the suffrages of his native arrondissement of St. Calais for his election to the Convention, pointed out at once his seat to be on the Mountain; but that his acquaintances, at the commencement of his Parisian career, were few, and that he was then unknown to the leaders either of the Jacobins or the Gironde. All details as to his own private habits, all anecdotes about his personal society, all accounts of the formation of his political connexions, and, what we more lament, all personal sketches of the public
men

men of the day, are wanting. We could have wished it otherwise: we should have been gratified with a genuine and friendly delineation of Robespierre's powdered precision, and Danton's dishevelled ugliness; but alas! these memoirs, with the exception of the portions of them which relate to military events, and which have something amusing about them, as being put into the mouth of a man-midwife, are little more than a political treatise by M. Roche on facts with which the reader is already but too well acquainted. It must be admitted, however, that, as the grave apologist of the Mountain, he has chosen well the moment for this appeal to the tribunal of public opinion, when modern Girondes, in the incipient struggle with modern Mountains, are going the way of all *justes milieus*, and when German liberals are obtaining the applauses of their countrymen by—we shudder as we write—classing St. Just and Robespierre with Jesus Christ.*

The author was at Paris in May 1790, and was one of that collection of all classes of its inhabitants which turned out with spades and wheelbarrows to prepare the Champ de Mars for the ceremony of the oath to the new constitution. We hear nothing of the incidents of that great solemnity, of its national guards standing up by thousand couples to execute quadrilles, and its mass performed with equal spirit and quite as much religious feeling by Bishop Talleyrand and three hundred priests in tri-coloured sashes. But we recommend to the perusal of M. Lafayette the comments of the author upon a certain fusillade perpetrated also in the Champ de Mars in the following year, 1791, on some four hundred zealous patriots. The old general has taken better care of his head than his coadjutor on that occasion, Bailly: the truth is, that the lighter the head the easier it is carried—Bailly's head had something in it—and we leave Lafayette to settle the matter with M. Le Vasseur as he may.

Before we get to real business, *i. e.*, to the proceedings of the National Convention, in which M. Le Vasseur was himself an actor, we are detained for a moment by a passing allusion to the *general gaol delivery* of Paris, which took place in September, 1792. We have from him the assurance which, though not resident at Paris at the time, he gives without hesitation, that 'the exalted patriots of the Mountain never provoked those assassinations,' as the author condescends to term them.† This assertion is, however, followed by the admission, that without doubt they might have prevented them, had they chosen to do so. Before

* 'The tears which the boy wasted over the mischances of Don Quixote the youth has shed over the death of the sacred heroes of freedom, Agis of Sparta, Caius and Tiberius Gracchus of Rome, Jesus of Jerusalem, Robespierre and St. Just of Paris.'—(Heine's *Reisebilder*, or *Pictures of Travel*, 1832.)

† Vol. i. p. 92.

we admit this summary denial, even as diluted by the subsequent admission, we should be curious to know by whose order, and at whose expense, a certain M. Maillard laid in, about the first of the month, a stock of brooms, bludgeons, *assommoirs*, sponges, and quick-lime, which were so soon and so opportunely employed in murdering the victims and making away with the corpses. M. Le Vasseur, without enlightening us on this head, proceeds to give a somewhat vague genealogy or affiliation of these massacres, from which it would appear that they were children of Anarchy, which Anarchy was the offspring of Danton, Billaud de Varennnes, &c., lawfully begotten for the purpose of producing resistance to the Prussian invasion. This theory brings the said patriots at least into the relation of grandfathers to the massacres, and in that degree of consanguinity we leave them, preferring to dwell on those events of which Le Vasseur might have been a nearer spectator, if not a more credible witness.

The character and situation of the Girondists at the opening of the National Convention are depicted in the first chapter:— ‘that celebrated party, which, with excellent intentions and great talents, dragged us,’ says the author, ‘towards complete ruin by its narrow ambition and vindictive obstinacy.’ After a severe, and, at last, successful opposition to the court, the king, by a strange concurrence of circumstances, was obliged to accept them as ministers: they got into power and place, and wielded, to their own purposes, and with all the insolence that belongs to the *masters of majorities*, the powers of the Legislative Assembly; the dissolution of that body, and the election of that *reformed* chamber, the National Convention, were made under their auspices. And on the meeting of the Convention, the cheers of a majority equally awaited them.

‘Brilliant in talent, learned in theories, skilful in intrigues, masters not only of the Convention, not only of public opinion, but of that which governed both—the club of the Jacobins, they deemed, after the 10th of August, that France was in their hands. Flushed with the triumphs of the past, and without an apprehension for the future, in calling together the National Convention,—that assembly which they had modelled at their pleasure,—they never dreamed that a party independent of themselves could ever count a majority on the lists of its members.’—vol. i., p. 53.

The Feuillans,—the Tories of the hour,—had fallen before them. That tardy conservative, Mirabeau, was already in the Pantheon, whence his body was so soon torn, to make room for Marat. A few men, undistinguished for talent, as yet unpractised in debate, with no qualifications but those of *energy* and *patriotism*,—by which is meant a thirst of blood and a craving for absolute

absolute power, were all that could be mustered to oppose the eloquence of Vergniaud, the rigid virtue of Roland, and the political ability of Brissot. The Mountain were yet as comparatively inferior in importance, as far as the Convention was concerned, to Messrs. Hume and O'Connell, as Vergniaud was superior in eloquence to Lord Althorp. And yet these able leaders of opposition, these practised declaimers against corruption, these Prototypes of all modern Reformers, when placed by their own reformed parliament at the helm of the state, found themselves, and were found by the country, utterly unable to manage it. Fast runners as they had been in the race of patriotism, they were yet to be surpassed by men of swifter foot and better wind. A few months!—and the vote of that assembly, which they now ruled with absolute sway, consigned their heads to the executioner, and their memory to the execration of all true patriots, and, we must seriously add, to the contempt of posterity.

How did all this happen? The solution is to be found in the next paragraph:—

‘The club of the Jacobins was the thermometer of public opinion. After the 10th of August, they (the Girondists) almost to a man abandoned that society, whose services they had extolled as long as it had applauded their views, but which they now regarded only as a resort of faction from the moment it had ceased to think as they did.’
—vol. i. p. 59.

More of the Jacobins anon. We pass to another event of the French Revolution, with respect to which we anticipated, with some curiosity, the observations of M. Le Vasseur—an event at which, we know, he assisted, and on which we expected him to rest a strong claim on the respect of all patriots—we mean the trial and condemnation of Louis XVI. Great, then, was our surprise when, instead of a demonstration of the propriety of that measure, or even a vague eulogy of its wisdom and justice, we found that it did not come within his canvass—*qu'il n'entraît pas dans son cadre*—to advert to it. Is it that the glory of this exploit was shared by other than the professed men of the Mountain? Can any jealousy of Vergniaud's vote for blood, that vote which ‘astonished to stupefaction’ even the galleries by which it was dictated, have induced this silence? The writer might have recollected, if this be his reason, that Vergniaud's vote was no more than sufficient to counterbalance the ‘criminal weakness’ he had displayed on the previous question of the *appel au peuple*. He might have quoted from his speech on that question such passages as these, which would appear, did not his subsequent conduct belie the supposition, to have been uttered with a sincere and sacrilegious intention of defrauding the great altar of pa-

triotism of its fairest sacrifice,—of actually saving the life which he afterwards voted away. ‘Have you not heard,’ said Vergniaud, ‘here and elsewhere, persons exclaim, if bread be dear, the cause is in the Temple!—if money be rare, if our armies are unsupplied, the cause is in the Temple! Those,’ said Vergniaud, ‘who hold this language, know that all these evils spring from other causes;’ which—he might have added—have as much to do with the Temple and its inmate, as the grievances of England have to do with rotten boroughs or bishops. He told his hearers that bread would be as dear, and the advocates of revolution and blood be as numerous and as loud, *after* the death of Louis, as *before*, but that the object of their clamour would *then* be the Convention itself. Yet the deliverer of the speech, from which these sentences are extracted—voted for the death of Louis! Contrasting that speech with that vote, Le Vasseur might have proved that the conduct of the Mountain and of Robespierre was honour, courage, and consistency, compared to that of the orator of the Gironde; and that the man who could hire and *command* the voices of the real judges of Louis XVI.,—the men of the gallery,—was a greater, and not much a wickedder, man than the wretch who crouched beneath them. Be this as it may, we fear that the admirers of the Mountain will hardly be satisfied with Le Vasseur’s summary dismissal of an event which, though it will doubtless redound to the lasting glory of its perpetrators, has nevertheless been exposed to some of that misconstruction, and even obloquy, which it is the express object of this work to remove.

Jean Paul Marat, *l’ami du peuple*.—Even the strong stomachs of the Mountain appear to have felt qualmish at the personal appearance, more than at the opinions or writings, of this their coadjutor. Prejudices, however, soon melted away; and when this worthy person had perished, with the word ‘guillotine’ on his lips, and had been buried within the sacred precincts of the Cordeliers, and while the flowers, scattered by a grateful populace, were fresh upon his grave, his loss was deeply felt, and his virtues duly appreciated. Of these virtues, the first, according to our author, was that which the first criminal judge (we had almost said—such is our respect for office—the first *lawyer*) in England considers an effective bar to prosecution for any description of libel, blasphemy, or sedition*—*sincerity*. Marat entertained a

* ‘With regard to the general question of libels, my opinion is, that as long as a writer honestly expresses his opinions, and his opinions only—as long as it is possible to give him credit for sincerity—I should be greatly disinclined to prosecute.’—(Speech of Sir T. Denman. *Mirror of Parliament*, May 21, 1832, p. 2109.)

‘The doctrine which has been laid down by the honourable and learned gentleman is simply this—that no man ought to be prosecuted for the publication of his opinions, provided those opinions be sincere.’—(Speech of Sir Robert Peel, *ibid.* p. 2113.)

sincere conviction that it was not only expedient, but necessary, to cut off the heads of half a million of persons in France, neither more nor less, and he said so. To be sure, this expression of opinion was communicated to men anxious to carry it into effect, and who had recently tried their hand on some six thousand, or, as others say, eleven thousand, in that affair of September, with which, as we have seen, the Mountain had really so little connexion. Marat was *sincere*; which means, if it means anything, that he really wished to cut off all the heads which he denounced. 'Were we, then,' asks our author, 'to repel him from our bosom because his exaggeration was an object of our antipathy, or to persecute him because he had the misfortune to be irascible and suspicious?'

It might occur to short-sighted people that there were other reasons, for what M. Le Vasseur styles 'persecuting' Marat, of the same nature with those which induce a misguided population to 'persecute' a mad dog;—and Charlotte Corday probably acted under a delusion of this description. But our author gives another excellent reason why the Mountain did not only tolerate but hug this associate, as lovingly as the paralytic Couthon did his spaniel:—

'His follies were not only without danger, but, at the same time, constituted a kind of democratic maximum, which it was impossible to pass. "Yes!" said Camille Desmoulins, "the aristocrats can only beat us by becoming more revolutionary than we are; therefore, while I see Marat, on whom we can reckon, among us, I can have no apprehension, for he, at least, cannot be outdone."—vol. i. p. 308.

This mode of reasoning has, in all probability, a strong analogy to that which has reconciled Mr. Stanley to remaining in the same cabinet with Lord John Russell, after the ballot-speech of the latter. It is well, in reference to Le Vasseur's opinion, that Marat's follies were without danger, to remind the reader, that 250,000 heads constituted the 'maximum,' within the limits of which it was considered safe and pleasant to abide. And it is, or ought to be, a salutary warning to those who think that revolutions can be stopped by the removal of those who excite them, that the moment Marat was out of the way, Hebert, (a great scape-goat of the Jacobins,) Chabot, and a hundred others, all in the pay of Pitt—'all in the pay of Pitt!'—made a general rush on the blood-market of Paris, from which, during the existence of that great monopolist—*l'amî du peuple*—they had been excluded.

Having alluded to the hackneyed subject of 'the gold of Pitt,' we must observe, that a large portion of these volumes is taken up with a laboured, diffuse, but we admit successful demonstration, that neither Danton, Marat, nor Robespierre were in the pay of that minister. That many questionable proceedings of *other* men,
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and, indeed, all the principal crimes of the Revolution, were regularly ordered, booked, and paid for by Pitt, M. Le Vasseur by no means denies; but, on the contrary, adds the weight of his testimony to a charge which no French writer of authority has failed to bring forward, and no Englishman has attempted seriously to refute.

In the second volume, our author figures as the representative of the Convention or 'viceroy over' the commander-in-chief of the army on the north-western frontier. It is probably the part of the work which approaches nearest to authenticity, and is therefore probably really the least accurate, for the author's partiality attributes to the real hero of the relief of Dunkirk,—viz. the author himself—a degree of courage and ability, which in a man-midwife would be equally meritorious and surprising.

We recommend to the perusal of Lord Althorp, Lord J. Russell, and the other correspondents with the Political Unions of England, the passages of the eleventh chapter, in which are described the dealings of successive governments with 'that assiduous auxiliary of public opinion, and permanent means of publicity, the Club of the Jacobins.'* From Mirabeau and Lameth downwards, for downwards it was, every party in power had called in this 'assiduous auxiliary' to support and accompany its steps; and, somehow or other, the Club had contrived to leave each successively behind; and whenever they parted company, the deserted government of the day remained wedged in the mire, complaining bitterly of the increased pace of its quondam auxiliary, and receiving to that complaint the answer of universal derision. Our author denies, however, that the Club of the Jacobins took an active part in any public movements, unless, he adds, by pamphlets, journals, and other organs of publicity. Why, M. Le Vasseur, nobody ever imagined that the brawlers of the Jacobins, any more than the leaders of our own Political Unions, or the editors of our own *Père du Chesne*, were men to risk their persons in a fray! When our own nameless writers recommend that a candidate should be stoned on the hustings, or the Duke of Wellington torn to pieces in the streets, does anybody imagine that, with any possible advantage of numbers, the wretch who writes the paragraph would show himself within a measured mile of the transaction? In the first months of the Convention, we are told, the mission of the Jacobins was confined to *informing the public* that the Girondists had lost the confidence of *the people*. It is remarkable that, soon after this announcement had been made, the Girondists also lost their heads; but, of course, the Jacobins had nothing to do with the latter part of the transaction. Le Vasseur, however, ad-

* Vol. ii. p. 198.

mits that, after the fall of that party, and after what he calls the *nec plus ultra* of patriotism had been attained, (query the precise point of the scale,) the Club of the Jacobins did become a *power*; 'but this power, let men say what they will, was all beneficent, all in the interest of liberty.' This assertion is made out by a description of the rigid control which the Club exercised over all the functionaries of the executive government, and the summary manner in which it punished delinquency of all shapes and sizes by one impartial remedy—the guillotine.

We now arrive at a passage which, if it formed a separate section, might be headed after the fashion of Fielding's 4th chapter of the 9th book of his 'Biography of Mr. Jonathan Wild':—'*The death-warrant arrives for Heartfree, on which occasion Wild betrays some human weakness.*' Our readers will anticipate that we allude to the 'removal'—or, to speak more plainly, the execution of the Girondists. The feelings, approaching to compunction, which M. Le Vasseur, or more probably M. Roche, here takes occasion to express, might have been spared. They are unworthy of his party, and inconsistent with his creed. It is true that these men were executed as traitors, and that their crime was being good speakers and weak politicians—it is true that the act of their accusation was a lie, and the form of procedure a murder; but does M. Le Vasseur pretend that the Convention was ignorant of all this when it deliberately voted their execution? Here, we must confess, we think M. Le Vasseur shrinks, in no very creditable manner, from the task of vindicating himself and his friends, 'those men of energy whom crime had never stained.' But we think we can guess at the reason—the memory of the Girondists is rather in favour with the liberal party of France, and the writer was not unwilling to stand well with it by showing some little tenderness towards them, as he is certain to do with the King, by his defence of the bosom friends of that '*best patriot of France*,'*—the late citizen Egalité. The bold apologist is, however, himself again, when he comes to the bloody scenes which followed the thirty-two minutes' labour of the executioner on the persons of the thirty-two Girondists. Barnave, Bailly, Madame Roland, republicans all, how does he wipe the stain of their blood from the brows of Robespierre and the Mountain? (Of Marie Antoinette, like our author, we say nothing, because, for anything we learn to the contrary from these pages, she may be still in the Conciergerie.) Robespierre's delicacy, forsooth, revolted against

* His royal son's designation of that, it seems, much-calamniated character—see p. 540 of our last Number. It must be observed, that the two latter volumes of this work have been published since the change of dynasty.

the *Saturnales terroristes*, and he reproached Leonard Bourdon for speaking in the Convention with his hat on—and for other circumstances, which, being vaguely designated as *des formes indécentes*, are left to the imagination. For these reasons, and inasmuch as he chose to demonstrate the existence of a Supreme Being, by displaying before all Paris a large nosegay in his button-hole, M. Le Vasseur invites us to clear him of all undue participation in the reign of terror, and acknowledge him the friend of religion, virtue, and *la bienséance même*.

The next chapter is headed *Reflexions sur Houchard*, the general whose actions, in the recent campaign, M. Le Vasseur had been appointed to supervise, and whom he had denounced as a traitor to the revolutionary tribunal. An attempt, we learn, was made by Briez to save the ex-general. Barrère replied with 'a brilliant improvisation;' an epithet which implies that the enemy of the Gironde can admire ready eloquence when devoted to the legitimate purpose of shedding human blood for human error. The memory and veracity of the author were called in to help the eloquence of the improvisatore for the prosecution, and Houchard, by the joint efforts of Barrère and Le Vasseur, soon figured on the scaffold where Custine had shortly before fought his last fight.*

We find our author, in the next chapter, again active in a mission to the army, where he appears to have enforced a rigid discipline, if not among the soldiers, at least among the officers commanding. He rebukes a drunken general, forces 'Kleber into fire,'—(may we not hope to see Marshal Jones or General Napier led into fire by Buckingham or Harvey?)—but appears to have had some difficulty in performing the same operation on his own colleague, St. Just. We next find him employed, very differently, on a special mission to Sedan, in preparing and forwarding to Paris for trial some twenty notorious criminals. He confesses to as much weakness on this occasion as was consistent with the acceptance and execution of such a mission, and appears to have been somewhat annoyed by the shrieks and agonies of the relatives of the accused.

We have hitherto beheld our author and his friends invested with popularity equal to their power. We have now to contemplate them deprived of that popularity, and objects of the blackest calumnies; and M. Le Vasseur, like another *military civilian* of our own day—his majesty's secretary at war—is very indignant at finding that he has lost some of that popularity which he had

* In this part of the work we could expose much error, confusion, and falsehood, employed to condemn poor Houchard and exalt Le Vasseur, but it is not worth while—a work avowedly fabricated can be of no historical weight.

earned by sitting on the *Mountain*; but the man-midwife's complaint is better founded than the Baronet's; for the *former* never changed his side, and seems to have persisted resolutely in his original principles, and accordingly very forcibly holds up to execration the baseness of the surviving traitors and emigrants, who founded on the trivial occurrences of the reign of terror, an indictment of bloodthirstiness against the *Mountain*.

We are now arrived at the period—probably that *nec plus ultra* of patriotism before-mentioned—when even Danton hung back, and Robespierre himself grew dizzy with blood.

‘But it is to be repeated, no one had impelled the revolution into these sinister ways. Without doubt some fanatics, at the head of whom must be placed St. Just, calculated the necessity of shedding blood as a means for founding liberty; without doubt these fierce republicans wished to strike terror into two opposite *castes* by the aspect of the scaffold;’ [the aspect, indeed!] ‘but never did they understand that they could arrive, even by transition, at a state of things, such, that no condition, how obscure soever, could save from political vengeance.’

Danton, the first (but not the *last* either in France or England)—who had dared to present anarchy as a weapon, and *popular disorder as an indispensable means of force*—Danton was also, we are told, the first to recoil from his own work, when he began to feel himself in danger, or, as he expressed it, when he saw the excesses ‘ready to engulf social order altogether.’ Camille Desmoulins, who had ventured to assume the title, burlesquely ferocious, of *Attorney-General to the Lantern*, was (when he also trembled for himself) struck with horror at the sight of the judicial murders, of which it was impossible to foresee the limit; even Robespierre felt his head turn, when he contemplated ‘the revolutionary movement arrived at the highest degree of its circle.’

‘For us,’ proceeds our author, ‘obscure Mountaineers, who, without ever pretending to direct the political machine, had devoted our lives to the republic, we could not see without trembling the transitory results of our energetic measures, and of the resistances which they had excited. A prey to the most profound grief, when we perceived the new obstacles brought in the way of founding the republic, we consoled ourselves by the sole thought, that we had sought the interest of the community, by the abnegation of every personal sentiment; and we applied ourselves to the study of the state of France, in order to apply a remedy to its evils. Convinced that we were surrounded by treasons, we did not dare violently to arrest the gloomy energy of the *Committee of Public Safety*, from the fear of having nothing to oppose to it. We waited in silence the moment propitious for the necessary reparations, and for the foundation of a better order of things.’—vol. iii. p. 3.

It

It was while the members of the Convention were thus watching in silence for the approach of the revolutionary millennium, and dawdling about their benches, like the members of our own House of Commons waiting the arrival of the speaker and the chaplain, that the public prosecutor, Fouquier Tinville, offered, for their amusement, to bring the guillotine either under their windows, or into their antechamber, we are not sure which. Our author appears to be proud of the rejection of this delicate attention on the part of his associates. It appears, however, that Le Vasseur and his friends were not idle at this period; they were diligently and rationally employed in the introduction of positive ameliorations in the lot of the people, which ameliorations principally consisted in the abolition of all distinctions of dress, language, condition, and refinement; in a word, the establishment of general *sans-culottism*. We are a little puzzled with this, after the admiration bestowed, in only the preceding page, on the *bien-séance* of Robespierre, and on his quarrel with Leonard Bourdon's hat. We profess our inability to discover the difference between Robespierre's known attention to his own toilette, as well as that of Leonard Bourdon, and 'the immoral attempts of the aristocracy in disguise' to preserve some of the 'traditional usages' of polished society.

In the mean time, the '*nec plus ultra* of patriotism' having been attained, our author's hero, Robespierre, finds himself and the Committee of Public Safety, in rather an awkward situation. At the very moment when that great man was, as our author avers, turning his thoughts towards closing the Reign of Terror, and introducing that of Religion, Virtue, and *la bienséance même*, he was interrupted by the sudden necessity of removing—not the hats, but—the heads, of two batches of his dearest friends—the Dantonists and the Hebertists. The latter, being mere puppets, acting at the impulse of that eternal agent, the gold of Pitt, might be dismissed without observation, if it were not that this notorious fact of their being in the pay of Pitt, ('who was long the writer of the leading article in the *Père du Chesne*,'—as M. de Talleyrand is no doubt at this day in our '*Morning Post*,')—had been the foundation for that identical charge against Robespierre himself.

'*Chose étrange!* All the writers who have occupied themselves with the history of the revolution have acknowledged the influence of foreign agents upon the crimes of the reign of terror—all have acknowledged that the centre of this execrable intrigue was in the party of Hebert, and yet the greater number of them have accused the Mountain of complicity with the wretches which it punished.'—vol. iii. p. 61.

They perished as a matter of course, and the Convention went
on

on with business, or rather continued to wait for the millennium of liberty as usual.

'*Chose inconcevable!* The majority of the Convention had very evidently pronounced itself in favour of moderate measures; and yet the violence which the Committee of *Public Safety* had made the order of the day, found always an all but unanimous support on our benches.'—vol. iii. p. 62.

To us, who have watched the progress of the Reform Bill through the English House of Commons, this almost unanimous support of the most outrageous injustice under the pretence of thereby operating some future and theoretic good, appears quite as '*concevable*' as any fact in the history of the French Revolution.

Well, Hebert was removed, and the Convention was as cheerful and unanimous as could be; but the case was different only two days after, when it was announced that Danton, with his friend Camille Desmoulins, had been arrested. The Convention were, indeed, aware that Danton had quarrelled with Robespierre, upon account, and in behalf, of Fabre d'Eglantine, a gentleman who had indiscreetly dabbled in—not a Greek loan—but some such financial speculation.

'But we thought Danton too strong on the ground of his services, and the friendship of an immense majority of his colleagues, not to be beyond the reach of his enemy's vengeance. *On croyait* d'ailleurs that Robespierre would never abandon the interesting Camille Desmoulins:' (who we see had lately been disposed to resign the title of first law-officer to the Lantern).—vol. iii. p. 63.

In short, while *on croyait* this and *on croyait* that, Danton and his interesting friend were stowed in the deepest dungeon of the Abbaye. The credit of this, the most audacious proceeding of the Robespierre party, is due to St. Just. Camille was an active and pungent pamphleteer, and had borrowed from Danton a witticism upon the lofty manner in which St. Just carried his head. *Il porte la tête comme un Saint Sacrement*, said Camille in his pamphlet. The joke and its author were denounced to St. Just. *Je lui ferai porter la tête comme St. Denis*, was the reply.* This exchange of pleasantries was followed up on the part of St. Just by a report to the Convention, in which Danton was found guilty (*accused* would be an inapplicable term) of conspiring with the Duke of Orleans, Dumouriez, and the Girondists. It was moved, for the sake, we presume, of *la bienséance*, that

* Our readers will recollect that the *Saint Sacrement*—the Host,—is in Roman Catholic countries carried in procession with a great show of reverence, and that the martyrdom of St. Denis was by decapitation, and that the legend says that he carried his head in his hand from the place of execution to that of burial. We have heard from a person who has seen both, that we may form a lively notion of the stateliness in which poor St. Just carried his head, by the manner in which Mr. Robert Grant, the present judge-advocate general, performs the same function.

Danton

Danton should be heard in reply to this report ; but, upon a significant hint from Robespierre, conveyed in the words ‘Those who tremble are guilty,’ that motion was negatived without a division. Defence, indeed, would have been utterly superfluous ; for, as our author observes, no individual living could even have dreamed that Danton had been guilty of anything of the kind imputed to him. This idle form was, however, permitted before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and the accused, being adepts in public speaking, abused their privilege to such an extent that proper precautions were taken to prevent such scandal for the future by the decree :—‘That any accused person revolted against his judges might be put *hors des débats*’ (convicted and sentenced) ; and, says our author, ‘We had wished to be founders of liberty, and the men who arrived at this excess of tyranny thought they were serving her noble cause. . . .—*Au reste*, these patriots,—“devoted to death by other patriots,”—died like heroes.’

Two others of these ‘patriots,’—these ‘energetic men unstained by crime,’ now governed the Committee, and through it the Convention and France, with absolute sway—Robespierre and St. Just. Of these our author predicates that they wished to exercise their power, only for *good* !—vol. iii., p. 77. In all ages, however, the kindness and ingratitude of mankind have made them slow to appreciate benefits which are forced upon their acceptance. Strange to say, the members of the Convention could hardly reconcile the theory of the general Rights of Man with the right of these two individuals to hand them over severally or collectively to the scaffold ; and at the very moment when the government of France felt ‘a want of unity, before all things,—a tearing asunder became inevitable.’ It was in vain that the Committee released the Convention from the labour of making, as well as that of executing, the law. The Convention were, nevertheless, afflicted with a ‘general uneasiness,’ the indications of which again excited in the committee itself, such apprehensions, ‘that fears for its own existence obliged it to adjourn the grand social regeneration which it had meditated.’ In the mean time the Convention was permitted to amuse itself with some minor details of poor-laws, public education, and agriculture. This last subject was placed in the hands of two commissioners, a Mr. Isoré and the author. Of the former we know nothing. The latter, being by education a midwife, and by practice a general-officer, must be admitted to have been an happy selection. Under the supervision of the two, the agriculture of France probably made as much progress towards recovery—as did religion, virtue, and *la bienséance même* under Robespierre and St. Just, assisted as they were by Billaud de Varennes and Collot d’Herbois.

Our

Our author's regard for Robespierre does not prevent him from treating the great attempt to bring Deism into fashion as a failure. A 'deluge of pleasantries' followed that condescending decree of the Convention which acknowledged the existence of a Deity and the immortality of the soul. The editor has favoured us with a poetical allusion to this decree by M. Berchoux, a bard of the day, which we venture thus to translate:—

'The French upon freedom so dote,
That against any God they all mutiny,
But the one who is named by a vote
And is proved to exist on a scrutiny.*

We extract from the 6th chapter, vol. iii., a glowing description of the progress which had been made towards the attainment of the rights of man under the government of Robespierre:—

'The tribune and the press were mute, the Cordeliers were silent, the sections, the commune, were no longer anything more than the pale satellites of the new tyranny. At the first moment, knowing the *intentions réparatrices* of Robespierre and St. Just, we thought that they were about to profit by their *de facto* omnipotence to close the era of revolutions and proclaim the constitution. But such were not their views—at that moment.'—vol. iii. p. 101.

It was during this indefinite adjournment of their expected measures for the termination of the reign of terror, that Couthon obtained the full support of Robespierre to the law of the 22nd Prairial, which is described imperfectly, but as well perhaps as anything short of a transcript of its provisions can describe it, in the words of M. Le Vasseur:—'According to its text, there was no enemy of any of the members of the government who could escape death. All faults were transformed into crimes, and every crime conducted to the scaffold.' It would have been rather surprising, if any one but a member of the government could have entertained a predilection for this law, but equally so to those who have studied the history of the time, that any one should have dared to offer it effectual opposition. One member, indeed, of the Convention, Ruamps, threatened to blow his brains out, should it be accepted, a menace which seems to have acted as an inducement to his acquaintance to hurry it through the house. Like the heroic general, Cambrone, to whom is attributed the speech, 'La garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas,' and who happened, on the occasion on which this speech is attributed to him, viz. the day of Waterloo, *not* to

* Le peuple souverain,
Libre par sa nature même,
Ne reconnaît d'être supreme
Que celui qu'il nomme au scrutin.

die, but to surrender—like him Ruamps survived the event, and even lived to share a subsequent imprisonment with our author.

On the memorable occasion of the 9th Thermidor, M. Le Vasseur was absent from Paris in the exercise of his military functions. It is therefore difficult to conjecture, nor would it be very important to ascertain, what would have been his conduct or his fate at this crisis—whether he would have drunk the hemlock with Robespierre, St. Just, and Couthon; have talked of doing so with David of the blood-steeped brush; or have joined with Tallien in administering it to others. The danger and the excitation of the crisis are over, and it is easy now for the author to express his republican horror of the dictatorship of which, while it lasted, he was an active though subordinate agent. He lends, however, his testimony to what is now, we believe, the fashionable theory with respect to the history of the 9th Thermidor, and avows his strong faith in those qualities of Robespierre's singular character on which his advocates have striven to erect the great paradox of his justification. The substance of that theory is well known—*viz.*, that Robespierre, sick with slaughter, intended, by aid of the Convention, to extirpate the Committee, and to close with that last act of justice the Reign of Terror—and was cut off, in the moment of projection, by greater monsters than himself, the peculator Tallien, and Carrier of the Noyades! It required French ingenuity to convert the destruction of such a man into something like a murder; yet considering that he perished not for having employed, but for having calumniated, Marat,—not as the butcher of the Girondists, but as the denouncer of Danton,—considering that he was identified for slaughter by Fouquier Tinville,—considering the stoical fortitude of his ten hours' agony on the table of the Committee of Public Safety—we are compelled to doubt whether there were not gradations of wickedness and infamy which Robespierre himself had not attained, and which were only reached by some of those who had cringed to him in power, and who spat upon him in his dying torture. The fierce exclamation of Tallien to his foaming victim—'It is the blood of Danton which stifles thee,' is better known than the answer which our author attributes to Robespierre. 'Ah, you wish to avenge Danton! Cowards, why did you not defend him?' For one incident in the closing scene we wish we had better authority than this book—and we think we *have* read elsewhere of the nameless *garçon de bureau*, who brought Robespierre a cup of water to wash the ghastly wound which he was staunching with the bag of the pistol that had inflicted it. This is the solitary act of that day which savours of any humane motive, much as the interests of humanity may have profited by its occurrences.

We

We cannot follow M. Le Vasseur through a tedious vindication of his hero, which is intended as a serious refutation of the charge, transferred from the Hebertists to their destroyer, of his being a mere agent of Pitt and the emigrants. We confess ourselves, indeed, at a loss for an answer to the question, which, after taking all this trouble, he asks of his readers,—‘Is it possible to resign oneself to examine these puerile and ignoble imputations, which have sprung up in some narrow brains, and which posterity will never discuss?’

We have dwelt at least long enough on these volumes;—and have followed our author far enough into the history of the French Revolution, to enable our readers to form some judgment on the merits of this elaborate apology for The Mountain. The few extracts which we have selected will show, that however inartificial the reasoning of M. Le Vasseur may be considered, his phraseology is of that ingenious school which has altered the nomenclature of most of the questionable qualities of human nature and of their results. Thus the men before whose fiat human heads fell like corn before the reaper, were only men of greater *énergie* than other people. A period when the kennels are running with innocent blood is always—a *crise*. A journalist who, during a period of professed anarchy, calls upon a despotic mob to put 250,000 persons to death, is convicted of innocent *exagération*. We say nothing of the use or abuse of the word *patriotism*. We know from Boswell the explanation which Dr. Johnson afforded of that word, and from Mr. Croker we know to whom the sage addressed that explanation;*—nor do we think that a close examination of the motives of those transcendent *Patriots* who have figured either in the French Revolution, or in the English Reform, would afford any new reason to doubt the justice of the great moralist’s definition!

ART. III.—*A Memoir of Felix Neff, Pastor of the High Alps; and of his labours among the French Protestants of Dauphiné, a Remnant of the Primitive Christians of Gaul.* By William Stephen Gilly, M.A., Prebendary of Durham, and Vicar of Norham. London. 8vo. 1832.

IT is one of the principles of the Madras school that every boy shall find his level; it is one of the principles of the Jesuits that every member of their society shall have his appropriate

* Patriotism having become one of our topics, Johnson suddenly uttered in a strong, determined tone, an apophthegm at which many will start: ‘Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.’—Boswell, vol. iii. p. 223. By the editorial Note it appears that this startling apophthegm was uttered at the Club, Mr. Fox in the Chair.

place found for him. To the first of these principles the school owes much of its effect; to the other the society (the most efficient that has ever yet been established) no small part of the mighty influence which it has exercised for evil and for good. In the world there are so many disturbing causes, that he who finds his level, may, if he has to rise to it, be deemed fortunate indeed; and still more so if the place for which he is best fitted (in whatever station) be found for him. Both the subject and the author of the interesting volume which is now before us have been thus fortunate. The pastor of the High Alps could nowhere have employed his ardent zeal with more exemplary effect than among the forlorn mountaineers, to whom he devoted, and indeed sacrificed, his life. And when his biographer was rewarded for his benevolent exertions in behalf of the Vaudois with a stall at Durham, that well-bestowed preferment gave him facilities for pursuing his favourite subject of research, and enabled him to become more extensively useful. 'How,' says Mr. Gilly, in his Introduction—

'How came the author acquainted with scenes and people, whose history he alleges to be of moment to society at large, but whose names are perfectly new to us? How has he had access to records, which we did not know to be in existence? I hope to answer these inquiries satisfactorily—and to show that those who have extended their rambles to some of the obscurest corners of civilized Europe, or who have been poring over the most neglected, dull, and wearisome pages of writers and chroniclers of days long since, may bring facts to light which had escaped notice, and may illustrate some of the most important subjects in history.

'It has been my good fortune to have had opportunities of examining the treasures of ecclesiastical history, in libraries rich in such stores; and the more I have read, the more I have felt convinced that the secluded glens of Piedmont are not the only retreats, where THE DESCENDANTS OF PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS may be found. Under this term I mean to speak of persons who have inherited a Christianity, which the Church of Rome has not transmitted to them, and who, from father to son, have essentially preserved the mode of faith, and the form of discipline, which were received when the Gospel was first planted in their land. I have discovered ample reason to believe, that there is scarcely a mountain region in our quarter of the globe which is poor, and uninviting, and difficult of access, where the primitive faith, as it was preached by the earliest messengers of the truth, did not linger for many ages, after the Romish hierarchy had established itself in the richer countries, and in the plains; and moreover, that there are still many mountain districts, where the population has continued Christian, from generation to generation, to the present hour; Christian, in nonconformity with the church usurping the appellation Catholic. It was their obscurity and non-intercourse with the world, during

during the period of almost general submission to the Romish yoke, which preserved them from corruption.'—p. 1-3.

The first account which Mr. Gilly received concerning Felix Neff was from the Rev. Francis Cunningham, 'to whom the Protestant cause owes much;' and to whom English readers are much indebted for having been 'greatly instrumental' in making them acquainted with the life of Oberlin. What Mr. Gilly first learnt from him was this,—that 'a young clergyman was then toiling among a people in Dauphiné, so poor, that they had no means of providing salaries for ministers or schoolmasters; and so little favoured by nature, that for seven months out of twelve, their land lay buried in snow.' He afterwards received from the same quarter, a paper drawn up by Neff himself, describing the nature of his charge, and some of the difficulties he had to encounter. As he was about to make a second journey to the Vaudois, this induced him to visit the scene of Neff's labours on the way. Neff had gone to his reward a few months before this intention was carried into effect; but from all that Mr. Gilly saw and heard of the effect of his ministry, he judged that a memoir of his short, but extraordinary, career, would not be an uninteresting addition to the Christian records of the age in which we live. Neff's own journals were afterwards communicated to him by Miss Mary Elliott, of Westfield Lodge; and if, he says, 'I had been put in possession of all the circumstances relating to these papers, I believe I should have had to state that many of Neff's noble projects could not have been carried into effect, but for the benevolent friend in England to whom his journals were consigned.' The information relating to his early life and to his death was obtained from a brief biographical *Notice* published at Geneva. From these materials, with the advantage of having made himself acquainted with every hamlet within Neff's extensive charge, and of his own fresh impressions made upon the spot, Mr. Gilly has composed the present volume—a volume as honourable to himself as it may be instructive and useful to others.

Felix Neff was born in 1798, and brought up by his widowed mother in a village near Geneva. Like many other excellent men he 'owed his first strong impressions to the effect produced by maternal vigilance, and to lessons taught by female lips.' She laid the foundation, and the village pastor instructed him in Latin, history, geography, and botany. Of the few books within his reach, Plutarch's *Lives*, and some of the unobjectionable volumes of Rousseau, are said to have been his favourites; the former because they filled his mind with the exploits of great men; the latter because they encouraged the delight which natural scenery, whether beautiful or grand, excited in him. His boyish

aspirations were for military fame, or for scientific research. When it was time for him to enter upon some way of life in which he could earn a subsistence, he engaged himself to a nursery-man and florist-gardener; and at the age of sixteen published a little treatise on the culture of trees, which was much praised for its arrangement, its accuracy, and the habit of careful observation that it evinced. At seventeen, however, he entered as a private into the military service of Geneva, and 'exchanged the quiet and humble walk of the florist's garden for the bustle of the garrison.' Two years afterwards he was promoted to the rank of serjeant of artillery; and having obtained notice by his knowledge of mathematics, he made that science his study during his continuance in the army. That continuance was not long. But this second change of pursuit was occasioned by no fickleness or infirmity of purpose. It is said that his officers were jealous of the influence which he obtained over his comrades; that he was too religious for them, and that they wished him out of the service;—the serious turn of his mind in fact became so marked, that he was advised to quit it, and to prepare himself for holy orders.

Accordingly he quitted the army, and placed himself under proper instruction, after due deliberation and frequent prayer. That he might the better 'mark, learn, and inwardly digest' the scriptures, he made a concordance for himself, and filled the margins of several Bibles with notes. 'Some of these are still in possession of his friends, and are consulted as the voice of one who being dead yet speaketh.' His powers of acquirement and his aptitude for abstracted study were remarkable, and his conversation not less so; it was prompt, easy, and agreeable, but always to the point, in short sentences, and in few words.

A good practice which obtained in the primitive churches—and of which we find some traces in the ecclesiastical establishment of Scotland—is in use among the Protestants of France and Switzerland. The theological student, after certain examinations, is received as a *Proposant* by those who exercise the pastoral office, and employed as a lay-helper, or catechist, in their parishes. He is not permitted to perform services which are strictly sacerdotal, but to instruct the young, visit the sick, and, at the discretion of the pastor to preach from the pulpit. 'He is acting under the eye of an experienced minister; he has an example and a teacher before him to regulate his actions and opinions; he is trying his own strength, and feeling his way, and assuring himself of his preference and fitness for the sacred work, before the irrevocable step is taken. It is not too late to retire if he finds himself, in any degree, unequal to the arduous charge.' We entirely agree with Mr. Gilly and with Dr. Adams, whom he has quoted

on

on this subject, that such a system of probationary exercise might most advantageously be introduced in our own establishment. It is greatly required ; and the church would thus obtain an accession of labourers, which it much needs.

In this capacity Neff was employed during three years in the neighbourhood of Geneva, and in the cantons of Neufchatel, Berne, and the Pays de Vaud ;—in the latter at a trying time, when religious controversy was carried on, as it usually is, in a most irreligious spirit. There was no bitterness in Neff's nature ; he saw that there was too little zeal on the one side—too little faith—perhaps too little sincerity ; but that on the other, with which he was otherwise in union, there was a want of discretion and of charity. ' The Lord,' said he, ' has opened a wide door for the preaching of the gospel in this canton, which will not soon be shut, provided that the preachers conduct themselves with prudence, and are cautious not to agitate any question which is of secondary importance only, and which, without being directly necessary to salvation, may excite suspicion that some schism is intended.' Were all of his profession to feel and think thus, and to act accordingly, there would soon be no sects in the Christian world, except such as were purely fanatical or purely factious.

When he was in his twenty-fourth year he was invited, still in the same capacity, into France, to Grenoble ; and after six months tarriance there, to Mens, in the department of the Isere, there to supply, as far as that capacity admitted, the place of an absent pastor. Here he had many difficulties to contend with : ' He was a stranger, and an object of suspicion to the local authorities ; his office and functions were but ill defined ; and he had to acquire the *patois* of the people, which is widely different from the French : worse than all, a cold and heartless Christianity prevailed among them, in consequence of that rage for controversy which made them think more of other people's spiritual condition than of their own.' To counteract the dispiriting tendency of these circumstances, there was that incessant employment for which his soul thirsted. There were in that department about eight thousand Protestants, scattered over a surface of about eighty miles square, with only three regular pastors to look after them, and of these one was now absent. Nothing but an iron frame could enable Neff to go through the toil which his reputation soon imposed upon him ;—perhaps he trusted to it too confidently, and exacted from it too much. But it rather seems that he had not an iron frame to begin with :—' With respect to my health,' he says, ' at this time, it is much stronger since I have been constantly on the move, and making long excursions, although many of them are very fatiguing ; for it often happens that I go several leagues, and perform as

many as four or five services in one day, especially on Sundays. I have not unfrequently been thus engaged from five o'clock in the morning till eleven at night, and all this without any cough, or ailment of the stomach. I have recovered my appetite, and can drink wine at my meals without any inconvenience.' It is apparent, therefore, that his constitution was not strong, and that the form of that malady which at no distant time destroyed him had already shown itself. But he had devoted himself to his calling, with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; and his inclination entirely accorded with his duty. 'A sedentary or a fixed life,' said he, 'has no pleasures for me; I should not like to be constantly labouring in one place; I would infinitely rather lead the wandering life of a missionary.' This is not a healthy state of mind for civilized man; but it fitted Neff for his work. 'And thus,' says his biographer, 'among the diversities of gifts, and among the differences of administration by which the manifestation of the Spirit is granted for man's profit withal, the Almighty was pleased to raise up a teacher for the natives of the French Alps, whose habits and tastes exactly suited the wants of a people who had not the benefit of a sufficient supply of resident pastors.'

'One of the districts, which he visited with the greatest personal satisfaction to himself, was that of Vizille. Its situation, on the banks of the Romanche, one of the wildest mountain torrents in France, with lofty mountains encircling it on all sides, had great attractions for him. The place, too, where his little flock was folded, had charms of a peculiar nature for his turn of mind. It was a large hall in the Gothic castle of the family of Lesdiguières. The celebrated constable of France, of that name, was the champion of the Huguenot cause in his youth, but apostatized from it in old age, when ambition and cold worldly calculation got the better of the more generous feelings of his earlier days. The present possessor of the castle, actuated by a better spirit, lent his fine baronial hall as a place of worship to the Protestants; and the congregations which gathered round Neff were so attentive to his lessons of piety, that he always spoke of Vizille as his "dear Vizille."—pp. 56, 57.

An interesting passage occurs in one of his letters written at this time:—

'I was lately accosted by several peasant women, one of whom begged me to give her a copy of the prayer, which I had delivered on the previous Sunday, before my sermon. I asked her name and residence, and told her to come to me on the following Sunday. She kept to her appointment, and I then gave her the prayer, and with it a little tract containing the parable of the ten virgins. These interviews made me desirous of knowing more of her, and I proposed to accompany her some day to her own village. Yesterday Elizabeth and I set out together for her parents' cottage, and as we walked along, she told me

me that many of the young women of the neighbourhood met at appointed times to practise psalm-singing, and to read the Bible. Upon reaching the village where she lived, which is charmingly situated in the midst of trees, at the foot of a high mountain, and on the edge of a torrent, I was most kindly received by her parents. They said they could not themselves go to church, but that their daughter always repeated to them that which she had heard. The old man recounted a history of the persecutions which his own parents and himself had suffered, and he added, "In those times there was more zeal than there is now. My father and mother used to cross mountains and forests by night, in the worst weather, and at the risk of their lives, to be present at Divine service performed in secret, but now we are grown lazy. Religious freedom is the death-blow to piety." He afterwards talked to me of his unhappiness in having only one son left, a young man of eighteen, who was clever, and blessed with a good memory, and had read the Bible, and all the pious books in the house, but who did not believe in the word of God.—pp. 58, 59.

When he had been thus employed about five months, several persons, principally heads of families, lamenting that he had not been appointed to the station of assistant-pastor, petitioned the Consistory to retain him under the designation of pastor-catechist, and offered to provide a stipend for him. This was done, and during the two years which he passed among them visible good was affected; and there continued afterwards to be a sensible improvement in the manners and industrious habits of the Protestants. The fruits were more apparent to others than to himself. It was a subject of humiliation for him, even for affliction—to perceive that he was regarded as a saint almost exempt from sin. He saw that the people attached themselves too much to him personally, and too little to the Saviour whose servant he was. 'And he said one day with deep feeling to M. Blanc,' the pastor whom he assisted,—'they love me too much, they receive me with too much pleasure, they speak of me too well; indeed they do not know me.' There was a village which he frequently visited, and where he was heard attentively but apparently to little purpose; at length 'something like signs of life appeared to three or four young persons,' and one day instead of going away as usual at the termination of the service, all the people kept their seats and remained silent:—

'Full,' says he, 'of real esteem for these poor creatures I rested my head upon my hands, and offered up a secret prayer to God in their behalf. They thought I was taken ill, and many anxious inquiries were put to me; I lifted up my head, and said, I am not ill, my friends, but I am distressed on your account; I am thinking that most of you have already forgotten what you have just heard, and it is this that grieves me.'

The pastor at Mens, whose place Neff had in part supplied,
absented

absented himself longer than circumstances justified, and a question therefore arose, as to his re-instatement. This gave occasion for some of that party feeling to manifest itself which is so easily excited when the pastor is any degree dependent upon the congregation. He became, in consequence, angry with the consistory for not permitting him to resume his functions at once; and jealous of Neff, who had endeared himself to the more serious part of the flock, and with whom he was well aware that a comparison was drawn to his own disadvantage. Regarding him as a rival, therefore, and an enemy, he 'raised a cabal' against him, and the levity with which he spoke of his rigid sentiments, and the spirit in which he regarded and misrepresented his course of conduct, produced an effect, more especially in the town, which wrung from Neff a melancholy expression of regret at the falling off of many of whom he had had better hopes. It is very possible that Neff may have been as much too rigid in light things, as it appears this person was too lax in weighty ones; the *too much* has often been as injurious to Christianity as the *too little*. The rigour of Calvinistic manners impeded the progress of the reformation in France more than any other cause.

Neff had now, during four years of probation, sufficiently assured himself of his own strength and willingness for the work to which he verily believed—and, as the event shows, it verily appears—that God had been pleased to call him. His first business upon leaving Mens was to obtain ordination, and here a difficulty arose,—by whom should he be ordained? Not by the national church of Geneva, his native land: that church, like others that have been founded upon the same uncharitable creed, had past from one extreme to the other; and he felt a strong and just repugnance to derive authority for preaching the Gospel from those who had betrayed it by ceasing to uphold the divinity of the Saviour, and the essential doctrines of his word. Not by the seceding pastors from that church: he had a strong opinion in favour of national churches, without which he clearly saw that, humanly speaking, Christianity could not, in many places, have been preserved. Recognizing the right of a Christian to separate, he acknowledged also that there were many and valid reasons why the children of God should remain in connexion with the national church so long as it neither compelled them to profess a lie, nor rejected them because they were in union with a more spiritual congregation. He would not, therefore, apply for ordination to the Genevan separatists, lest he should 'seem, by any act of his, to be impairing the maintenance of the church in which he had been baptized, which had once been the instrument of much good, and might again, by a reformation within itself, become so.' There was the Protestant church of France;
' and

‘and as he had been a humble servant in her temples, and hoped to serve before her altars, it must have been his wish to receive orders under her sanction.’ But he was not a Frenchman, and unless he were naturalized, this was at that time not easy, perhaps not practicable. ‘The easiest course, therefore, was to repair to England, and there ask for a public recognition as a devoted servant of God, in one of those independent congregations whose ministers are received in the Protestant churches of France as duly authorized.’ His name had been made known in this country, ‘through the means of the Continental Society, and of Mr. Cook and Mr. Wilks, two eminent dissenting ministers.’

Without understanding a single word of English, he embarked in a steam-boat at Calais, in the beginning of May, 1823, landed at Dover half-dead with sea-sickness, committed himself to a night coach, and arrived in London on a Sunday morning, ‘with no other aid to help him through the mazes of a city (which is more embarrassing to a stranger than any other capital in Europe) than a direction to Mr. Wilks’s house.’ ‘Thither he puzzled out his way’—and there he found that Mr. Wilks was not at home, and that not a person in the house could speak French. He had probably considered how to proceed in the case of such a disappointment; and by addressing such passengers as seemed likely to understand him, he got directed, through a labyrinth of streets and lanes, to a French chapel, where it was certain that he should find some one who could converse with him, and put him in the way of profiting by his letters of introduction. ‘The excellent Mr. Scholl was the preacher at the chapel upon this occasion, and to him Neff addressed himself after the service, with the modest request that he would direct him to an hotel where French was spoken.’ Mr. Scholl, in reply, accosted him by name, and told him that he knew his errand, and that every thing which could promote his views should be done. He was placed in comfortable lodgings, and Mr. Wilks introduced him on his return to the ministers who were to receive him into their body. But though he received every attention from his new friends during the interval that elapsed before the public ceremony which brought him to England, yet only one or two could hold conversation with him, and his time hung heavily on his hands. ‘My visits,’ said he, in one of his letters, ‘are very insipid; I cannot talk English, nor they French, and the sooner I can get away, the happier I shall be. But I will remain as long as I can to form connexions that may prove useful in promoting the reign of Christ in France.’ On May 19th he ‘received a diploma in Latin, signed by nine ministers, of whom three were doctors of theology, and one was a master of arts,’ and he was ordained in a chapel in the Poultry.

‘Neff

'Neff lost no time in returning to France, and to the scene of his first labours in that country; but his journey to England had nearly been the means of defeating all his hopes and plans. He was represented to the French government as an agent of England, and when he presented himself before the prefect of the department of the Isère at Grenoble, to meet any charge that might be made against him, that functionary candidly told him, that the minister of the interior had received information, that all the preachers not French, and more especially those who had religious connexions out of the kingdom, were in the pay of England, and were charged with some political mission. The prefect was at the same time polite and kind in his manner, and strongly advised Neff to take up letters of naturalization, as the best answer to the calumny, and the only way of securing his object in regard to a pastoral appointment.'—p. 92.

But his was not a spirit to be depressed by difficulties, and this was enough to cheer him. The Protestants at Mens left their shops and their husbandry work to meet him, with all the outward and visible signs of affection which the French so readily display, and which, in this instance, no doubt were sincere. The population of St. Jean d'Héran turned out more than once upon a report of his approach. When at length some one ran before him to give the joyful intelligence, he saw the bottom of the little hill on which the village stands covered with people who were waiting to greet him. But he, foreseeing that, in jealous times, an unfavourable construction might be put upon such public indications of esteem, begged one of his friends to go forward and request that they would return to their houses, where he would visit them successively. Yet notwithstanding this ardour in his friends, the cabals which had been raised at Mens rendered it unadvisable for him to remain in that town or its immediate neighbourhood. The inhabitants of St. Sebastian wished him to become the pastor of their commune, and undertook to raise his salary among themselves. The same reason induced him to decline this offer; and though he had many attachments there, 'it was no great act of self-denial in him to determine upon quitting the department of the Isère. He felt that he could better accomplish his own desires if he had more freedom and a field to himself.'

'I am always dreaming of the High Alps,' said he in a letter of the 8th Sept. 1823, 'and I would rather be stationed there than under the beautiful sky of Languedoc. In the higher Alpine region I shall be the only pastor, and therefore more at liberty. In the south, I should be embarrassed by the presence and conflicting opinions of other pastors. With respect to the description which B—— has given of those mountains, it may be correct as to some places, but still the country bears a strong resemblance to the Alps of Switzerland. It has its advantages and even its beauties. If there are wolves and

and chamois, there are also cattle and pasturages and glaciers, and picturesque spots, and, above all, an energetic race of people, intelligent, active, hardy, and patient under fatigue, who offer a better soil for the Gospel, than the wealthy and corrupt inhabitants of the plains of the south.'—p. 94.

A few weeks after this letter was written, the elders of the Protestant churches of Val Queyras and Val Fressinière made application to the consistory that he might be appointed their pastor. He was apprized of this, and that he might shortly expect to receive his appointment. Not waiting for it, he set out to visit the scene of his future labours, and was received by the people as their pastor elect. But there were many preliminary steps before he could be fully installed in what Mr. Gilly may well call 'the most arduous piece of ecclesiastical preferment in Christendom.' He must receive his diploma from the consistory of Orpierre, and his naturalization from the office of the ministry in Paris. And doubts frequently crossed his mind,—would the president of the consistory sanction the election? would the minister of the interior confirm it? would the keeper of the seals grant him letters of naturalization? He however resolved to enter upon his charge provisionally, and run the risk of receiving the government stipend or not, as it might happen. 'In fact, some of the necessary forms were never regularly obtained; but all parties concerned were so well satisfied with his conduct, that by some management which the higher authorities winked at, he remained in undisturbed possession.'

The first act of toleration after the revocation of the edict of Nantes (a century before) was published by Louis XVI. in 1786. In 1802 the consular government conferred certain privileges on the Protestants, and placed them so far upon a level with the Roman Catholics, that they were to have an organization sanctioned by the state, and their pastors were to receive a stipend from the public treasury; but this was under certain regulations. None but Frenchmen might exercise the ministerial functions, and no pastoral appointment might take place except under the seal of a local consistory, and with the sanction of the government. A consistory should consist of not less than six thousand souls of the same communion, and might not have more than six pastors without the express permission of government. The amount of the stipend was to depend upon the population, 3000 francs the highest, 1200 the lowest; but a house and garden might be provided in addition, at the expense of the commune. The discipline of the church thus organized was to be the same as that of the reformed churches of France before the revocation, and in this there was to be no change without the authority of government.

Neff,

Neff, in consequence of the irregularity of his appointment, never received the government stipend. An allowance from the Continental Society of about 50*l.* a-year (probably what would have been the minimum of the official salary) was his principal, if not his sole maintenance. His means of beneficence were small indeed; and he who saw so many ways in which he might have employed it wisely, must have often yearned after a little of that wealth, so much of which is misbestowed. But this wish would only have been for the sake of others. He had enough for himself as long as he should remain single; and he was wedded to his parish. Though poor, it was among the poor that his lot had fallen; and religious poverty brings with it no contempt, when the institutions of a country have taught the people to look upon it with respect.

The Protestants of the department of the High Alps have but two ecclesiastical sections to which pastors have been appointed—Orpierre and Arvieux; the latter, which was Neff's parish, extends over too civil *arrondissements* (Embrun and Briançon), and consists of seventeen or eighteen villages, occupying an extent of sixty miles, in a straight line from east to west; but eighty must be traversed through the windings of the mountains, in travelling from one extreme point to the other. Hitherto there had been no regularly appointed or resident minister to this laborious parish, for any length of time together. Oberlin's son Henry, whose death is so touchingly related in the memoirs of his father, took charge of it for a few months. It had been occasionally served by the pastor of Orpierre; and the people of Vals Fressinière and Queyras used to assemble on Sundays, in the churches and *oratoires*, when some one or other read the service.

There is this difference between the valleys of Piemont, and those of Fressinière and Queyras. The former are for the most part smiling with verdure and foliage, the latter are dark and sterile. In each, alps rise above alps, and piles of rock of appalling aspect block up many of the defiles, and utterly forbid any further advance to the boldest adventurer. But the Italian valleys are so beautifully diversified by green meadows and rich corn-fields, and thick foliage of forest and fruit trees, that the eye is perpetually relieved and delighted. Add to these the herds of cattle in the pasturages, and the innumerable flocks of goats and sheep browsing upon the mountain sides, and skipping from rock to rock, and you have an animated picture of life and enjoyment which cannot be surpassed. The Piemontese valleys form a garden, with deserts as it were in view: some of them indeed are barren and repulsive, but these are exceptions. On the contrary, in the Alpine retreats of the French Protestants, fertility is the exception, and barrenness the common aspect. There the tottering cliffs, the sombre and frowning rocks, which, from their fatiguing continuity,
look

look like a mournful veil, which is never to be raised, and the tremendous abysses, and the comfortless cottages, and the ever present dangers from avalanches, and thick mists and clouds, proclaim that this is a land which man never would have chosen, even for his hiding-place, but from the direst necessity.'—p. 111.

Considering the extent of his charge, and the character of the country, a man of Neff's zeal, says Mr. Gilly, could not but sink under his labours. 'There is a twofold lesson,' he observes, 'to be learned in following [the steps of a pastor through these wilds. It is well that we should see how hard some of our brethren work, and how hard they live; and that we should discern, to our humiliation, that it is not always where there is the greatest company of preachers, that the word takes most root.' Neff's *manse*, if it may be so called, was a small low cottage, with no other comfort than what it derived from its southern aspect, and its situation in a warm sunny spot; it was in the little hamlet of La Chalp, not far from Arvieux, the principal village of the commune so named, where the church stands; but the majority of the Protestant population are settled higher up the valley, for 'wherever the remains of the primitive Christians still exist, they are invariably found to have crept up to the farthest habitable part of their glens.' Tyranny and persecution allowed them no other resting-place, and they were safe there only because they were hidden there, or because their persecutors feared to follow them. So dangerous, indeed, are some of these defiles, that scarcely a year passes without the loss of several lives in them.

'One of the principal charms in the recital of a good clergyman's life,' says the biographer, 'is the character of the clergyman at home. But Neff had none of the comforts of this life to cheer him. No family endearments welcomed him to a peaceful fireside after the toils of the day, nothing of earthly softness smoothed his seat or his pillow. His was a career of anxiety, unmitigated and unconsolated by anything but a sense of duties performed, and of acceptance with God.' But a parish that was eighty miles long could have none of those advantages which are derived from the residence of a good clergyman, advantages little inferior to those which result from his public ministry. Neff's life in such a scene was necessarily that of an itinerant, and with this the people of Arvieux and La Chalp were somewhat dissatisfied; as their commune provided a dwelling for him, they thought themselves entitled to a greater portion of his time, and they remonstrated with him very earnestly one day when he was about to set forth for a distant hamlet. He replied by representing, as was reasonable, that it was his duty to divide his services according to the number of those who required them; and that, as he did not take

take up his abode in any other part of the parish capriciously, or longer than was necessary, they had no just cause for complaint. But independently of this, 'the repose and enjoyment of domestic life had no attraction for him,' and he thought his time better employed in any other part of the parish: for the people in this, he said, were spoilt by the advantages of their situation, and not so well inclined to profit by his instruction as the inhabitants of less favoured spots. He had indeed formed an opinion that, in his sphere of action, there was least religion where there were more comforts. The mildness of the climate at Arvieux, he said, 'appeared somehow or other not favourable to the growth of piety:'—and of another commune he observes, 'that its fertility, as well as its proximity to a high road and to a town, was a great stumbling-block.' One place is 'more fertile than the rest of the valley, and even produces wine; the consequence is, that there is less piety.' In the valley of Queyras, San Veran is 'the highest and consequently the most pious village.' And Mr. Gilly says, in his note upon this assertion, that a similar observation was made to him by more than one Vaudois pastor in Piemont, on the relative degree of piety in the lower and more elevated mountain hamlets.

Neff's biographer seems, therefore, to think that Neff's opinion upon this point is confirmed by the testimony of other persons who have the best means of observation. It is more difficult to explain the fact in the case of the Vaudois, than to suspect how it may have originated where Neff was concerned. There can be no natural cause for it; for, though certain philosophers graduate their scale of convenient morality according to different latitudes, they have never pretended that our religious instincts are, in any degree, dependent upon such influence. The highest of Neff's hamlets were the poorest, and in the rudest state: to assign this as the reason would lead to no favourable inference, nor could such an explanation be maintained upon any fair grounds; for in no part of his extensive parish was there any great wealth, or any such superabundance of comforts as might lead to luxury. But the pastor's relative position was not the same there, as in those villages which were placed in a more fertile soil and in a more genial region. Where the *manse* had been provided for him, though it was nothing more than such a cottage as would be dignified to English conceptions if it were called humble, it has been seen that the people considered themselves as having a claim upon him on that score; where such a feeling could find place it is not unlikely that they looked upon his ministry as a purchasable service, and thought, perhaps, that the obligation was less on their side than on his. But in the remoter hamlets his ministry appeared to be, what in reality it was, a pure labour of love, such as, under

no contract, could be claimed, such as no price could pay for. There the inhabitants regarded Neff in his true character—a man possessed of attainments which might have advanced his fortune, if he had directed them towards any worldly pursuit; who came among them not for his own advantage, but for theirs; who took the liveliest interest not only in their spiritual concerns, but in their temporal welfare, and endeavoured by every possible exertion on his part to promote it. This difference alone might explain why his precepts took deeper hold upon their hearts.

There may have been another cause. Neff, like the earlier and more austere ministers of the Calvinistic school, was an enemy to sports of every kind; not merely those which, being wicked, or, in their direct and sure tendency, injurious, ought, the one to be prohibited by positive law, the other to be discouraged by all good men; but to those also which may so easily be rendered safe, and are in themselves so innocent—that none but the rigid would proscribe them. It appears that he disapproved of bowling, and he thought dancing a sin. The biographer of St. Pachomius tells us of that eminent saint, that *pes ejus ad saltandum non est commotus omni vitâ sud.* The Albigenses went beyond the ascetics of the deserts in their opinion upon this subject. The Huguenots derived it not from them, but from Calvin, and their intolerance of a pastime so popular in that country that it may almost be called national, is said to have greatly impeded the progress of the reformation in France. Probably, therefore, this operated against Neff in those places where cheerful circumstances and an easier condition of life left his parishioners leisure and inclination for such amusements; and if his presence cast a cloud over youthful hilarity, and prevented what had before been considered as allowable enjoyment, in that same degree must his influence for good have been diminished there. In the case of so excellent a man it is worth while to inquire into the cause of such an effect. Now in the upper regions this evil could not follow, because the arrival of their pastor produced a degree of joyous excitement; in the course of their rude and sequestered lives they had nothing else so cheerful to look forward to as his visits. And this will apply to the Vaudois also: the inhabitants of the highest and most remote hamlets seemed to be the most religious, not because they were in the rudest state and endured the hardest lot, but because their pastor was to them a person of greater importance; he was more to them, and they more to him, in consequence.

This appears more probable when the place is considered which of all others Neff preferred for his residence. It was a village, or rather hamlet, Dormilleuse by name, the highest in the Val de Fressinière. The population consists of forty families, all of the
unmixed

unmixed race of the ancient Waldenses, who never, says Neff, bowed their knee before an idol, even when all the Protestants of the valley of Queyras dissembled their faith. The ruins of the wall and forts still remain which they built to protect themselves against surprise. They owed their preservation in part to the nature of the country, which, being defended by a natural fortification of glaciers and arid rocks, is almost inaccessible: the village itself is nearly so even in the finest season of the year. There is but one approach to it, and that by a steep ascent, where, in the narrowest part of the way, 'a cascade throws itself over the path into the abyss below, forming a sheet of water between the face of the rock and the edge of the precipice.' When Neff made his first visit there, at the beginning of February, this was a sheet of ice, and on the Sunday morning he and some young men cut steps in it with their hatchets, that the people from the lower hamlet might ascend to the church with less danger.

'Perhaps, of all the habitable spots in Europe, this wretched village is the most repulsive. Nature is stern and terrible, without offering any boon but that of personal security from the fury of the oppressor, to invite man to make his resting-place here. When the sun shines brightest, the side of the mountain opposite to Dormilleuse, and on the same level, is covered with snow, and the traveller, in search of new scenes to gratify his taste for the sublime or the beautiful, finds nothing to repay him for his pilgrimage, but the satisfaction of planting his foot on the soil, which has been hallowed as the asylum of Christians of whom the world was not worthy. The spot which they and their descendants have chosen for their last stronghold is indeed a very citadel of strength. But the eye wanders in vain for any one point of fascination. The village is not built on the summit, or on the shelf of a rock. It is not, like Forsythe's description of Cortona, "a picture hung upon a wall." It does not stand forth in bold relief, and fling defiance upon the intruder as he approaches. It is not even seen, till the upper pass is cleared, and then it disappoints expectation by its mean disclosure of a few poor huts, detached from each other, without any one building as an object of attraction, or any strongly marked feature to give a character to the scene; neither is there any view which it commands, to make amends for this defect in itself; all is cold, forlorn, and cheerless.'

The inhabitants, Neff, when he first saw them, described as a miserable and degenerate race, whose moral and physical aspect reminded the Christian that sin and death are the only true inheritance of the children of Adam. 'Their huts,' says Mr. Gilly, 'are wretched constructions of stone and mud, from which fresh air, comfort, and cleanliness seem to be utterly excluded.' Even in those villages where there is less physical misery, their apartments are unswept, their woollen garments (for linen is unknown among them)

them) are unwashed, and their hands and faces as little accustomed to cold water, as if there was a perpetual drought in the land. 'I should fear,' says his biographer, 'that the excellent Neff, with all the improvements which he introduced into his parish, either omitted, or failed to convince the folks there, that cleanliness is not a forbidden luxury, but one of the necessary duties of life.' At the village of Mensas, which lies below Dormilleuse, squeezed up in the very narrowest gorge of the valley, and which early in September is buried in snow, without hope of seeing the sun during the rest of the winter, the people, in their low, dark, dirty houses, seemed, says Neff, to be satisfied with the utter misery of their condition.

Even in parts of Neff's parish which are to them 'as a garden and scene of delight, the people are in a pitiable state;' none of the comforts and very few of the conveniences of life have yet been introduced among them. They are on the very outskirts of human society; and winter brings with it privations always, and not seldom, when the seasons have proved unfavourable, dangers of extreme want. It is very seldom that they can raise more corn than for their own demand. The few cattle that they rear are not for home consumption; they must be driven far before they can be sold, and the money which is obtained for them will barely pay the taxes, (for even poverty there is taxed,) and purchase indispensable household articles and instruments of husbandry. When resources fail them, such as have strength and hope enough for the exertion, emigrate like swallows, for the winter, in search, not of fortune, but of food. This was the case in the second year of Neff's residence; the dearth was so great, that many sold their cattle at any price that the purchaser would be pleased to give, because the forage failed; and he frequently met large parties of young men, and even fathers of families, going to seek work on any terms in distant provinces.

To these people Felix Neff devoted himself.

'It was not on Sunday only that he went the round of his churches, but he was ever visiting now one quarter, and then another; and happy did they esteem themselves at whose table he sat down, and under whose roof he lodged for the night. When his arrival was expected in certain hamlets, whose rotation to be visited was supposed to be coming round, it was beautiful to see the cottages send forth their inhabitants, to watch the coming of the beloved minister. "Come, take your dinner with us"—"Let me prepare your supper"—"Permit me to give up my bed to you"—were re-echoed from many a voice, and though there was nothing in the repast which denoted a feast-day, yet never was festival observed with greater rejoicing than by those whose rye-bread and pottage were shared by the pastor. Sometimes, when the old people of one cabin were standing at their doors, and

and straining their eyes to catch the first view of their "guide to heaven," the youngsters of another were perched on the summit of a rock, and stealing a prospect which would afford them an earlier sight of him, and give them the opportunity of offering the first invitation. It was on these occasions that he obtained a perfect knowledge of the people, questioning them about such of their domestic concerns as he might be supposed to take an interest in, as well as about their spiritual condition, and finding where he could be useful both as a secular adviser and a religious counsellor. "Could all their children read? Did they understand what they read? Did they offer up morning and evening prayers? Had they any wants that he could relieve? Any doubts that he could remove? Any afflictions wherein he could be a comforter?"

'It was thus that he was the father of his flock, and master of their affections and their opinions; and when the seniors asked for his blessing, and the children took hold of his hands or his knees, he felt all the fatigue of his long journeys pass away, and became recruited with new strength. But for the high and holy feelings which sustained him, it is impossible that he could have borne up against his numerous toils and exposures, even for the few months in which he thus put his constitution to the trial. Neither rugged paths, nor the inclement weather of these Alps, which would change suddenly from sunshine to rain, and from rain to sleet, and from sleet to snow: nor snow deep under foot, and obscuring the view when dangers lay thick on his road; nothing of this sort deterred him from setting out, with his staff in his hand, and his wallet on his back, when he imagined that his duty summoned him. I have been assured by those who have received him into their houses at such times, that he has come in chilly, wet, and fatigued, or exhausted by heat, and sudden transitions from excessive heat to piercing cold, and that, after sitting down a few minutes, his elastic spirits would seem to renovate his sinking frame, and he would enter into discourse with all the mental vigour of one who was neither weary nor languid.

'When he was not resident at the presbytery, he was the guest of some peasant, who found him willing to live as he lived; to make a scanty meal of soup-maigre, often without salt or bread, and to retire to rest in the same apartment, where a numerous family were crowded together, amidst all the inconveniences of a dirty and smoky hovel.—pp. 213-215.

'You have come among us,' said an inhabitant of Mensas, 'like a woman who attempts to kindle a fire with green wood. She spends her breath in blowing it, to keep alive the little flame, but the moment she quits it, it goes out.' Lest it should indeed inevitably be thus, Neff endeavoured, as far as means and circumstances permitted, to follow Oberlin's example, for the character of Oberlin was his delight and his model. He taught the people of the upper hamlets that a way might be made to let the smoke out of their dwellings, and apertures for letting in the light and air;

air; chimneys and windows being luxuries to which few of them had aspired. He convinced them that warmth might be obtained in the winter more healthily, and not less comfortably, than by 'pigging together for six or seven months in stables, from which the muck of the cattle was removed but once during the year.' He taught them a mode of tillage by which they increased the quantity of their produce. The potatoe they had indeed before he went among them, but they cultivated it so wretchedly that the produce was the least possible, and the quality lamentably bad; for they set it so close that there was no room for growth or expansion, or for weeding the ground. It was in vain that he advised them to set at proper distances; proceeding therefore in that decided way which Oberlin's example had taught him to pursue, he went through the valley when this business was in hand, and going out to the fields or gardens when they were setting their potatoes, took the spade from the labourer, and set two or three rows himself. This was not permitted without great reluctance, and many, as soon as his back was turned, reset them after their own fashion; but a few let them remain, and in the ensuing year there was not one but was ready to follow the pastor's method; 'and the potatoe is now one of the most valuable productions of a soil which yields but a scanty return at the most.'

Breeding cattle is one of the principal resources of the valley of Fressinière, but a dry summer often left the people unprovided with hay. Here Neff's engineering studies became of use. He saw that, by a proper direction of some of those streams, which in the Alps never fail, the grass in many places might at any time be irrigated; but when he represented to his parishioners that the water might be made to rise and fall, and dammed and distributed as it was wanted, it was neither easy to persuade them of this, nor to make them encounter what they thought a ruinous expense and an insuperable labour. When first he seriously proposed to them to construct the necessary canals, they absolutely refused; and in the bitterness of disappointed benevolence, he told them that they were equally deaf to temporal and spiritual counsel. Pointing to the torrents which ran to waste, he exclaimed, 'You make as little use of these ample streams as you do of the water of life! God has vouchsafed to offer you both in abundance; but your pastures, like your hearts, are languishing with drought!' In the spring of 1825 there had been so little snow, that there was every reason to expect the grass would fail, the soil not having received its wonted supply of moisture. Neff then renewed the proposal, urging how needful at this time it evidently was. The objection was not now to the impossibility or the cost of the undertaking,

taking, but to its durability, and to the jarring interests which it might call forth. The canal and aqueducts, if made, would soon get out of order. If one proprietor were willing, another might not be so. One neighbour might refuse to let the trench cross his land, and thus stop the whole proceeding; but if all agreed, and the work were happily completed, an avalanche, or the descent of a crag, would soon destroy it, and leave them as they were before. To this Neff replied, that nothing was safe from avalanches, and on that score they might just as reasonably refuse to plant or sow, and to build houses. He then addressed them separately, upon whom collectively it was hopeless to prevail:—Will you consent if your neighbour will? Personal appeals are not so easily resisted; and he gradually obtained in this way an unwilling acquiescence. But then a selfish difficulty was started—Will the distribution be equal? Will not my neighbour get more of the water than I shall? How do I know that he will not exhaust the supply before my land has had a drop? In reply to this, Neff proposed, that there should be ‘a committee and an arbiter to determine what share of the public benefit each occupier should enjoy, and how long, and on what days, and at what hours, the stream should be permitted to pour its waters into the different sections and branches of its course.’

All consents were at last obtained, all preliminaries settled, and the line was marked out; but then the people would only labour at that part which was to irrigate their own grounds. Men will not be found more generous in proportion as they are removed from civilization, but they are more easily made ashamed of selfishness; for no one in this ruder state thinks of justifying it as a commendable principle of action; our good instincts must be corrupted by the vices of society before we can practise that deadly delusion upon ourselves. Neff saw that this was not a resolution to be maintained if he could once get them fairly engaged. Be it so, said he; only let us make a beginning! Accordingly at day-break the working-party, consisting of forty, met, with the pastor at their head. They proceeded to examine the remains of an ancient aqueduct, (a proof that these valleys had once been possessed by a more industrious or more intelligent generation,) and make out its line, which would, it was thought, be useful, if this could be done so far as to follow its direction. But only few traces were discernible, and the sight seemed to dishearten men whom Mr. Gilly aptly demonstrates conscripts rather than volunteers. ‘We shall be three days,’ said one, ‘before we can complete this part of the work!’ ‘It will take us not less than six,’ said another. ‘Ten,’ said a third. ‘Not quite so many, said the pastor, mildly, and with a benevolent smile.’ To work they went,
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in detachments of five or six—Neff allotting a distinct portion of labour to each, and taking upon himself the direction in chief; sometimes plying his pickaxe himself, at others hovering from place to place to superintend all. About ten o'clock they proposed to go home to breakfast; but Neff could not trust them out of sight of each other, and of himself; he sent for his own breakfast, continued at his work, and persuaded the rest to do the same.

'It was a toilsome undertaking. In some places they had to elevate the floor of the main channel to the height of eight feet, and in others to lower it as much. In the course of the first day's labour, it was necessary to carry the construction across the rocky beds of three or four torrents, and often when the work appeared to be effectually done, Neff detected a default in the level, or in the inclination of the water course, which obliged him to insist upon their going over it again. At four o'clock the volunteers were rewarded by seeing the first fruits of their labours: one line of aqueduct was completed; the dam was raised, and the water rushed into the nearest meadow amidst the joyful shouts of workmen and spectators. The next day some cross cuts were made, and proprietors, who were supposed to be secretly hostile and incredulous, saw the works carried over their ground without offering any opposition to the measure, for who could indulge his obstinate or dogged humour, when the benevolent stranger, the warm-hearted minister, was toiling in the sweat of his brow to achieve a public good, which never could be of the least advantage to himself? It was the good shepherd, not taking the fleece, but exhausting his own strength, and wearing himself out for the sheep. On the third, and the following days, small transverse lines were formed, and a long channel was made across the face of the mountain, to supply three village fountains with water. This last was a very formidable enterprise. It was necessary to undermine the rock, to blast it, and to construct a passage for the stream in granite of the very hardest kind. "I had never done any thing like it before," is the pastor's note upon this achievement, "but it was necessary to assume an air of scientific confidence, and to give my orders like an experienced engineer."

'The work was brought to a most prosperous issue, and the pastor was thenceforward a sovereign, who reigned so triumphantly and absolutely, that his word was law.'—pp. 238-240.

The favourite scene of his labours, Val Fressinière, is probably the most uncivilized spot in the French dominions. Neff found its inhabitants nearly in the same barbarous state that Thuanus has described, when he spoke of that valley as the most wild and repulsive in the whole region, and the people as having no linen in use, either for their garments or their beds, and sleeping in the clothes which they wore during the day, living in the same hovels with their cattle, and so offensive to the smell, that strangers could scarcely bear to be within scent of them. This the historian im-

puted to the filthy manner in which they fed upon the produce of the chase—the chamois and the bear. But uncouth and squalid as they were, he said they were very far from being uncultivated in their morals; almost all of them could write, understood Latin, and as much French as sufficed for reading the Bible, and for singing psalms. In the course of two centuries they were so far improved that they wore woollen instead of being clothed in sheep skins; but in their intellectual culture they had retrograded in at least an equal degree. They had as little knowledge of Latin as they had use for it, and there was scarcely one in the whole valley who could read French with any tolerable fluency, much less speak it; indeed, before Neff could teach them, it was necessary that he should make himself thoroughly master of their *patois*. To this condition persecution had reduced them. They had been hunted like wild beasts during the dog-days of Roman Catholic ascendancy, when their nearest neighbours, the inhabitants of Val Louise, had been exterminated, and those of Val Queyras had only escaped extermination by conforming outwardly to the religion of the persecuting church. There is nothing more atrocious in the history of that church than its relentless persecution of the primitive Christians (for so they may with sufficient propriety be called) of the Alpine countries. He who with an honest mind examines the copious accounts which have been given of the religious wars in France, would be disposed (if St. Bartholomew could be forgotten) to doubt on which side the greatest excesses were committed. The *impassible* Montluc (who, if he had lived in our days, would have been a marshal after Buonaparte's own heart, and whose memoirs are one of the most characteristic books in any language)—he gives a dreadful account of the Huguenots, which may be believed, because he gives a hideous one of his own proceedings against them. *Je sçavois bien*, said he, *que si je tombois entre leurs mains et à leur discrétion, la plus grande piece de mon corps n'eust pas esté plus grande qu'un des doigts de ma main*. And so he determined to sell his skin dear. But the Alpine Christians were an inoffensive race, who desired nothing more than to worship God after the manner of their fathers, and would fain have been in charity with all.

That they should have preserved their primitive faith in its purity after the Revocation (as most certainly they did preserve it), is a fact not more consolatory than it is remarkable: for during a full hundred years they were deprived of all the ordinances of religion, except when, at long intervals, and at the hazard of his life, which, if he had been taken, would have been forfeited, some Vaudois pastor came over the mountains to administer them. The want of a resident pastor, and consequently of any one who could keep

keep up among them their little stock of learning, sufficiently accounts for its total loss. The moral elevation of character which still existed—though like latent heat—was produced mainly by the pride of their religious ancestry (if so equivocal a word as pride may here be permitted); and it was favoured by the very circumstance of the language which at first impeded Neff in his endeavours to communicate instruction. ‘To those who understand the patois,’ says Mr. Gilly, ‘or to whom it is accurately translated as it was to me, the poetical and elegant turn which is given to conversation by the constant use of figures and metaphors derived from mountain scenery, and from the accidents and exposure of Alpine life, enhance the pleasure, and send the traveller home well satisfied with his excursion.’ Neff says, that the plaintive expressions and affecting rhythmical apostrophes which are peculiar to this patois, cannot be translated into French: ‘the French language is not rich enough to bear the transfusion.’ One of these mountaineers was speaking to Neff of a pastor who had formerly visited them, and of his last address, in which he told them that they would see his face no more: it seemed, said the relater, as if a gust of wind had blown out the torch which was to light us in our passage by night across the precipice.

‘At the funeral of a young woman who died suddenly on her way from one church service to another, her mother, when the body was placed upon the bier, after repeating the prayers, exclaimed, “Alas! my poor child had not time to utter these words! death has seized her, as the eagle snatches up the lamb, as the rock falls and crushes the timid kid of the chamois. Oh, my dear Mary, the Lord has taken thee at the very gate of his temple. Thy last thoughts were, therefore, we may hope, directed towards Him. Oh may He have made thy peace before the throne of God, and receive thee in paradise!” ‘How often, said one of Neff’s guides and catechumens, when they were passing a defile,—how often have I braved danger in following the wild goat among these precipices! I spared neither my time nor trouble; I endured cold, hunger, and fatigue; I traversed the most frightful rocks, and exposed my life hundreds of times. Shall I do as much for Jesus? Shall I pursue eternal life with as much ardour?’

These are thoughts which might be expressed in any language, but which are most likely to suggest themselves where the language is suited for expressing them, and just in proportion as the dialect of these mountaineers partakes more of the Provençal than of the French, is it better adapted for the utterance of such feelings in figurative speech. There are no two nations in which the effect of language upon national character is more strikingly seen than in the French and English. It is impossible that there should be a French Shakspeare or a French Milton; and nearly so, let us hope, that there should be an English Voltaire.

Neff,

Neff, however, found a little of the leaven of French levity in his mountaineers. 'The inhabitants of the High Alps,' he says, 'like those of the other provinces of France, have very little gravity; and though they are more pious than others, they are gay and full of humour, so much so that very often a sally of wit or a *bon mot* will burst out very unseasonably, and excite a laugh in the midst of the most serious conversation. It is necessary to be on one's guard, or be in danger of being disconcerted every moment.' He complains that the only person in his parish whose education gave him a claim to the title of Monsieur, though he was a young man of good sense, the very antipodes to a *petit-mâitre*, and moreover a zealous Protestant, was notwithstanding, 'Frenchman like, not yet serious enough to answer his views as a Christian.' Good Bishop Hacket's motto, 'Serve God and be cheerful,' would probably have called from Neff rather a pitying sigh, than a smile of approbation. In another respect his people differed widely from their countrymen; the women were treated with such disregard among them, that 'they never sat at table with their husbands or brothers, but stood behind them, and received morsels from their hands with obeisance and profound reverence.' Neff 'taught the men better manners.' That the women were, for the most part, 'ignorant and confined in their notions through the whole of this country' was to be expected, for how should they have been otherwise?

In the frontier villages he used to perform service in a barn or stable, for want of a better place. The people of two of these poor hamlets willingly taxed themselves and built a neat little church twenty-seven feet long, by twenty feet wide, 'and thus added one more to the Protestant sanctuaries of God in this department.' Materials, such as the country afforded, and labour, were easily supplied; the cost in money was 600 francs (24*l.*), and one-half of that still remained at Neff's death, as a debt upon the building, which it would be long before the twenty-five poor families of these hamlets could discharge. Another *temple*, as the Protestants choose to call their churches in contradistinction to the Roman Catholic places of worship, was built in Val Fressinière; and when the external building was completed,

'not a soul there, either workmen or others, knew how to give the interior the proper air and character of a house of worship. To fashion and place the pulpit, to plan and arrange the seats, and not only to direct and to superintend, but to labour with the smiths and carpenters, so called, was the pastor's occupation, when he could spare time from his preaching, and his catechizing, and his visiting from hamlet to hamlet, and from house to house. Nothing was too much, too great, or too little for this citizen of two worlds; this man of God,
this

this servant of servants. From break of day to midnight he was toiling, in one way or other, with unyielding perseverance, and as the season had now permitted some of his catechumens to return to their labours, the young men to the fields, or their slate quarries, and the young women to their flocks, in the few sunny corners, where a thaw had taken place, his evening expositions began later, and were extended far into the night. The ardour of the teacher and his scholars seemed to be equal: both stole from their hours of rest: and the long glare of blazing pine-wood torches, and the shouting of voices, directing the footsteps of the timid, or of the tottering, often broke the silence and the darkness of the night in those wild glens, and announced that the pastor's catechumens were finding their way home from one hamlet to another, after the sacred lessons that followed upon the manual labours of the day.'—pp. 155, 156.

No better place for a school-room than a dark and dirty stable could be found in Dormilleuse, and this is not a climate where the teacher could take his seat on a sunny bank, or under a tree, and gather his scholars round him. Warmth and shelter were required; and when the civilizer of this forlorn region had constructed his aqueduct, fitted up his church, and introduced his agricultural improvements, he set about building a school. His influence was now so well established, that every family in this hamlet consented to furnish a man who should work under his direction.

'Having first marked out the spot with line and plummet, and levelled the ground, he marched at the head of his company to the torrent, and selected stones fit for the building. The pastor placed one of the heaviest upon his own shoulders—the others did the same, and away they went with their burthens, toiling up the steep acclivity, till they reached the site of the proposed building. This labour was continued until the materials were all ready at hand; the walls then began to rise, and in one week from the first commencement, the exterior masonry work was completed, and the roof was put upon the room. The windows, chimney, door, tables, and seats, were not long before they also were finished. A convenient stove added its accommodation to the apartment, and Dormilleuse, for the first time probably in its history, saw a public school-room erected, and the process of instruction conducted with all possible regularity and comfort.

'I had the satisfaction of visiting and inspecting this monument of Neff's judicious exertions for his dear Dormilleusians—but it was a melancholy pleasure. The shape, the dimensions, the materials of the room, the chair on which he sat, the floor which had been laid in part by his own hands, the window-frame and desks, at which he had worked with cheerful alacrity, were all objects of intense interest, and I gazed on these relics of "the Apostle of the Alps," with feelings little short of veneration. It was here that he sacrificed his life. The severe winters of 1826-7, and the unremitted attention which he paid to his duties, more especially to those of his school-room, were his death-blow.'—p. 253.

But

But this was among the most useful of his labours,—Mr. Gilly calls it his ‘crowning work.’ Neff did not deceive himself; he saw too surely that all which he had done in spiritual instruction was kept up by his presence and personal exertions, and that unless provision were made for the maintenance of the gospel here, it not only would not spread, but was in danger of being lost. So he resolved to become a training-master, and form a winter school for some of the most intelligent and well-disposed young men of the different villages in his great parish. Lamentably ignorant as they were, many of them had chosen to become teachers, and used to leave their mountain homes in the winter to open schools in the warmer and more sheltered hamlets, and then return in spring and cultivate their own little heritages. Where there was so strong a desire of learning themselves while they were teaching others, Neff’s proposal was most joyfully accepted; but how were these poor mountaineers to support the cost? for their winter migration had the further end of subsistence in view. Funds were supplied by some of his friends in Geneva, and Mr. Gilly believes that the lady who favoured him with Neff’s journal for the compilation of this most interesting volume, was greatly instrumental in raising money for him in England. There was another difficulty; no one in France can lawfully exercise the office of a schoolmaster without a license, and no license can be granted either to a foreigner or a pastor. It was necessary, therefore, to obtain an assistant, not merely that he might be at liberty to look after the rest of his diocese (for so the parish might, for its extent, be called), but that he might thus be saved from any molestation. One was found, who, at no slight sacrifice of his own concerns, answered the invitation, and came at the worst season of the year, when winter was beginning, to take up his residence in the midst of the ice and frightful rocks of Dormilleuse.¹

As it was only the winter which the students could spare for this occupation, they suffered no time to be lost. They divided the day into three parts: from sunrise till eleven, when they breakfasted; from noon to sunset when they supped (*dinner caret*, like the vocative in old grammars); and from supper till ten or eleven at night, fourteen or fifteen hours of study in all. Much of their time was employed in *unteaching* them to read;—‘the wretched manner in which they had been taught, their detestable accent, and strange tone of voice,’ rendering this, though a most tiresome, a most necessary duty. ‘Grammar too, of which not one of them had the least idea,’ occupied much of their time. ‘People,’ says Neff, ‘who have been brought up in towns, can have no conception of the difficulty, which mountaineers and rustics, whose ideas are confined to those objects only to which they have been

been familiarized, find in learning this branch of science. 'There is scarcely any way of conveying the meaning of it to them.' He might have been asked, whether, except in the case of learning a new language, there is any occasion for conveying it? Spelling was weary work; but it is remarkable that arithmetic also seems to have excited no pleasurable excitement of intellect. Geography they delighted in; and when Neff gave them 'some notions of the sphere, and of the form and motion of the earth, of the seasons, and the climates, and of the heavenly bodies,' every thing was as novel to them as it would have been to the South Sea islanders.

'Up to this time,' says he, 'I had been astonished by the little interest they took, Christian-minded as they were, on the subject of Christian missions; but when they began to have some idea of geography, I discovered that their former ignorance of this science, and of the very existence of many foreign nations in distant quarters of the globe, was the cause of such indifference. As soon as they began to learn who the people are who require to have the gospel preached to them, and in what part of the globe they dwell, they felt the same concern for the circulation of the gospel that other Christians entertained. These new acquisitions, in fact, enlarged their spirit, made new creatures of them, and seemed to triple their very existence.'

Neff proceeded with them so far as to give some lectures on geometry, 'and this too produced a happy moral developement.' Lessons in music formed part of the evening employment, for from the beginning of his career he had given instructions in psalmody, 'with that intuitive knowledge of human nature,' says his biographer, 'and of the chords by which it is moved, that so eminently distinguished him; and this added very substantially both to his own influence and to the number of those who expressed a desire to enrol themselves in his little company of hearers and learners.' During his probationary ministry, he used to prolong his meetings by singing till a late hour in the evening, that his people might 'not be able to go to the dances.' Most of the young adults were present at such lessons as they could understand; to them, indeed, it supplied the want of any other amusement; and as there was a separate instructor for the children, the only persons for whom no instruction had been provided were the young women and the elder girls. Neff proposed, therefore, that they should assemble of an evening in the school-room which the children occupied by day; and then some of his students gave them lessons in reading and writing, while he superintended all, and carried on the education of teachers and pupils at the same time.

It is an observation of Neff's, that when young women have an ear

ear and love music, it is always an advantage for a minister to find such aid; and his own experience had taught him that, with this help, he might always hope for some degree of success. The church of England has lost much by its indolent—not to say scandalous—neglect of psalmody; and many of its hostile sects have gained as much by their attention to it. But in nothing was this excellent man more wise than in his clear perception,—to use Mr. Gilly's words,—‘that the spiritual condition of his church would be improved, by laying a foundation for the high and holy things of the gospel, with the precious stones of commonplace information.’ He ‘prepared the minds of his flock for the reception and comprehension of sacred truths, by giving them an insight into those secrets of knowledge, which some are weak enough to imagine are too profound for the simple, and too attractive for the religious.’ He led his scholars methodically and patiently into the ‘pleasant paths of music, geography, history, and astronomy.’ ‘His mind,’ says his biographer, ‘was too enlarged to fear that he should be teaching his peasant boys too much. It was his aim to show what a variety of enjoyments may be extracted out of knowledge; and that even the shepherd and the goatherd of the mountain side will be all the happier and better for every piece of solid information that he can acquire.’ Woe be to those who would separate knowledge and religion, whether their motive originate in the feeble fear of the one, or the wicked dislike of the other!

The costs of this winter academy for four months, including candles, paper and ink, the salary of an assistant-master, and food for seventeen students who came from a distance (there were eight from the immediate neighbourhood, and these of course boarded at home), amounted to about 22*l.* 10*s.*; rather more than two-thirds of which Neff was able to replace, because some of the pupils made up their share of the expenses, and even the poorest furnished their quota of bread. ‘This,’ says the biographer, ‘is a statement which will excite some wonder in the minds of many readers, who are not aware how much good may be done at a small cost, when the stream of bounty is made to pass through proper channels.’

‘We cannot but feel respect for students, who willingly shut themselves up amidst the most comfortless scenes in nature, and submitted to the severity of not less than fourteen hours of hard study a day, where the only recreation was to go from dryer lessons to lectures in geography and music. It was a long probation of hardship. Their fare was in strict accordance with the rest of their situation. It consisted of a store of salted meat, and rye bread, which had been baked in autumn, and when they came to use it, was so hard, that it required to be chopped up with hatchets, and to be moistened with hot water. Meal and flour will not keep in this mountain atmosphere, but would become mouldy,—

mouldy,—they are, therefore, obliged to bake it soon after the corn is threshed out. Our youthful anchorites were lodged gratuitously by the people of Dormilleuse, who also liberally supplied them with wood for fuel, scarce as it was; but if the pastor had not laid in a stock of provisions, the scanty resources of the village could not have met the demands of so many mouths, in addition to its native population.’—p. 264.

The situation becomes more striking when it is borne in mind that the scene was in one of the highest inhabited parts of the Alps,—a spot, indeed, which men would never have inhabited if they had not been driven there by persecution. Their communication with the other valleys was both difficult and dangerous, and that not only when the snow was falling and the wind high, but rendered so by the avalanches which threatened on all sides, and which were ‘falling thick, especially about Dormilleuse.’ Once the students and many of the inhabitants were providentially preserved from one when returning home after a sermon, from the church. It rolled into a very narrow defile, and fell between two groups of people,—a moment sooner or later one of those parties must have been carried into the abyss below, and ‘the flower of the youth of this region would thus have been destroyed.’ ‘The villages,’ says Neff, ‘are everywhere menaced by the impending danger. Upon several occasions lately, I have seen even our calm and daring Alpines express anxiety. In fact, there are very few habitations in these parts which are not liable to be swept away;—there is not a spot in the narrow corner of the valley which can be considered absolutely safe. But terrible as their situation is, they owe to it their religion, and perhaps their physical existence. If their country had been more secure and more accessible, they would have been exterminated like the inhabitants of Val Louise.’

‘The separation of this little party is not the least interesting part in the history of their proceedings. Towards Easter, the opening spring gave the signal for their return to their several *communes*, and the studies of the school-room gave place to manual labour in the fields and woods. The breaking up of a society, which had been united by the strongest ties of mutual respect and affection, could not be contemplated without feelings of reluctance on all sides—but it was an event which was regarded with peculiar regret by the inhabitants of the secluded Dormilleuse. It was a perfect epoch in its history to have received in its bosom a company of young men, who, though they were of grave habits and serious demeanour, yet gave a dash of unwonted cheerfulness to the dull routine of Alpine life. To see them in the village sanctuary, to hear their voices at the close of day, and to listen to the swelling harmony, when their evening hymn of praise was raised to the throne of the Most High, to receive them in their
humble

humble dwellings, and to meet them by the torrent side, when the weather would permit them to take exercise—these were so many incidents to change the sameness of their usually unvaried existence, and the day, on which they were to bid farewell to their guests, was one of painful anticipation to the Dormilleusians. On the evening before they took their leave, the young men of the village prepared a supper for their new friends, and invited them to the parting banquet. It was a simple and a frugal repast, consisting of the productions of the chase. The bold hunter contributed his salted chamois, the less enterprising sportsman of the mountain laid a dried marmot upon the table, and one or two of the most successful rangers of the forest produced a bear's ham, as a farewell offering in honour of the last evening on which the conversation of this interesting group was to be enjoyed. It was at the same time a pleasing and a melancholy festival, but I do not find, in the pastor's Journal, that either the achievements of their ancestors, who had garrisoned this rocky citadel, and had repulsed numberless attempts to storm it, or the exploits of the chasseurs, who had furnished the festive board, formed the conversation of the evening. It seems to have savoured rather of the object which originally brought them together, and when one of the party remarked,—“What a delightful sight, to behold so many young friends met together—but it is not likely that we shall ever meet all together again!”—the pastor took the words up like a text, and enlarged upon the consolatory thought, that though they might see each other's faces no more in this life, they would most assuredly meet again in a joyful state of existence in the world to come, if they would persevere in their Christian course. He then gave them a parting benediction, and, after a long and mournful silence, which each seemed unwilling to interrupt, either by uttering the dreaded good-bye, or moving from his seat, the valedictory words and embraces passed from one to another, and they separated. The next morning, at an early hour, they were seen winding down the mountain-path to their several homes; they of Dormilleuse gazed after them till their figures were lost in the distance, and the village on the rock appeared more dreary and desolate than ever.—p. 265-268.

Three years of such unremitting exertions irremediably ruined Neff's constitution, which had shown symptoms of weakness at the commencement of his labour. One continual, or rather perpetual, course of excitement and anxiety—frequent and laborious journeys on foot, in all weathers—the sharpness of the external air, and the suffocating heat of a small room, in which so many persons, not remarkable for their cleanliness, were crowded together, day after day,—these, with the fatigue of his daily, and almost hourly, lectures, would have undermined a stronger frame. Nor was his food such as to supply the unmerciful demands made upon his bodily powers. His meals were irregular, the food coarse and unwholesome, and thus a total derangement of the digestive organs

was brought on, which compelled him to leave his parish in April, 1827, in the vain hope that the more genial climate of his native country might restore him : he lingered about twelve months in a state of severe suffering, and then went to his reward ;

Τίς οὐκ

Καίματα, διησκήναι μὴ λαγὺ τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς.

Like Oberlin, indeed, who was his model, Felix Neff has left an example that will live and fructify. He has been singularly fortunate in finding a judicious biographer, one who, with warm feelings, possesses a sober mind ; one who, with the most affectionate reverence for the virtues of this admirable man, has neither canonized what was erroneous in his conduct, nor sought to conceal it.

Neff's unremitting exertions, and the privations and hardships to which he voluntarily subjected himself, were such that he may almost be said to have perished by a slow suicide. But this, considering the zeal which consumed him, is more to be regretted, than imputed to him as a fault ; he may even (though mistakenly) have thought it his duty so to spend himself, knowing in how great a degree his death, so hastened, would sanctify his memory, and tend to impress his lessons upon the hearts of those for whom he had sacrificed himself. But he exacted too much from those as well as from himself ; being, as it were, wholly spiritualized himself, he allowed too little for ordinary humanity. He set his face against harmless sports, which are salutary as well for the mind as the body, (it is proper to observe that his biographer intimates no dissent from his opinions upon this point ;) and he established *réunions* or prayer-meetings throughout his parish, wherever he could, being so thoroughly persuaded of their utility as to assert that ' whosoever, even were he an angel, should neglect such meetings, under any pretext whatever, is very little to be depended on, and cannot be reckoned among the sheep of Christ's fold ! ' To those who agree with Neff here, we earnestly recommend a perusal of Mr. Gilly's very judicious remarks upon the sure tendency of such meetings to generate spiritual pride, and the whole train of evils that follow upon that easily besetting sin. The remarks are advanced in a spirit of true Christian meekness, and they are strengthened by the high practical authority of Thomas Scott, and the high intellectual one of Bishop Heber. We touch thus briefly upon this, only, as the biographer of this admirable man has done, lest it should be supposed that we think his example worthy to be followed in these, as in so many other things. It is a beautiful example. ' Without derogating in the least degree,' says Mr. Gilly, ' from Neff's merits, it may be said that much of his usefulness may be attributed to the practical lessons which Oberlin had previously taught. It is for this reason that few greater boons

can

can be conferred on society, than by giving all possible notoriety to the labours of such benefactors of mankind as our own Bernard Gilpin, and George Herbert, or Frederick Oberlin, who, in their humble stations of parish priests, promoted the temporal and spiritual good of their people at the same time. Many a young clergyman has received the same impression as Neff, from reading such biography; and has lighted his candle at such glorious lamps, and has been inspired with the noblest of all ambition, that of distributing happiness and comfort within the immediate circle of his duties.* Neff himself is now 'a burning and a shining light,' by which others will be kindled.

No English clergyman has difficulties of the same kind to contend with; but it is not less true than lamentable that there is scarcely a parish in England in which there are not much more formidable ones. Neff had no ale-houses in his parish, no beer-shops, (those most mischievous creations of the legislature, against which a cry is heard from all parts of the land). There were no schism-shops there—no interloping bigots or itinerant fanatics to obstruct his usefulness, by disparaging his office, vilifying his motives, and traducing his doctrines. No newspapers found their way there to counteract (systematically) his religious instructions, and to set before his people the details of every loathsome and every atrocious crime that is committed in the midst of a depraved and thoroughly corrupted society. There was no poverty there but what nature inflicted; it belonged to the place—the people regarded it as their portion, their hereditary lot, and there was no close contrast to embitter it. There were none there who ground the faces of the poor—no iron-hearted manufacturers; and, on the other hand, none who existed in a state of hostility, secret or avowed, with the world and the world's law; no smugglers, no poachers, no sabbath-breakers; none of that rising population which is to be seen, not in our great cities alone, but in all manufacturing and all populous places, and from which scarcely the smallest town is free—running wild, as it were, among their fellow-creatures, and trained up from earliest childhood in the ways of sin, misery, and perdition. We could name parishes (and every reader assuredly could add to the list) to which, as to their moral state, the Ban de la Roche, when Oberlin commenced his labours there, was as the garden of Eden; and as to the physical condition of a large proportion of the people, the poverty of Dormilleuse might seem like comfort and abundance when compared with them.

* If there is a crime in England,' says the author of an unpretending but very pleasing little volume,*—'if there is a crime in England

* *Evenings by Eden Side*, by George Pearson, Kendal, 1832.

which may be properly termed *national*, it is the sin of Sabbath breaking. I do not know what idea a foreigner would form of *Christian* England, if he took a survey of our towns and villages on a Sabbath day: he would be led to look upon our bible societies, our missionary societies, as no more than sunbeams glancing from a plain of ice. Let not the splendour of our good deeds, the heavenly halo which sheds its glory round us, blind us to the moral plague, which, lurking beneath, is preying upon the very vitals of society. Pass on from town to town, and from village to village; visit the churches, the chapels also, and see what proportion their united congregations bear to the population that swarms around them: visit the dwellings of the people, ask if family altars are common among them, and how many of their inhabitants are really on the Lord's side? sum up the account, and the glory of England is laid in the dust.'

Well does this amiable and right-minded writer remind those in high places who regard the sabbath with habitual contempt, that 'rank and fortune are dependent upon social order, in other words, upon the submission of the people to certain regulations, the observance of which is founded upon, and sanctioned by the sacred authority of *that* religion they so madly despise: for, let religion once lose its hold on the minds of the people, and hereditary power and pride will be swept away and mingle in the wreck of better things.' Well has he said this to the great; and well and eloquently too does he say—

'The waters are agitated, and public opinion, like a river that has burst beyond its banks, threatens to overturn all that is within its reach; and what is beyond its reach? The most durable works of man are unable to resist it: the torrent is rolling onward, and its waters are now heaving and splashing against a fabric that has withstood the storms of centuries,—a fabric that now trembles to its very foundation beneath the mighty pressure. Let the clergy not despise the signs of the times: the searching waters will also try the solidity of their structure, and what is not based upon the rock the uplifted billows will batter down.'

The clergy have *not* despised those signs. Whoever can call to mind the state of the church and of the universities thirty or forty years ago, must know, that in no other class has there been so great and undeniable an improvement. Were they but favoured by external circumstances as much as they are obstructed by them, the good that might be effected through their influence would be great indeed. For it is only by their zealous and persevering endeavours that that reformation can be hoped for, without which all other reforms (real or putative) will only mock the expectations that they excite. By them it is that men must be induced (as indeed from the pulpit we have heard them properly exhorted)

to

to 'reform the rotten boroughs of their own hearts;' to inquire into the guilds and corporations of their own vices; to lessen the tyranny and the vexations in their own establishments and families; to petition—not the legislature to change the constitution of their country—but their God to regenerate their own corrupted nature.

But much as they are doing and can do, too much is expected from them, especially when the laws whereby they ought to be aided are operating against them. In vain may we desire to see a sober and a moral people when the legislature, by a single act, doubles the haunts of drunkenness and the temptations to it. In vain may we hope to become once more a religious nation, while those who openly, and in defiance of human laws, break the sabbath, outnumber, and in some places even disturb, those by whom it is kept holy. In vain may the people be exhorted from the desk and the pulpit to fear God and honour the king and those who are in authority under him, while the press inculcates its weekly and daily lessons of insubordination and impiety, sowing the seeds of all vices and of all crimes. Here indeed some indignation must be awakened that, when a ready and sure remedy exists, the evil should nevertheless be permitted—and all but licensed—all but encouraged—to proceed unchecked. But it is even more painful, and more fearful, to know, that in vain must the faithful pastor admonish the labouring classes to do their duty in that state of life to which it hath pleased God to call them, while they find themselves in that state helplessly, hopelessly, and miserably poor. This Journal will bear us witness that, for more than twenty years, we have insisted upon this topic, and proclaimed that, unless the condition of the poor be improved, both morally and physically, (and till it be physically improved, it is in vain to look for moral improvement,) nothing can save this nation from a more tremendous subversion than history has yet recorded as a warning to mankind!

But this we will venture to assert fearlessly, that whatever may be reserved for us in this age of experimental policy,—through whatever 'variety of untried changes' it may be destined that we should pass, the clergy of the Church of England will do their duty. That church as it had its confessors, and its 'noble army of martyrs' in the days of popish and of puritanical persecution, so has it never been without men who, in their humble spheres, discharged their duty faithfully towards God and man; and never at any time has it been better provided than at this present. The age of Oberlin and Neff was that of Henry Martyn and of Reginald Heber—(living names it were unfit to mention here, readily

as they would else occur,)—and many a heart is at this hour deriving strength from these examples. Let the legislature, we entreat, aid them with such wholesome enactments as the reports of its committees afford us reason to expect, and as those who have the welfare of their country and of their fellow-creatures earnestly at heart pray for. Let it restore to us the enjoyment of a Christian Sabbath;—(no one will suppose that, in saying this, we ask for a puritanical one, with which heaven forbid that this nation should ever again be afflicted, and thereby prepared for licentiousness and impiety;)—let it provide a law for punishing cruelty towards animals, a crime which, notwithstanding the horror that the excess to which it is at this time carried excites in every heart of common feeling, is, because of the defects of the law, committed with entire impunity.* Let it diminish the inducements to drunkenness; instead of multiplying them as it has done. Let it look into the state of slavery at home as well as abroad—the slavery of children in our factories; and as it claims for the black slaves a portion of time for their own use, so let it claim for these part at least of one week-day for the purposes of instruction, that the Sunday may be to these poor creatures not a school-day—but, what the laws of God designed it to be—a day of recreation and rest. Let it pursue its inquiries into the condition of the poor, and take speedily what measures are possible for bettering it in all respects. Let this be done; and our Neffs and Oberlins (for such will rise among us) will enter, with the strength of hope as well as of zeal, upon their labours of love.

ART. IV.—*Poems by Alfred Tennyson.* pp. 163. London. 12mo. 1833.

THIS is, as some of his marginal notes intimate, Mr. Tennyson's second appearance. By some strange chance we have never seen his first publication, which, if it at all resembles its younger brother, must be by this time so popular that any notice of it on our part would seem idle and presumptuous; but we gladly seize this opportunity of repairing an unintentional neglect, and of introducing to the admiration of our more sequestered readers a new prodigy of genius—another and a brighter star of that galaxy or *milky way* of poetry of which the lamented Keats was the harbinger;

* We saw, some months ago, two or three numbers of a little monthly magazine entirely devoted to this most painfully interesting subject; and we hope it has not been discontinued. Lord Porchester, from the zeal with which he has taken up the cause of humanity towards animals, and Lord Ashley, from his readiness to supply Mr. Sadler's place as the advocate of the factory children, are reaping more of real honour and thankfulness than will ever in this country fall to the share whether of noble or ignoble demagogues.

and let us take this occasion to sing our palinode on the subject of 'Endymion.' We certainly did not* discover in that poem the same degree of merit that its more clear-sighted and prophetic admirers did. We did not foresee the unbounded popularity which has carried it through we know not how many editions; which has placed it on every table; and, what is still more unequivocal, familiarized it in every mouth. All this splendour of fame, however, though we had not the sagacity to anticipate, we have the candour to acknowledge; and we request that the publisher of the new and beautiful edition of Keats's works now in the press, with graphic illustrations by Calcott and Turner, will do us the favour and the justice to notice our conversion in his prolegomena.

Warned by our former mishap, wiser by experience, and improved, as we hope, in taste, we have to offer Mr. Tennyson our tribute of unmingled approbation, and it is very agreeable to us, as well as to our readers, that our present task will be little more than the selection, for their delight, of a few specimens of Mr. Tennyson's singular genius, and the venturing to point out, now and then, the peculiar brilliancy of some of the gems that irradiate his poetical crown.

A prefatory sonnet opens to the reader the aspirations of the young author, in which, after the manner of sundry poets, ancient and modern, he expresses his own peculiar character, by wishing himself to be something that he is not. The amorous Catullus aspired to be a sparrow; the tuneful and convivial Anacreon (for we totally reject the supposition that attributes the 'Εἶθε λύξῃ καλῇ γενοίμην to Alcæus) wished to be a lyre and a great drinking cup; a crowd of more modern sentimentalists have desired to approach their mistresses as flowers, tunicks, sandals, birds, breezes, and butterflies;—all poor conceits of narrow-minded poetasters! Mr. Tennyson (though he, too, would, as far as his true-love is concerned, not unwillingly be 'an earring,' 'a girdle,' and 'a necklace,' p. 45) in the more serious and solemn exordium of his works ambitions a bolder metamorphosis—he wishes to be—a river!

SONNET.

'Mine be the strength of spirit fierce and free,

Like some broad river rushing down alone'—

rivers that travel in company are too common for his taste—

With the self-same impulse wherewith he was thrown'—
a beautiful and harmonious line—

'From his loud fount upon the echoing lea:—

Which, with increasing might, doth forward flee'—

Every word of this line is valuable—the natural progress of human

* See Quarterly Review, vol. xix. p. 204.

ambition is here strongly characterized—two lines ago he would have been satisfied with the *self-same* impulse—but now he must have *increasing* might; and indeed he would require all his might to accomplish his object of *fleeing forward*, that is, going backwards and forwards at the same time. Perhaps he uses the word *flee* for *flow*; which latter he could not well employ in *this* place, it being, as we shall see, essentially necessary to rhyme to *Mexico* towards the end of the sonnet—as an equivalent to *flow* he has, therefore, with great taste and ingenuity, hit on the combination of *forward flee*—

————— ‘doth forward flee
By town, and tower, and hill, and cape, and isle,
And in the middle of the green salt sea
Keeps his blue waters fresh for many a mile.’

A noble wish, beautifully expressed, that he may not be confounded with the deluge of ordinary poets, but, amidst their discoloured and briny ocean, still preserve his own bright tints and sweet savor. He may be at ease on this point—he never can be mistaken for any one else. We have but too late become acquainted with him, yet we assure ourselves that if a thousand anonymous specimens were presented to us, we should unerringly distinguish his by the total absence of any particle of *salt*. But again, his thoughts take another turn, and he reverts to the insatiability of human ambition:—we have seen him just now content to be a river, but as he *flees forward*, his desires expand into sublimity, and he wishes to become the great Gulf-stream of the Atlantic.

‘Mine be the power which ever to its sway
Will win the wise at once—

We, for once, are wise, and he has won us—

‘Will win the wise at once; and by degrees
May into uncongenial spirits flow,
Even as the great gulphstream of Florida
Floats far away into the Northern seas

The lavish growths of southern Mexico!’—p. 1.

And so concludes the sonnet.

The next piece is a kind of testamentary paper, addressed ‘To —,’ a friend, we presume, containing his wishes as to what his friend should do for him when he (the poet) shall be dead—not, as we shall see, that he quite thinks that such a poet can die outright.

‘Shake hands, my friend, across the brink
Of that deep grave to which I go.
Shake hands once more; I cannot sink
So far—far down, but I shall know
Thy voice, and answer from below!’

Horace said 'non omnis moriar,' meaning that his fame should survive—Mr. Tennyson is still more vivacious, 'non omnino moriar,'—'I will not die at all; my body shall be as immortal as my verse, and however *low I may go*, I warrant you I shall keep all my wits about me,—therefore'

'When, in the darkness over me,
The four-handed mole shall scrape,
Plant thou no dusky cypress tree,
Nor wreath thy cap with doleful crape,
But pledge me in the flowing grape.'

Observe how all ages become present to the mind of a great poet; and admire how naturally he combines the funeral cypress of classical antiquity with the crape hatband of the modern undertaker.

He proceeds:—

'And when the sappy field and wood
Grow green beneath the *showery gray*,
And rugged barks begin to bud,
And through damp holts, newflushed with May,
Ring sudden *laughters* of the jay!'

Laughter, the philosophers tell us, is the peculiar attribute of man—but as Shakspeare found 'tongues in trees and sermons in stones,' this true poet endows all nature not merely with human sensibilities but with human functions—the jay *laughs*, and we find, indeed, a little further on, that the woodpecker *laughs* also; but to mark the distinction between their merriment and that of men, both jays and woodpeckers laugh upon melancholy occasions. We are glad, moreover, to observe, that Mr. Tennyson is prepared for, and therefore will not be disturbed by, human laughter, if any silly reader should catch the infection from the woodpeckers and jays.

'Then let wise Nature work her will,
And on my clay her darnels grow,
Come only when the days are still,
And at my head-stone whisper low,
And tell me'—

Now, what would an ordinary bard wish to be told under such circumstances?—why, perhaps, how his sweetheart was, or his child, or his family, or how the Reform Bill worked, or whether the last edition of the poems had been sold—*papæ!* our genuine poet's first wish is

'And tell me—if the woodbines blow!'

When, indeed, he shall have been thus satisfied as to the *woodbines*, (of the blowing of which in their due season he may, we think, feel pretty secure,) he turns a passing thought to his friend—and another to his mother—

'If

'If thou art blest, my mother's smile
Undimmed'—

but such inquiries, short as they are, seem too commonplace, and he immediately glides back into his curiosity as to the state of the weather and the forwardness of the spring—

'If thou art blessed—my mother's smile
Undimmed—if bees are on the wing?'

No, we believe the whole circle of poetry does not furnish such another instance of enthusiasm for the sights and sounds of the vernal season!—The sorrows of a bereaved mother rank *after* the blossoms of the *woodbine*, and just before the hummings of the *bee*; and this is *all* that he has any curiosity about; for he proceeds—

'Then cease, my friend, a little while
That I may'—

'send my love to my mother,' or 'give you some hints about bees, which I have picked up from Aristæus, in the Elysian Fields,' or 'tell you how I am situated as to my own personal comforts in the world below'?—oh no—

'That I may—hear the *throstle* sing
His bridal song—the boast of spring.

Sweet as the noise, in parchèd plains,
Of bubbling wells that fret the stones,
(If any sense in me remains)

Thy words will be—thy cheerful tones
As welcome to—my *crumbling bones!*'—p. 4.

'If any sense in me remains!'—This doubt is inconsistent with the opening stanza of the piece, and, in fact, too modest; we take upon ourselves to re-assure Mr. Tennyson, that, even after he shall be dead and buried, as much 'sense' will still remain as he has now the good fortune to possess.

We have quoted these two first poems in *extenso*, to obviate any suspicion of our having made a partial or delusive selection. We cannot afford space—we wish we could—for an equally minute examination of the rest of the volume, but we shall make a few extracts to show—what we solemnly affirm—that every page teems with beauties hardly less surprising.

The Lady of Shalott is a poem in four parts, the story of which we decline to maim by such an analysis as we could give, but it opens thus—

'On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky—
And through the field the road runs by.'

The Lady of Shalott was, it seems, a spinster who had, under some unnamed penalty, a certain web to weave.

'Underneath

' Underneath the bearded barley,
 The reaper, reaping late and early,
 Hears her ever chanting cheerly,
 Like an angel singing clearly.
 ' No time has she to sport or play,
 A charmèd web she weaves away ;
 A curse is on her if she stay
 Her weaving either night or day,
 ' She knows not '—

Poor lady, nor we either—

' She knows not what that curse may be,
 Therefore she weaveth steadily ;
 Therefore no other care has she,
 The Lady of Shalott.'

A knight, however, happens to ride past her window, coming
 — from Camelot ;*

From the bank, and from the river,
 He flashed into the crystal mirror—
 " Tirra lirra, tirra lirra," (*lirrar?*)

Sang Sir Launcelot.—p. 15.

The lady stepped to the window to look at the stranger, and forgot for an instant her web :—the curse fell on her, and she died ; why, how, and wherefore, the following stanzas will clearly and pathetically explain :—

' A long drawn carol, mournful, holy,
 She chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
 Till her eyes were darkened *wholly*,
 And her smooth face *sharpened slowly*,
 Turned to towered Camelot.

For ere she reached upon the tide
 The first house on the water side,
 Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott !

Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
 To the plankèd wharfage came ;
 Below the stern they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.—p. 19.

We pass by two—what shall we call them ?—tales, or odes, or sketches, entitled ' Mariana in the South' and ' Eleänore,' of which we fear we could make no intelligible extract, so curiously are they run together into one dreamy tissue—to a little novel in rhyme, called ' The Miller's Daughter.' Miller's daughters, poor things,

* The same Camelot, in Somersetshire, we presume, which is alluded to by Kent in ' King Lear'—

' Goose ! if I had thee upon Sarum plain,
 I'd drive thee cackling home to Camelot.'

have been so generally betrayed by their sweethearts, that it is refreshing to find that Mr. Tennyson has united himself to his miller's daughter in lawful wedlock, and the poem is a history of his courtship and wedding. He begins with a sketch of his own birth, parentage, and personal appearance—

‘My father's mansion, mounted high,
Looked down upon the village-spire;
I was a long and listless boy,
And son and heir unto the Squire.’

But the son and heir of Squire Tennyson often descended from the ‘mansion mounted high;’ and

‘I met in all the close green ways,
While walking with my line and rod,’

A metonymy for ‘rod and line’—

‘The wealthy miller's mealy face,
Like the moon in an ivytod.’

‘He looked so jolly and so good—
While fishing in the mill-dam water,
I laughed to see him as he stood,
And dreamt not of the miller's daughter.’—p. 33.

He, however, soon saw, and, need we add, loved the miller's daughter, whose countenance, we presume, bore no great resemblance either to the ‘mealy face’ of the miller, or ‘the moon in an ivy-tod;’ and we think our readers will be delighted at the way in which the impassioned husband relates to his wife how his fancy mingled enthusiasm for rural sights and sounds, with a prospect of the less romantic scene of her father's occupation.

‘How dear to me in youth, my love,
Was everything about the mill;
The black, the silent pool above,
The pool beneath that ne'er stood still;
The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door,
Made misty with the floating meal!’—p. 36.

The accumulation of tender images in the following lines appears not less wonderful:—

‘Remember you that pleasant day
When, after roving in the woods,
(‘Twas April then) I came and lay
Beneath those gummy chestnut-buds?
‘A water-rat from off the bank
Plunged in the stream. With idle care,
Downlooking through the sedges rank,
I saw your troubled image there.

‘If

'If you remember, you had set,
Upon the narrow casement-edge,
A long green box of mignonette,
And you were leaning on the ledge.'

The poet's truth to Nature in his 'gummy' chestnut-buds, and to Art in the 'long green box' of mignonette—and that masterly touch of likening the first intrusion of love into the virgin bosom of the Miller's daughter to the plunging of a water-rat into the mill-dam—these are beauties which, we do not fear to say, equal anything even in Keats.

We pass by several songs, sonnets, and small pieces, all of singular merit, to arrive at a class, we may call them, of three poems derived from mythological sources—Cenone, the Hesperides, and the Lotos-eaters. But though the subjects are derived from classical antiquity, Mr. Tennyson treats them with so much originality that he makes them exclusively his own. Cenone, deserted by

'Beautiful Paris, evilhearted Paris,'

sings a kind of dying soliloquy addressed to Mount Ida, in a formula which is *sixteen* times repeated in this short poem.

'Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.'

She tells her 'dear mother Ida,' that when evilhearted Paris was about to judge between the three goddesses, he hid her (Cenone) behind a rock, whence she had a full view of the *naked* beauties of the rivals, which broke her heart.

'Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die:—

It was the deep mid noon: one silvery cloud
Had lost his way among the pined hills:
They came—all three—the Olympian goddesses.
Naked they came—

* * * * *

How beautiful they were! too beautiful
To look upon; but Paris was to me
More lovelier than all the world beside.

O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.'—p. 56.

In the place where we have indicated a pause, follows a description, long, rich, and luscious—Of the three naked goddesses? Eye for shame—no—of the 'lily flower violet-eyed,' and the 'singing pine,' and the 'overwandering ivy and vine,' and 'festoons,' and 'gnarled boughs,' and 'tree tops,' and 'berries,' and 'flowers,' and all the *inanimate* beauties of the scene. It would be unjust to the *ingenuus pudor* of the author not to observe the art with which he has veiled this ticklish interview behind such luxuriant trellis-work, and it is obvious that it is for our special sakes he has entered into these local details, because if there was one thing which 'mother Ida' knew better than another, it must have been her

her own bushes and brakes. We then have in detail the tempting speeches of, first— ‘The imperial Olympian,

With archèd eyebrow smiling sovranly,
Full-eyed Here;’

secondly of Pallas— ‘Her clear and barèd limbs
O’er-thwarted with the brazen-headed spear,’

and thirdly— ‘Idalian Aphrodite ocean-born,
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells—’

for one dip, or even three dips in one well, would not have been enough on such an occasion—and her succinct and prevailing promise of—

‘The fairest and most loving wife in Greece;’—

upon evil-hearted Paris’s catching at which prize, the tender and chaste CEnone exclaims her indignation, that she herself should not be considered fair enough, since only yesterday her charms had struck awe into— ‘A wild and wanton pard,

Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail—’

and proceeds in this anti-Martineau rapture—

‘Most loving is she?’

‘Ah me! my mountain shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close—close to thine in that quick-falling dew
Of fruitful kisses.

Dear mother Ida! hearken ere I die!’—p. 62.

After such reiterated assurances that she was about to die on the spot, it appears that CEnone thought better of it, and the poem concludes with her taking the wiser course of going to town to consult her swain’s sister, Cassandra—whose advice, we presume, prevailed upon her to live, as we can, from other sources, assure our readers she did to a good old age.

In the ‘Hesperides’ our author, with great judgment, rejects the common fable, which attributes to Hercules the slaying of the dragon and the plunder of the golden fruit. Nay, he supposes them to have existed to a comparatively recent period—namely, the voyage of Hanno, on the coarse canvas of whose log-book Mr. Tennyson has judiciously embroidered the Hesperian romance. The poem opens with a geographical description of the neighbourhood, which must be very clear and satisfactory to the English reader; indeed, it leaves far behind in accuracy of topography and melody of rhythm the heroics of Dionysius *Periegetes*.

‘The north wind fall’n, in the new-starred night.’

Here we must pause to observe a new species of *metabolé* with which Mr. Tennyson has enriched our language. He suppresses the *ε* in *fallen*, where it is usually written and where it must

must be pronounced, and transfers it to the word *new-starrèd*, where it would not be pronounced if he did not take due care to superfix a *grave* accent. This use of the grave accent is, as our readers may have already perceived, so habitual with Mr. Tennyson, and is so obvious an improvement, that we really wonder how the language has hitherto done without it. We are tempted to suggest, that if analogy to the accented languages is to be thought of, it is rather the acute (') than the grave (`) which should be employed on such occasions; but we speak with profound diffidence; and as Mr. Tennyson is the inventor of the system, we shall bow with respect to whatever his final determination may be.

'The north wind fall'n, in the new-starrèd night
Zidonian Hanno, voyaging beyond
The hoary promontory of Soloë,
Past Thymiatèrion in calmèd bays.'

We must here note specially the musical flow of this last line, which is the more creditable to Mr. Tennyson, because it was before the tuneless names of this very neighbourhood that the learned continuator of Dionysius retreated in despair—

——— *επισημίαις τιν ἑλλασχεν ἄλλας
Λιδίωτων γαίῃ, δυσφώνως ἢ ἐπιφώνως
Μορμαί, θύλακ' ἰσθ' ἰσθ' οὐκ ἀγαγεύουσι' ἀπασας.*

but Mr. Tennyson is bolder and happier—

'Past Thymiatèrion in calmèd bays,
Between the southern and the western Horn,
Heard neither'——

We pause for a moment to consider what a sea-captain might have expected to hear, by night, in the Atlantic ocean—he heard

—— 'neither the warbling of the *nightingale*
Nor melody o' the Libyan lotusflute,

but he did hear the three daughters of Hesper singing the following song:—

'The golden apple, the golden apple, the hallowèd fruit,
Guard it well, guard it warily,
Singing airily,
Standing about the charmèd root,
Round about all is mute'——

mute, though they sung so loud as to be heard some leagues out at sea—

——— 'all is mute
As the snow-field on mountain peaks,
As the sand-field at the mountain foot.
Crocodiles in briny creeks
Sleep, and stir not: all is mute.'

How admirably do these lines describe the peculiarities of this
charmèd

charmèd neighbourhood—fields of snow, so talkative when they happen to lie at the foot of the mountain, are quite out of breath when they get to the top, and the sand, so noisy on the summit of a hill, is dumb at its foot. The very crocodiles, too, are *mute*—not dumb but *mute*. The ‘red-combèd dragon curl’d’ is next introduced—

‘Look to him, father, lest he wink, and the golden apple be stolen away,

For his ancient heart is drunk with overwatchings night and day,
Sing away, sing aloud evermore, in the wind, without stop.’

The north wind, it appears, had by this time awaked again—

‘Lest his scaled eyelid drop,

For he is older than the world’——

older than the *hills*, besides not rhyming to ‘curl’d,’ would hardly have been a sufficiently venerable phrase for this most harmonious of lyrics. It proceeds—

‘If ye sing not, if ye make false measure,

We shall lose eternal pleasure,

Worth eternal want of rest.

Laugh not loudly: watch the treasure

Of the wisdom of the west.

In a corner wisdom whispers. Five and three

(*Let it not be preached abroad*) make an awful mystery.’—p. 102.

This recipe for keeping a secret, by singing it so loud as to be heard for miles, is almost the only point, in all Mr. Tennyson’s poems, in which we can trace the remotest approach to anything like what other men have written, but it certainly does remind us of the ‘chorus of conspirators’ in the *Rovers*.

Hanno, however, who understood no language but Punic—(the *Hesperides* sang, we presume, either in Greek or in English)—appears to have kept on his way without taking any notice of the song, for the poem concludes,—

‘The apple of gold hangs over the sea,

Five links, a golden chain, are we,

Hesper, the Dragon, and sisters three;

Daughters three,

Bound about

All round about

The gnarlèd bole of the charmèd tree,

The golden apple, the golden apple, the hallowèd fruit.

Guard it well, guard it warily,

Watch it warily,

Singing airily,

Standing about the charmèd root.’—p. 107.

We hardly think that, if Hanno had translated it into Punic, the song would have been more intelligible.

The

The 'Lotuseaters'—a kind of classical opium-eaters—are Ulysses and his crew. They land on the 'charmed island,' and eat of the 'charmed root,' and then they sing—

'Long enough the winedark wave our weary bark did carry.
This is lovelier and sweeter,
Men of Ithaca, this is meeter,
In the hollow rosy vale to tarry,
Like a dreamy Lotuseater—a delicious Lotuseater!
We will eat the Lotus, sweet
As the yellow honeycomb;
In the valley some, and some
On the ancient heights divine,
And no more roam,
On the loud hoar foam,
To the melancholy home,
At the limits of the brine,
The little isle of Ithaca, beneath the day's decline.'—p. 116.

Our readers will, we think, agree that this is admirably characteristic, and that the singers of this song must have made pretty free with the intoxicating fruit. How they got home you must read in Homer:—Mr. Tennyson—himself, we presume, a dreamy lotus-eater, a delicious lotus-eater—leaves them in full song.

Next comes another class of poems,—Visions. The first is the 'Palace of Art,' or a fine house, in which the poet *dreams* that he sees a very fine collection of well-known pictures. An ordinary versifier would, no doubt, have followed the old routine, and dully described himself as walking into the Louvre, or Buckingham Palace, and there seeing certain masterpieces of painting:—a true poet dreams it. We have not room to hang many of these *chefs-d'œuvre*, but for a few we must find space.—'The Madonna'—

'The maid mother by a crucifix,
In yellow pastures sunny warm,
Beneath branch work of costly sardonyx
Sat smiling—*babe in arm*.'—p. 72.

The use of this latter, apparently, colloquial phrase is a deep stroke of art. The form of expression is always used to express an habitual and characteristic action. A knight is described '*lance in rest*'—a dragoon, '*sword in hand*'—so, as the idea of the Virgin is inseparably connected with her child, Mr. Tennyson reverently describes her conventional position—'*babe in arm*.'

His gallery of illustrious portraits is thus admirably arranged:—The Madonna—Ganymede—St. Cecilia—Europa—Deep-haired Milton—Shakspeare—Grim Dante—Michael Angelo—Luther—Lord Bacon—Cervantes—Calderon—King David—'the Hali-carnassæan' (*quære*, which of them?)—Alfred, (not Alfred Tennyson,

son,

son, though no doubt in any other man's gallery he would have had a place) and finally—

‘Isaiah, with fierce Ezekiel,
Swarth Moses by the Coptic sea,
Plato, *Petrarca*, Livy, and Raphaël,
And eastern Confutzee!’

We can hardly suspect the very original mind of Mr. Tennyson to have harboured any recollections of that celebrated Doric idyll, ‘The groves of Blarney,’ but certainly there is a strong likeness between Mr. Tennyson’s list of pictures and the Blarney collection of statues—

‘Statues growing that noble place in,
All heathen goddesses most rare,
Homer, Plutarch, and Nebuchadnezzar,
All standing naked in the open air!’

In this poem we first observed a stroke of art (repeated afterwards) which we think very ingenious. No one who has ever written verse but must have felt the pain of erasing some happy line, some striking stanza, which, however excellent in itself, did not exactly suit the place for which it was destined. How curiously does an author mould and remould the plastic verse in order to fit in the favourite thought; and when he finds that he cannot introduce it, as Corporal Trim says, *any how*, with what reluctance does he at last reject the intractable, but still cherished offspring of his brain! Mr. Tennyson manages this delicate matter in a new and better way; he says, with great candour and simplicity, ‘If this poem were not already too long, *I should have added* the following stanzas,’ and *then he adds them*, (p. 84;)—or, ‘the following lines are manifestly superfluous, as a part of the text, but they may be allowed to stand as a separate poem,’ (p. 121,) *which they do*;—or, ‘I intended to have added something on statuary, but I found it very difficult;’—(he had, moreover, as we have seen, been anticipated in this line by the Blarney poet)—‘but I had finished the statues of *Elijah* and *Olympias*—judge whether I have succeeded,’ (p. 73)—and then we have these two statues. This is certainly the most ingenious device that has ever come under our observation, for reconciling the rigour of criticism with the indulgence of parental partiality. It is economical too, and to the reader profitable, as by these means

‘We lose no drop of the immortal man.’

The other vision is ‘A Dream of Fair Women,’ in which the heroines of all ages—some, indeed, that belong to the times of ‘heathen goddesses most rare’—pass before his view. We have not time to notice them all, but the second, whom we take to be Iphigenia, touches the heart with a stroke of nature more powerful

ful than even the veil that the Grecian painter threw over the head of her father.

————— 'dimly I could descry
The stern blackbearded kings with wolfish eyes,
Watching to see me die.
The tall masts quivered as they lay afloat;
The temples, and the people, and the shore;
One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat—
Slowly,—and *nothing more!*'

What touching simplicity—what pathetic resignation—he cut my throat—' *nothing more!*' One might indeed ask, 'what *more*' she would have?

But we must hasten on; and to tranquillize the reader's mind after the last affecting scene, shall notice the only two pieces of a lighter strain which the volume affords. The first is elegant and playful; it is a description of the author's study, which he affectionately calls his *Darling Room*.

'O darling room, my heart's delight;
Dear room, the apple of my sight;
With thy two couches, soft and white,
There is no room so *exquisite*;
No little room so warm and bright,
Wherein to read, wherein to write.'

We entreat our readers to note how, even in this little trifle, the singular taste and genius of Mr. Tennyson break forth. In such a dear *little* room a narrow-minded scribbler would have been content with *one* sofa, and that one he would probably have covered with black mohair, or red cloth, or a good striped chintz; how infinitely more characteristic is white dimity!—'tis as it were a type of the purity of the poet's mind. He proceeds—

'For I the Nonnenwerth have seen,
And Oberwinter's vineyards green,
Musical Lurlei; and between
The hills to Bingen I have been,
Bingen in Darmstadt, where the *Rhene*
Curves towards Mentz, a woody scene.

'Yet never did there meet my sight,
In any town, to left or right,
A little room so *exquisite*,
With *two* such couches soft and white;
Not any room so warm and bright,
Wherein to read, wherein to write.'—p. 153.

A common poet would have said that he had been in London or in Paris—in the loveliest villa on the banks of the Thames, or the most gorgeous chateau on the Loire—that he had reclined in
Madame

Madame de Staël's boudoir, and mused in Mr. Rogers's comfortable study; but the *darling room* of the poet of nature (which we must suppose to be endued with sensibility, or he would not have addressed it) would not be flattered with such common-place comparisons;—no, no, but it is something to have it said that there is no such room in the ruins of the Drachenfels, in the vineyard of Oberwinter, or even in the rapids of the *Rhene*, under the Lurleyberg. We have ourselves visited all these celebrated spots, and can testify, in corroboration of Mr. Tennyson, that we did not see in any of them anything like *this little room so exquisite*.

The second of the lighter pieces, and the last with which we shall delight our readers, is a severe retaliation on the editor of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, who, it seems, had not treated the first volume of Mr. Tennyson with the same respect that we have, we trust, evinced for the second.

‘ TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

You did late review my lays,
Crusty Christopher;
You did mingle blame and praise,
Rusty Christopher.

When I learnt from whom it came
I forgave you all the blame,
Musty Christopher;
I could *not* forgive the praise,
Fusty Christopher.’—p. 153.

Was there ever anything so genteelly turned—so terse—so sharp—and the point so stinging and *so true*?

‘ I could not forgive the *praise*,
Fusty Christopher !’

This leads us to observe on a phenomenon which we have frequently seen, but never been able to explain. It has been occasionally our painful lot to excite the displeasure of authors whom we have reviewed, and who have vented their dissatisfaction, some in prose, some in verse, and some in what we could not distinctly say whether it was verse or prose; but we have invariably found that the common formula of retort was that adopted by Mr. Tennyson against his northern critic, namely, that the author would always

— Forgive us all the *blame*,
But could *not* forgive the *praise*.

Now this seems very surprising. It has sometimes, though we regret to say rarely, happened, that, as in the present instance, we have been able to deal out unqualified praise, but we never found that the dose in this case disagreed with the most squeamish stomach; on the contrary, the patient has always seemed exceedingly comfortable

fortable after he had swallowed it. He has been known to take the 'Review' home and keep his wife from a ball, and his children from bed, till he could administer it to them, by reading the article aloud. He has even been heard to recommend the 'Review' to his acquaintance at the clubs, as the best number which has yet appeared, and one, who happened to be an M.P. as well as an author, gave a *conditional* order, that in case his last work should be favourably noticed, a dozen copies should be sent down by the mail to the borough of —. But, on the other hand, when it has happened that the general course of our criticism has been unfavourable, if by accident we happened to introduce the smallest spice of *praise*, the patient immediately fell into paroxysms—declaring that the part which we foolishly thought might offend him had, on the contrary, given him pleasure—positive pleasure, but *that* which he could not possibly either forget or forgive, was the grain of praise, be it ever so small, which we had dropped in, and for which, and *not for our censure*, he felt constrained, in honour and conscience, to visit us with his extreme indignation. Can any reader or writer inform us how it is that praise in the wholesale is so very agreeable to the very same stomach that rejects it with disgust and loathing, when it is scantily administered; and above all, can they tell us why it is, that the indignation and nausea should be in the exact inverse ratio to the quantity of the ingredient? These effects, of which we could quote several cases much more violent than Mr. Tennyson's, puzzle us exceedingly; but a learned friend, whom we have consulted, has, though he could not account for the phenomenon, pointed out what he thought an analogous case. It is related of Mr. Alderman Faulkener, of convivial memory, that one night when he expected his guests to sit late and try the strength of his claret and his head, he took the precaution of placing in his wine-glass a strawberry, which his doctor, he said, had recommended to him on account of its cooling qualities: on the faith of this specific, he drank even more deeply, and, as might be expected, was carried away at an earlier period and in rather a worse state, than was usual with him. When some of his friends condoled with him next day, and attributed his misfortune to six bottles of claret which he had imbibed, the Alderman was extremely indignant—'the claret,' he said, 'was sound, and never could do any man any harm—his discomfiture was altogether caused by that damned single strawberry' which he had kept all night at the bottom of his glass.

ART. V.—*Memoirs of Dr. Burney, arranged from his own Manuscripts, from Family Papers, and from Personal Recollections.* By his daughter, Madame d'Arblay. 3 vols. 8vo. London. 1832.

WE would willingly have declined the task of reviewing this book. As a literary work we have not a word to say in its favour; and having no hope of improving the style of an author whose most popular production was published nearly sixty years ago, and feeling a great reluctance to give gratuitous pain to a person so respectable as Madame d'Arblay, we wish we could have evaded the subject altogether; but the duty which we owe our readers, our regard for the memory of Dr. Burney, and even our personal estimation of Madame d'Arblay herself, all concur in obliging us to offer some account of these volumes.

Dr. Burney had, as Madame d'Arblay sets out with informing us, not merely intended, but '*directed*' that the *Memoirs* of his life should be published; and his family and friends—very naturally—expected them to pass through her hands' (p. v.); but we regret to say, that Madame d'Arblay appears to have disobeyed the '*directions*' and disappointed the '*expectations*' which she thus professes to fulfil. Dr. Burney left behind, it seems, '*sundry manuscript volumes, containing the history of his life from his cradle almost to his grave*':—*those* were the *Memoirs* which the Doctor '*directed*' to be published, and of which '*his family and friends expected*' Madame d'Arblay to be the editor; but from these voluminous papers Madame d'Arblay has made very scanty extracts, and has become the *writer* of a work essentially her own, and not the *editor* of her father's recollections of his life. Her motives for this course of proceeding are not distinctly stated; but it is hinted that she considered what her father had thus left as unfit for the public eye. He began this task, it seems, in 1782, but wrote at that time only a few pages, giving an account of his parentage and birth, and '*neither continued nor resumed it, save by occasional memorandums, till 1807, when he had reached the age of eighty-one, and was under the dejecting apprehension of a paralytic seizure; from that time, nevertheless, he completed the history of his life from his cradle almost to his grave;—out of the minute amplitude of which vast mass of matter his daughter thought it her duty to collect*' (select?) '*all that seemed of interest to the general reader, and to publish nothing that she supposed the author himself would, at an earlier period, or in a better state of health and spirits, have wished to withhold.*' (*Introduction*, p. xvi.)

Madame d'Arblay may have exercised a sound discretion in not giving to the public this mass of materials, *in extenso*; but

we do very much doubt whether what she has suppressed could have been more feeble, anile, incoherent, or '*sentant plus l'apoplexie,*' than that which she has substituted for it. In fact, almost the only passages in these volumes, which exhibit common sense, good taste, or intelligible language, are the few sentences which are given in Dr. Burney's own words, and which, though occasionally somewhat inflated, appear simple and natural in the midst of the strange *galimatias* of pompous verbosity in which his daughter has enshrined them. For instance, could Dr. Burney's own recollections of Mrs. Cibber have been more absurdly expressed than Madame d'Arblay's version of them?—

... 'Mrs. Cibber herself he considered as a pattern of perfection in the tragic art, from her *magnetizing powers of harrowing* and winning at once every feeling of the mind, by the eloquent sensibility with which she portrayed, or, rather, personified, Tenderness, Grief, Horror, or Distraction.'—vol. i. p. 17.

Or could his exposition of the fascinations of gambling be more verbose and obscure than the following:—

'Gaming, with that poignant stimulus, self-conceit, which, where calculation tries to battle with chance, goads on, with resistless force, our designs; by our presumption, soon left wholly in the background every attempt at rivalry by any other species of recreation.'—p. 44.

Or can anything be in worse taste than this sketch of the Doctor and his wife at their first meeting, which is so managed as to look like a description of what they *were*, till the last word of the sentence informs us, that it is in fact an account of what they were *not*—

'Critical was the first instant of meeting between two young persons thus similarly self-modelled, and thus singularly demonstrating that Education, with all her rules, her skill, her experienced knowledge, and her warning wisdom, may so be supplied, be superseded, by Genius, when allied to Industry, as to raise beings who merit to be pointed out as examples even to those who have not a difficulty to combat, who are spurred by encouragement, and instructed by able teachers; to all which advantages young Burney and Esther—though as far removed from distress as from affluence—were equally—*strangers!*'—p. 67.

Or the following elucidation of the reflections which a visit to a public library excited in the Doctor's mind:—

'To wander amidst those stores, that commit talents to posterity as indubitably as the Herald's Register transmits names and titles; to develop as accurately the systems of nations, the conditions of communities, the progress of knowledge, and the turn of men's minds, two or three thousand years ago, as in this our living minute; to visit, in fact, the brains of our fellow-creatures,—not alone with the *harrowing* knife to dissect physical conformation, but, with the piercing eye of penetration

tration to dive into the recesses of human intelligence, the sources of imagination, and the springs of genius; and there, in those sacred receptacles of mental remains, to survey, in clear, indestructible evidence, all of the soul that man is able to bequeath to man.

Views such as these of the powers of his gifted, though gone fellow-creatures, seen thus abstractedly through their intellectual attributes; purified equally from the frailties and selfishness of active life, and the sickly humours and baleful infirmities of age; seen through the medium of learned, useful, or fanciful productions; and beheld in so insulated a moment of vacuity of any positive plan of life, instinctively roused the dormant faculties of the subject of these memoirs, by setting before him a comprehensive chart of human capabilities, which involuntarily cited a conscious inquiry: what, peradventure, might be his own share, if sought for, in such heavenly gifts?—pp. 157, 158.

These specimens will, we think, satisfy our readers that so far as style is concerned, Dr. Burney's original Memoir cannot have been much worse than that of his daughter; and that a judicious selection from the autograph manuscript would probably give a fuller and certainly a more intelligible account of this amiable man, than can be gathered from the over-anxious piety and too elaborate care of his affectionate, but injudicious, biographer.

There is *another* motive, no doubt, which may have influenced Madame d'Arblay in substituting a work of her own for her father's; but before we allude more particularly to that, we think it right to notice the principal events which she records of Dr. Burney's life.

Dr. Charles Burney (whose grandfather's name was *Macburney*, which his father contracted into *Burney*) was born in Shrewsbury, in April, 1726. He was educated at the Free School of Chester, from whence, showing a taste for music, he was removed to the care and tuition of an elder half-brother, who was then, and for more than half a century afterwards, organist of St. Margaret's, Shrewsbury. Dr. Arne, in returning from Ireland, fell in with young Burney, and thought so well of his talents that he took him as a pupil, and carried him to London, where he became of course known to Arne's celebrated sister, Mrs. Cibber, and, through her, to Garrick and several other wits and poets of the day. Mr. Fulke Greville, an eccentric man of family and fashion, himself a writer, and husband of the author of the well known '*Ode to Indifference*,' took a fancy to Burney, and buying up his indentures from Arne, domesticated him in his own family, and introduced him into the higher society in which he himself moved. This connexion, which no doubt polished the manners, and probably cultivated the intellect of Burney, lasted till he made a match—the imprudence of which all the romantic *verbiage* of Madame D'Arblay does not veil—with Miss Esther Sleepe, a young person of French and humble ex-

traction, and no fortune. The expense of a growing family and an ill state of health, for which the air of London was pronounced injurious by the 'poetic Æsculapius,' (vol. i., p. 85,) Dr. Armstrong, induced Mr. Burney to accept the place of organist at Lynn in Norfolk, where he resided nine or ten years, and where most, if not all, of the children of his first marriage were born. It was during his residence at Lynn that, in the year 1755, he addressed a letter to Dr. Johnson, offering to subscribe for six copies of the Dictionary, which led first to some short and transient visits to the lexicographer, and many years after, to that familiar intercourse and friendship which, after all, is the most memorable circumstance in Burney's life.

We must here pause for a moment to complain of a defect in Madame d'Arblay's work even more serious than that of her style—the suppression of dates. We say *suppression*; because we cannot attribute to accidental negligence the silence of the biographer as to the time of her father's first coming to London—of his marriage—of his migration to Lynn—of the birth of his children, and particularly of Madame d'Arblay herself—of the death of his first wife—of his second marriage; and, in short, of all the leading events of the earlier part of his life. It can hardly be personal vanity which produces this silence; yet certainly no spinster of a doubtful age can have a greater aversion to accuracy in matters of date than is exhibited by this lady, who admits that she has been above fifty-five years an author and forty years a wife. But though we readily acquit Madame d'Arblay of being led by *personal* vanity to this studied concealment of dates, yet we shall by and by have occasion to show, that *literary* vanity may have been the motive of this omission, which, in a biographical work, is peculiarly puzzling and provoking;—for the present we proceed with the life of the Doctor.

In 1760 Burney with his wife and a family of six or seven children returned to London, and began a course of musical tuition, which appears to have soon become extensive and profitable in a very remarkable degree. Johnson, in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale, records that he gave fifty-seven lessons in one week, but Madame d'Arblay never condescends to such minutiae about *him*—unless, indeed, when *she* has had some share in the transaction. Within a couple of years, however, his prosperity was clouded by the loss of his wife. She was seized with a painful inflammatory disorder, which ended 'suddenly in a deadly case of mortification.'

'Twelve stated hours of morbid bodily repose became, from that tremendous moment of baleful relief, the counted boundary of her earthly existence.'—vol. i., p. 138.

To alleviate his grief for so great a loss, Mr. Burney made a visit to Paris, whence he brought back a translation and adaptation of Rousseau's '*Devin du Village*,' which his friend Garrick soon after produced under the title of the '*Cunning Man*,' with equivocal success. In the society of his friends, and in the active exertion of his profession, Mr. Burney wisely sought for consolation—more wisely we think than his biographer describes the effect of the remedial process:—

'For in that dilapidated state of sorrow's absorption, where the mind is wholly abandoned to its secret sensations, all that innately recurs to it can spring only from its own concentrated sources; and these, though they may vary the evil by palliatives, offer nothing curative.'—vol. i., p. 172.

About this time he had the good fortune to renew his acquaintance with a Mr. Crisp, who seems to have been an eccentric good-natured man, and between whom and Burney's children, and particularly Madame d'Arblay, an almost parental and filial affection appears to have grown up. Indeed the extravagant and bombastic eulogy of which Madame d'Arblay, bountiful to all, is lavish towards Mr. Crisp, is a prominent and almost ludicrous feature of the book. Crisp had a taste for the fine arts, and had just returned from Italy, and Burney found great amusement in his conversation;—and *amusing* it must have been, if we are to judge of it by the specimen which Madame d'Arblay gives in his description of the Apollo Belvedere:—

'That unrivalled production, of which the peerless grace, looking softer, though of marble, than the feathered snow, and brightly radiant, though, like the sun, simply white, strikes upon the mind rather than the eye, as an ideal representative of ethereal beauty.'—p. 175.

Crisp, though kind and amiable with his intimates, seems to have been of a proud and ascetic temper. Mortified by the failure of a tragedy, called *Virginia*, and finding himself obliged, by pecuniary difficulties, to reduce his appearance in society, he resolved to retire from the world, and he fixed himself in a dilapidated old house, called Chessington Hall, in a then wild part of Surrey, where he hid himself for many years with such constancy that he passed for dead. Into this solitude, however, Burney was admitted: here he had a bed and a study; here he spent all the hours of recreation he could steal from his profession; here he composed the greater part of his literary works; and here his daughter Fanny, a constant and favourite guest, improved her health, enlarged her understanding, and cultivated her taste, under the guidance of the intelligent recluse, whom she, more affectionately than elegantly, called her '*daddy*.'

These occasional and secluded visits did not however console Burney for the want of domestic society.

‘Six heartless, nearly desolate, years of lonely *conjugal chasm*, had succeeded to double their number of nearly unparalleled *conjugal enjoyment*—and the void was still fallow and hopeless!—when the *yet-very-handsome-though-no-longer-in-her-bloom* Mrs. Stephen Allen, of Lynn, now become a widow, decided, for promoting the education of her eldest daughter, to make London her winter residence.’—p. 189.

Burney was ‘applied to for assistance in the musical line,’ as Madame D’Arblay, with unusual simplicity, phrases it, and soon offered himself in the *conjugal* line, and was accepted. The first Mrs. Burney had, on her death-bed, generously and considerably recommended a second marriage, and had suggested a Miss Dorothy Young, another of her Lynn friends; but Dorothy was not handsome, and

‘Mr. Burney, sacred as he held the opinions and wishes of his Esther, was too ardent an admirer of beauty to dispense, in *totality*, with that attractive embellishment of the female frame.’—p. 193.

Madame D’Arblay, though enthusiastically devoted to the memory of her mother, is too just and too dutiful to complain of her father’s re-marriage, and indeed—rather too eloquently—defends it.

‘Those who judge of the sincerity of pristine connubial tenderness merely by its abhorrence of succession, take a very unenlightened, if not false, view of human grief; unless they limit their stigma to an eager or a facile repetition of those rites which, on their first inauguration, had seemed inviolable and irreplaceable.

‘So still, in fact, they may faithfully, though silently continue, even under a subsequent new connexion. The secret breast, alive to memory though deprived of sympathy, may still internally adhere to its own choice and fondness; notwithstanding the various and imperative calls of current existence may urge a second alliance.’—p. 191.

The marriage seems to have been not unacceptable to the young families of either of the parties, and probably was not unhappy, though very little mention is made of the second Mrs. Burney in the remainder of the work—her maiden name is not told, nor the number of their children; in short, she is a cypher in Madame d’Arblay’s history of the family—the doctor’s own memoirs would probably have been more communicative. The almost single occasion in which she is mentioned, is worth noticing, not for her sake indeed, but for that of Mrs. Greville:—

‘When the new Mrs. Burney recited, with animated encomiums, various passages of Sterne’s seducing sensibility, Mrs. Greville, shrugging her shoulders, exclaimed:—“A feeling heart is certainly a right heart; nobody will contest that: but when a man chooses to walk about the world with a cambric handkerchief always in his hand, that he may always be ready to weep, either with man or beast,—he only turns me sick.”’—p. 201.

This

This alludes, no doubt, to the story of 'the Dead Ass'—the affected sensibility of which suited so little with what was rumoured of Sterne's conduct towards his own widowed and indigent parent—that it was said, by Horace Walpole we believe, 'that a dead donkey was to him of more interest than a living mother.'

About this time Burney met with a severe mortification, in not obtaining the place of 'Master of the King's Band.' David Hume interested himself in his favour with his friend Lord Hertford, the then Chamberlain—but the place had been already disposed of. Madame D'Arblay does not state on what pretensions or grounds Burney had raised his hopes to such a height, that their disappointment should have affected him as if he had suffered some grievous injustice. He had at this period published none of his literary works, and the only musical production noticed by his biographer was the abortive translation of the *Devin du Village*—no claim certainly to the first honorary reward of musical excellence.

In 1769 Burney received another 'rebuff' in not being employed to compose the music of Gray's ode, for the Duke of Gloucester's installation, as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Indignant at this slight, he would not honour that university by applying to it for a degree, and he accordingly repaired to Oxford, and there, in the same year, became a doctor of music. In this year too he revised and enlarged a translation, made (if we rightly understand Madame d'Arblay's circumlocutory statement) by his late wife, of Maupertuis's Letter on Comets, and published it under the title of 'An Essay towards a History of Comets:' this was his first publication. In 1770 he made 'a musical tour' to France and Italy, and in a year or two after another to Germany, of both of which he published accounts, which are said to have received from Dr. Johnson the high praise of his having 'had them in his eye when writing his Journey to the Hebrides:*' though we confess we do not see in what the resemblance consists, unless, as Madame d'Arblay's account leads us to suspect, he alluded to the 'shape and form.' (vol. ii., p. 78.) His German tour concluded with an odd accident:—during the passage from Calais he suffered so intolerably from sea-sickness, that on his arrival at Dover he would not leave his cot, but fell into a profound sleep, from which he was awakened by a recurrence of the disorder, and found that the packet was on her way back to France; so that his incapacity to sustain one voyage subjected him to two others. Soon after this, Dr. Burney, who had resided successively in Poland-street and Queen-square, removed to the house No. 6, St. Martin's Street, which had been Sir Isaac Newton's, and whose observatory at the top of the

* Croker's Boswell, vol. v., p. 65.

house Burney repaired. This residence subjected him to the visits of sundry foreigners who, about this time, catching from Voltaire and Algarotti, an enthusiasm about Newton, were ambitious of making pilgrimages to the residence of the great philosopher, of whose real merits they had about as just an idea as the guides who had inspired them. Amongst these was the Duke de Chaulnes, better known in his own country as Duke de Pecquigny—a strange, eccentric man—a great traveller and a clever chemist. Having visited Egypt and China, he at last bethought himself of seeing London, especially ‘*Newton-House*’ and Dr. Johnson. His invitation to Burney to meet Johnson at dinner is amusing:—

‘“The Duke of Chaulnes’ best compliments to Doctor Burney: he desires the favour of his company to dinner with Doctor Johnson on Sunday next, between three and four o’clock, which is the hour convenient to the excellent old doctor, *the best piece of man*,* indeed, that the duke ever saw.”—vol. ii. p. 338.

Neither Boswell, nor Mrs. Thrale, nor Johnson’s own letters, mention this acquaintance with M. de Chaulnes; it was no doubt very transient, and confined probably to a few visits and this dinner. The dinner, however, owing to Johnson’s deplorable state of health, disappointed all parties. We heartily wish that Boswell had been present: he would probably have enlivened it; and at all events we should like to have had his description of the meeting between this very extraordinary duke and ‘the best piece of man he ever saw.’

In 1776 Burney published the first volume of his *History of Music*; the second volume followed in 1779, and the third and fourth in 1789. He also published in 1785 an account of the commemoration of Handel, and in 1796 a life of Metastasio.

In 1783, the friendship of Mr. Burke, then Paymaster of the Forces, made Dr. Burney’s declining life comfortable, by the office of Organist of Chelsea College, with apartments in the building, and a salary, the increase of which to the sum of 50*l.* was the last act of Mr. Burke’s official life. It would be unjust to Madame D’Arblay not to extract the following letter, in which Mr. Burke attributes to *her* a considerable share in his kindness towards her father.

‘*To Dr. Burney.*

“I had yesterday the pleasure of voting you, my dear Sir, a salary of fifty pounds a year, as organist to Chelsea Hospital. But as every increase of salary made at our Board is subject to the approbation of the Lords of the Treasury, what effect the change (of ministry) now

* In this odd phrase we almost suspect a misprint of ‘*piece*’ for *pâte*, which at first sight would seem quite as odd,—but the French have a phrase *la meilleure pâte d’homme*, which may have been running in the duke’s head.

made

made may have I know not;—but I do not think any Treasury will rescind it.

“ This was *pour faire la bonne bouche* at parting with office; and I am only sorry that it did not fall in my way to show you a more substantial mark of my high respect for you and Miss Burney.

“ I have the honour to be, &c. EDM. BURKE.

[“ *Horse-Guards*, Dec. 9, 1783.

“ I really could not do this business at a more early period, else it would have been done infallibly.”—vol. ii., p. 374.

From this period there is little to tell of Dr. Burney, but that little is told by his daughter in a style which must not be altogether suppressed. The year 1784, which was brightened at its commencement by Mr. Burke's bounty, was to be shaded towards its close

‘ by a fearful and calamitous event, that made the falling leaves of its autumn *corrosively sepulchral* to Dr. Burney.’—vol. ii., p. 347.

Mr. Bewley, an old friend of his, (immortalised in Boswell for the reverence with which he accepted and preserved, as a memorial of Dr. Johnson, some cuttings of a hearth broom which Burney had transmitted to him,) paid him a visit in St. Martin's Street—but he brought with him

‘ an occult disease, which for many years had been preying upon the constitution of the too patient philosopher, and began more roughly to ravage his debilitating frame: the excess of his pains, with whatever fortitude they were borne, forced him from his Stoic endurance, by dismembering it, through bodily torture, from the palliations of intellectual occupation.’—p. 348.

Poor Mr. Bewley died under his friend's roof, and ‘ after this *harrowing* loss, Dr. Burney again returned to melancholy Chesington; but—still its inmate—to his *soothingly reviving* Susanna.’—p. 353.

This lady, his third daughter, the wife of Mr. Phillips, was soon to be a source of affliction to her father, by an event of which, but for the grandiloquence of her sister, we should have thought very slightly.

‘ Bright again, with smiling success and gay prosperity, was this period to Dr. Burney; but not more bright than brittle! for, almost at its height, its serenity was broken by a stroke that rent it asunder!—a wound that *never could be healed*!

‘ The peculiar darling of the whole house of Dr. Burney, as well as of his heart; whose presence always exhilarated, or whose absence saddened every branch of it, his daughter Susanna, was called, by inevitable circumstances, from his paternal embraces and fond society, to accompany her husband and children upon indispensable business to Ireland.’—vol. iii. p. 219.

A visit to Ireland, even in 1796, hardly deserved such pathetic notice; but a more serious event followed.

‘ And

And not here ended the sharp reverse of this altered year; scarcely had this harrowing filial separation taken place, ere an assault was made upon his conjugal feelings, by the sudden-at-the-moment-though-from-t lingering-illnesses-often-previously-expected death of Mrs. Burney, his second wife.'—p. 223.

Here we have again taken the liberty of putting *hyphens* between the component parts of an adjective phrase. This last specimen is, as far as we recollect, the longest in the language, and so great a curiosity in its kind, that it would be unpardonable not to recommend it to the special attention of our readers.

At last we arrive at a scene which Madame d'Arblay, much to the credit of her heart, describes in language more simple and natural than she has employed on any other occasion. The good old Doctor himself died in April 1814, terminating by a Christian death a blameless and honourable life. Of this life we confess we should be glad to see some more distinct, intelligible, and orderly account than that now before us: which, besides the errors of style which are so ridiculous, and a want of arrangement which is exceedingly perplexing, has also the more serious fault of being anything rather than a history of the life and writings of *Dr. Burney*. Madame d'Arblay gives a hint that the original correspondence of Dr. Burney is destined to the flames, and it is not clear that his original memoirs are not threatened with a similar fate. We venture to entreat that this design may not be executed; the extracts from his own pen are certainly, as we have already said, the most satisfactory parts of these volumes, and without rating very highly the importance of the history of Dr. Burney to the general literature of the country, we think the public would be glad to see a good life of him; and if his own materials can afford such a narrative, so much the better. Madame d'Arblay's book has certainly not occupied *this* ground, and instead of being called '*Memoirs of Dr. Burney*,' might better be described as '*Scattered Recollections of Miss Fanny Burney and her Acquaintance*.' Of her father she tells almost nothing that was not already to be found in the obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine* and other biographies; and she does not even notice three or four musical works, which we learn from those authorities he composed—a strange omission in the *Memoirs* of a musical professor.

This leads us to a second part of our task—namely, to give some account of what appears to us the *real* object of the work; and if we have covered half-a-dozen pages without touching on that essential subject, it is because Madame d'Arblay, with consummate art—or a confusion of ideas which has had the same effect as consummate art,—conceals from her readers, and perhaps
from

from herself, that it is her own *Memoirs*, and not those of her father that she has been writing; and we confess that we have a strong suspicion, that it was *because* her father's auto-biography did not fulfil *this* object, that it has been suppressed—and this joint-stock history (in which, as in other joint-stock concerns, the managing partner has the larger share) has been substituted for it. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not complain that Madame d'Arblay should write her own *Memoirs*; on the contrary, we wish she had done so in her own *original* style, instead of perplexing the reader with all those awkward shifts and circumlocutions, by which her modesty labours to conceal that she is writing *her own* life, and making her father's memory, as it were, *carry double*. Very ludicrous indeed are the shifts by which she contrives to pin herself to his skirts, and still more so the awkward diffidence, the assumed *mauvaise honte*, with which, to avoid speaking in the first person, she designates herself by such circumlocutions as 'this memorialist;' or 'the present editor;' or 'the Doctor's second daughter;' or when, after her marriage, she retired to a cottage in Surrey, 'the happy recluse;' or, finally, by the more compound designation of 'the-then-Bookham-and-afterwards-West-Hamble-female hermit.' (vol. iii., p. 235.)

We must now revert to the suspicion which we have before expressed, that a little literary vanity has occasioned the remarkable suppression of dates in the earlier portion of these *Memoirs*; and this leads us to the extraordinary and interesting account of Madame d'Arblay's first appearance in the literary world. At the age of *seventeen*, as we have always seen and heard it stated, Miss Fanny Burney—without the knowledge of her father—without any suspicion on the part of her family and friends that she had any literary turn or capacity whatsoever—published anonymously her celebrated novel of *Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World*; which emerged at once into popularity, raised its youthful author, as soon as she avowed it, to a brilliant reputation, and recommended her to the admiration and friendship of some of the most considerable men of the age. We extract her father's account of this remarkable circumstance:—

'The literary history of my second daughter, Fanny, now Madame d'Arblay, is singular. She was wholly unnoticed in the nursery for any talents or quickness of study; indeed, at eight years old she did not know her letters; and her brother, the tar, who in his boyhood had a natural genius for hoaxing, used to pretend to teach her to read; and gave her a book topsy-turvy, which he said she never found out! She had, however, a great deal of invention and humour in her childish sports; and used, after having seen a play in Mrs. Garrick's box, to take the actors off, and compose speeches for their characters; for

for she could not read them. But in company, or before strangers, she was silent, backward, and timid, even to sheepishness: and, from her shyness, had such profound gravity and composure of features, that those of my friends who came often to my house, and entered into the different humours of the children, never called Fanny by any other name, from the time she had reached her eleventh year, than The Old Lady.

' Her first work, *Evelina*, was written by stealth, in a closet up two pair of stairs, that was appropriated to the *younger children as a play-room*. No one was let into the secret but my third daughter, afterwards Mrs. Phillips; though even to her it was never read till printed, from want of private opportunity. . . . The book had been six months published before I even heard its name; which I learnt at last without her knowledge. But great, indeed, was then my surprise, to find that it was in general reading, and commended in no common manner in the several Reviews of the times. Of this she was unacquainted herself, as she was then ill, and in the country. When I knew its title, I commissioned one of her sisters to procure it for me privately. I opened the first volume with fear and trembling; not having the least idea that, without the use of the press, or any practical knowledge of the world, she could write a book worth reading. The dedication to myself, however, brought tears into my eyes; and before I had read half the first volume I was much surprised, and, I confess, delighted.'

Madame d'Arblay's account, which is very prolix and desultory, agrees with that of her father, but gives a few additional particulars—one of the first of which the reader would naturally expect to be the *age* of the writer: *that*, however, is not distinctly told; but the slight allusions which are made to the subject would seem to confirm the idea of the *extreme youth* of the author. She relates that at *eight* years she did not know her letters, though at *ten* she began scribbling, almost incessantly but always secretly, little works of invention; and that when she *attained* her *fifteenth* year (that is, we presume, when she had accomplished her *fourteenth*), she took an opportunity, while her parents were absent, of burning her heap of manuscripts. 'The last of the little works immolated was the history of Caroline Evelyn, the mother of *Evelina*; which, however, left on the mind of the writer so animated an impression, that inevitably and almost unconsciously, the *whole* of *A Young Lady's Entrance into the World* was pent up in the inventor's memory ere a paragraph was committed to paper.' (vol. ii., p. 126.) At length, however, but slowly, two volumes were copied out. Hitherto she had no confidant but her sisters; but when the manuscript was in a state to be offered to a publisher, she was obliged to employ her brother for that purpose.

' Her younger brother, afterwards the celebrated Greek scholar, gaily and without reading a word of the work, accepted a share in

so whimsical a frolic, and joyously undertook to be her agent to the bookseller with her manuscript.' (p. 127.) 'The young agent was now muffled up by the laughing committee' (herself and her sisters) 'in an old great-coat and a large old hat, to give a somewhat antique as well as a vulgar disguise, and was sent forth in the dusk of the evening with the two first volumes to Fleet Street, where he left them to their fate.' (p. 129.) The publisher refused to have anything to do with an unfinished work; and the third and final volume 'was, ere another year could pass away, almost involuntarily completed;' the work was then accepted, printed, and in January, 1788, published; but for some months, neither the author nor her family saw or knew anything of the book; and Miss Burney herself, who was then indisposed, removed to Chessington, and carried with her the secret of her authorship and a wonderful indifference to her work. Some months elapsed before it came to the notice of her father, and then it broke upon him, accompanied with such a burst of general approbation from the fashionable and the learned, from Mrs. Cholmondeley, Mrs. Bunbury, and Mrs. Thrale, from Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Burke, and Dr. Johnson, that he hastened down to Chessington to embrace and congratulate his astonished daughter.

The good Doctor tells us that he was 'surprised and delighted;' and delighted and surprised he well might be, for even after his evidence and the more minute account given by Madame d'Arblay herself, we are utterly at a loss to comprehend how a girl of *seventeen*, slow, shy, secluded—almost neglected—never having been, as it would seem, from under the parental roof, and having seen little or nothing of life (but her own little play-room), could have written such a work as 'Evelina.' We are not blind to its faults—the plot is puerile enough—the denouement incredible—the latter part very tedious—there is much exaggeration in some of the minor characters, while that of the heroine herself is left almost a blank—but the elegance and grace of the style, the vivacity of many of the descriptions, the natural though rather too broad humour, the combination of the minor circumstances, the artist-like contrast of the several characters, and, above all, the accurate and distinctive knowledge of life and manners of different classes of society—from what sources did this *child, writing by stealth, in the play-room*, derive them? If she had lived a few years in the world there would have been not much to marvel at—at *five and twenty*, 'Evelina,' though a clever work even for a writer of that age, would not have been such a wonder as the world has been accustomed to consider it; nor would it, we are persuaded, have excited anything like the public enthusiasm which, when the author's age and situation became known, 'Evelina' produced.

This

This is evident from the fate of her succeeding works. Her next, 'Cecilia,' published five years after, though perhaps better in every respect, maintained and *only* maintained her reputation—it was no longer a miracle: the growth of years and increased knowledge of society and the world had rendered it not even surprising; besides '*il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte,*' and if genius were to be progressive with age and opportunity, the authoress of 'Evelina' at *seventeen* might have been expected to produce even a better work than 'Cecilia' at *two-and-twenty*. 'Camilla,' published in 1796, near twenty years after 'Evelina,' and we think not inferior to it as a literary work—though it is certainly below 'Cecilia' in every view—was almost a failure, and a failure chiefly by contrast with the promise given by the dawning youth of the author.

It was, therefore, not without surprise, that, in the long and circumstantial account given by Madame d'Arblay of the composition of 'Evelina,' we observed that no allusion was made to what we had always considered the most extraordinary ingredient in the story—the author's age. This induced us to look into the matter a little more closely, when we were additionally surprised to find that every little incident which could have led to any exact calculation of the interval between 'burning the manuscripts when the author had attained her fifteenth year,' and the publication of 'Evelina' in 1778, and, in short, every clue to the date of Madame d'Arblay's birth has been most *curiously* obliterated. To a cursory reader, the interval between '*Caroline Evelyn*' and '*Evelina*,' would appear certainly not to exceed two or three years; and the mention of the '*disguise of the young messenger*' by the *laughing committee* would confirm the idea of a boyish and girlish frolic. After turning the volumes over again and again, and wasting a good deal of time in pursuit of evidence on this point, we were about to give up the hopes of any new discovery and to acquiesce in the received opinion, when we discovered a casual hint that she was born at Lynn; and, as her father left that town in 1760, it was clear that she was *some-what* older than had hitherto been supposed. This induced an inquiry at Lynn, and we have found, in the registry of St. Margaret's parish there, that 'Frances, the daughter of Charles and Esther Burney, was baptized in July, 1752;' so that she was *past twenty-five* when 'Evelina' was published: and also that her '*disguised young messenger*' (born in 1757) was not only twenty years of age, but had, we believe, already graduated at the university. We need not repeat our observation of the vast difference between a shy, backward, neglected girl of *seventeen*, writing in the *play-room*, and a woman of *five-and-twenty*, who had probably passed seven or eight years in general society;

society; and we are, therefore, not much surprised that Madame d'Arblay, though she may have had no share in propagating the original error, should have shown so little anxiety to correct it. To this feeling, therefore, we are now constrained to attribute that studious omission of dates which had at first appeared quite unaccountable.

We have said that 'Camilla' was inferior to 'Cecilia':—her fourth novel, 'The Wanderer,' reviewed in this Journal in 1817, was infinitely worse, and the work now before us is, in point of literary taste and style, worst of all. Here then comes a second wonder: why should it have happened, that she not only did not surpass, but fell so infinitely short of her early efforts? We thought, at first, that her long residence in France might have occasioned some difficulty in the use of her native language—but that reason would not account for the inferiority of 'Camilla.' The only rational explanation we can give is, that becoming, while yet young, so suddenly celebrated, she thought it necessary to watch her expressions, and to mount her language to the scale of her new reputation in society—she became a *précieuse*, and in looking after a dignity suited to her literary rank, she has lost the natural ease and unaffected grace which were her greatest charm. If this be not the cause of so remarkable a change, we know not what it is. As to the style of these Memoirs, there is another cause which may have contributed to give it that strange pomposity which we have had but too much occasion to notice. A novel writer is obliged to make up for the paucity of events by a superabundance of verbal details. 'A potent, pointed, piercing, yet delicious dart'—(vol. i., p. 61); 'eyes of the finest azure beamed the brightest intelligence'—'he flew with extatic celerity to her with whom eternal bondage would be a state celestial'—(p. 78), and such hyperboles, may do very well to fill up the space between one event and another, and to give to imaginary beings a certain air of locality and reality; but when all this comes to be applied to *real* matter-of-fact personages, it is absurd. The loss of a friend in a *novel* might be described, without much offence, as Madame d'Arblay notices Dr. Burney's regret for the loss of Mr. Bewley;—but when applied to the effect which the death of a Suffolk apothecary would have on a London music-master, who were, though old acquaintance, no companions, and saw one another but once in two or three years, the fallacy of the pompous expression, thus placed in juxtaposition with the real current of human affairs and human feelings, becomes ridiculous. Fictitious life, of which novels are the history, is made up of words, of epithets, of amplification, of touches—the smaller the better; real history is made up of the larger facts—of what a man *did*, not what he *said*,—of
how

how a lady acted, not how she looked : fictitious life is described by fancied feelings and imputed motives—which it is given to the omniscient author alone to develope—real life, of those broad interests and plain actions of which all mankind are the witnesses and the judges—and it is, we surmise, by confounding these distinctions, that a charming novelist (for such we shall always consider the authoress of ‘*Cecilia*’) has become the most ridiculous of historians.

Even when Madame d’Arblay professes to give us the conversations of Burke, or Dr. Johnson, or Garrick, it is evident that she labours and over-labours her portraits, till they resemble the original as theatrical do real characters,—as the Napoleon or Captain Cook of a melodrama do the general or the sailor.

We are anxious to give our readers some of the anecdotes which Madame d’Arblay relates of those eminent friends, but they are told, for the most part, in a style so diffuse and desultory, that we really find great difficulty in selecting any that come within reasonable limits. We shall, however, endeavour to select some of the most manageable. We begin with a portrait of Mr. Boswell—himself a great portrait-painter, but of whose extraordinary talent in sketching characters and conversations Madame d’Arblay appears even now to have very little conception. She does not appear to be aware that it is by his ‘book’—at which she rather sneers—that she and her father have the best chance of being remembered by posterity. She even seems averse to quote Boswell; and, ridiculously enough, refers to Moore’s *Life of Sheridan* for an anecdote of Johnson, quoted in that work *from* Boswell. It is singular, however, that, as if inspired by the subject, her description of Mr. Boswell is one of the best in her book. We heartily wish that she had caught more of his biographical style and spirit—at once so accurate and so compressed, so simple yet so picturesque, so dramatic and still so real :—

‘When next Dr. Burney took the Memorialist back to Streatham, he found there, recently arrived from Scotland, Mr. Boswell; whose sprightly Corsican tour, and heroic, almost Quixotic pursuit of General Paoli, joined to the tour to the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson, made him an object himself of considerable attention.

‘He spoke the Scotch accent strongly, though by no means so as to affect, even slightly, his intelligibility to an English ear. He had an odd mock solemnity of tone and manner, that he had acquired imperceptibly from constantly thinking of and imitating Dr. Johnson; whose own solemnity, nevertheless, far from mock, was the result of pensive rumination. There was also something slouching in the gait and dress of Mr. Boswell, that wore an air, ridiculously enough, of purporting to personify the same model. His clothes were always too large for him; his hair, or wig, was constantly in a state of negligence;

gence; and he never for a moment sat still or upright on a chair. Every look and movement displayed either intentional or involuntary imitation. Yet certainly it was not meant as caricature; for his heart, almost even to idolatry, was in his reverence of Dr. Johnson.

‘Dr. Burney was often surprised that this kind of farcical similitude escaped the notice of the Doctor; but attributed his missing it to a high superiority over any such suspicion, as much as to his near-sightedness; for fully was Dr. Burney persuaded, that had any detection of such imitation taken place, Dr. Johnson, who generally treated Mr. Boswell as a school-boy, whom, without the smallest ceremony, he pardoned or rebuked, alternately, would so indignantly have been provoked, as to have instantaneously inflicted upon him some mark of his displeasure. And equally he was persuaded, that Mr. Boswell, however shocked and even inflamed at receiving it, would soon, from his deep veneration, have thought it justly incurred; and, after a day or two of pouting and sullenness, would have compromised the matter by one of his customary simple apologies, of “Pray, Sir, forgive me!”

‘Dr. Johnson, though often irritated by the officious importunity of Mr. Boswell, was really touched by his attachment. It was indeed surprising, and even affecting, to remark the pleasure with which this great man accepted personal kindness, even from the simplest of mankind; and the grave formality with which he acknowledged it even to the meanest. Possibly it was what he most prized, because what he could least command; for personal partiality hangs upon lighter and slighter qualities than those which earn solid approbation; but of this, if he had least command, he had also least want: his towering superiority of intellect elevating him above all competitors, and regularly establishing him, wherever he appeared, as the first being of the society.

‘As Mr. Boswell was at Streatham only upon a morning visit, a collation was ordered, to which all were assembled. Mr. Boswell was preparing to take a seat that he seemed, by prescription, to consider as his own, next to Dr. Johnson; but Mr. Seward, who was present, waived his hand for Mr. Boswell to move farther on, saying, with a smile, “Mr. Boswell, that seat is Miss Burney’s.”

‘He stared, amazed: the asserted claimant was new and unknown to him, and he appeared by no means pleased to resign his prior rights. But, after looking round for a minute or two, with an important air of demanding the meaning of this innovation, and receiving no satisfaction, he reluctantly, almost resentfully, got another chair, and placed it at the back of the shoulder of Dr. Johnson; while this new and unheard of rival quietly seated herself as if not hearing what was passing; for she shrunk from the explanation that she feared might ensue, as she saw a smile stealing over every countenance, that of Dr. Johnson himself not excepted, at the discomfiture and surprise of Mr. Boswell.

‘Mr. Boswell, however, was so situated as not to remark it in the Doctor; and of every one else, when in that presence, he was unob-

servant, if not contemptuous. In truth, when he met with Dr. Johnson, he commonly forbore even answering anything that was said, or attending to anything that went forward, lest he should miss the smallest sound from that voice to which he paid such exclusive, though merited homage. But the moment that voice burst forth, the attention which it excited in Mr. Boswell amounted almost to pain. His eyes goggled with eagerness; he leant his ear almost on the shoulder of the Doctor; and his mouth dropt open to catch every syllable that might be uttered; nay, he seemed not only to dread losing a word, but to be anxious not to miss a breathing; as if hoping from it, latently, or mystically, some information. But when, in a few minutes, Dr. Johnson, whose eye did not follow him, and who had concluded him to be at the other end of the table, said something gaily and good-humouredly, by the appellation of Bozzy, and discovered by the sound of the reply that Bozzy had planted himself, as closely as he could, behind and between the elbows of the new usurper and his own, the Doctor turned angrily round upon him, and, clapping his hand rather loudly upon his knee, said, in a tone of displeasure, "What do you do there, Sir?—Go to the table, Sir!"

* Mr. Boswell instantly, and with an air of affright, obeyed: and there was something so unusual in such humble submission to so imperious a command, that another smile gleamed its way across every mouth except that of the Doctor and of Mr. Boswell, who now, very unwillingly, took a distant seat. But, ever restless when not at the side of Dr. Johnson, he presently recollected something that he wished to exhibit, and, hastily rising, was running away in its search, when the Doctor, calling after him, authoritatively said, "What are you thinking of, Sir? Why do you get up before the cloth is removed?—Come back to your place, Sir!" Again, and with equal obsequiousness, Mr. Boswell did as he was bid; when the Doctor, pursing his lips, not to betray rising risibility, muttered half to himself, "Running about in the middle of meals!—one would take you for a Brangton!"—"A Brangton,* Sir?" repeated Mr. Boswell, with earnestness; "what is a Brangton, Sir?" "Where have you lived, Sir," cried the Doctor, laughing, "and what company have you kept, not to know that?" Mr. Boswell, now doubly curious, yet always apprehensive of falling into some disgrace with Dr. Johnson, said, in a low tone, which he knew the Doctor could not hear, to Mrs. Thrale, "Pray, Ma'am, what's a Brangton?—Do me the favour to tell me?—Is it some animal hereabouts?" Mrs. Thrale only heartily laughed, but without answering; as she saw one of her guests uneasily fearful of an explanation. But Mr. Seward cried, "I'll tell you, Boswell,—I'll tell you!—if you will walk with me into the paddock; only let us wait till the table is cleared, or I shall be taken for a Brangton, too!" They soon went off together; and Mr. Boswell, no doubt, was fully informed of the road that had led to the usurpation by which he had thus been annoyed. But the Brangton fabricator took care to

* The name of a vulgar family in Evelina.

mount to her chamber ere they returned, and did not come down till Mr. Boswell was gone.'—p. 190-197.

We have no doubt that these details are greatly overcharged. Johnson's assumption of authority over Boswell is childish, and, we think, evidently a caricature. We doubt, too, that the allusion to '*the Brangtons*' occurred on this occasion, as we know that Johnson used it on another, (*Letters to Mrs. Thrale, April 11, 1780*), and think he would hardly, after its having occasioned so remarkable a scene, have repeated it to one of the original party. Nor do we believe, that, in the year 1779, when this transaction must have happened, it was considered ill-bred to rise from a morning collation before the cloth was removed.

In fact, there are many little circumstances scattered through the work, which induce us to doubt the accuracy of some of Madame d'Arblay's recollections. For instance, in an account of a conversation with General Paoli, which—though, according to her usual negligence or caution, it is *undated*—must have taken place about the end of 1782, she describes the General as toasting Dr. Johnson's health, 'with smiling pomposity, as "the Great Vagabond," meaning to designate Dr. Johnson as "*the Rambler*."'—(ii. 258.) Now Boswell, under the date 1779, tells us of an Italian translation of '*The Rambler*,' which a certain *foreign minister* had mentioned to Johnson, and which he (Boswell) had been informed was ludicrously rendered '*Il Vagabondo*' (Croker's Boswell, iv., p. 287). If Paoli used the expression at all, it must have been in playful allusion to this prior misnomer, and *not* as meaning 'with pomposity' to designate '*The Rambler*' as '*The Great Vagabond*;' moreover, Paoli had been above thirteen years resident in London, and in habits of intimacy with Dr. Johnson, at the time that Madame d'Arblay attributes to him this blunder, which would have been hardly credible after an acquaintance of three months. Circumstances of this nature, and there are many such, confirm a very natural suspicion, that the details of Madame d'Arblay's reminiscences—after a lapse of above fifty years—are not always to be implicitly relied on.

But her anecdotes of Dr. Johnson are more likely to be exact, because she professes to extract them from letters written by her at the time.

'Dr. Johnson was announced! Everybody rose to do him honour; and he returned the attention with the most formal courtesy. My father then, having welcomed him with the warmest respect, whispered to him that music was going forward; which he would not, my father thinks, have found out; and placing him on the best seat vacant, told his daughters to go on with the duet; while Dr. Johnson, intently rolling towards them one eye—for they say he does not see with the

other—made a grave nod, and gave a dignified motion with one hand, in silent approbance of the proceeding. . . . He is indeed very ill-favoured ! Yet he has naturally a noble figure ; tall, stout, grand, and authoritative : but he stoops horribly ; his back is quite round : his mouth is continually opening and shutting, as if he were chewing something ; he has a singular method of twirling his fingers and twisting his hands ; his vast body is in constant agitation, see-sawing backwards and forwards ; his feet are never a moment quiet ; and his whole great person looked often as if it were going to roll itself quite voluntarily from his chair to the floor. . . . His dress, considering the times, and that he had meant to put on all his *best-becomes*, for he was engaged to dine with a very fine party at Mrs. Montagu's, was as much out of the common road as his figure. He had a large, full, bushy wig, a snuff-colour coat, with gold buttons, (or, peradventure, brass,) but no ruffles to his doughty fists ; and not, I suppose, to be taken for a Blue, though going to the Blue Queen, he had on very coarse black worsted stockings. He is shockingly near-sighted ; a thousand times more so than either my Padre or myself. He did not even know Mrs. Thrale till she held out her hand to him, which she did very engagingly.

When the duet was finished, my father introduced your Hettina' (Miss Hester Burney, the eldest daughter) ' to him, as an old acquaintance, to whom, when she was a little girl, he had presented his Idler. His answer to this was imprinting on her pretty face—not a half touch of a courtly salute—but a good, real, substantial, and very loud kiss. Everybody was obliged to stroke their chins, that they might hide their mouths. Beyond this chaste embrace, his attention was not to be drawn off two minutes longer from the books, to which he now strided his way ; for we had left the drawing-room for the library, on account of the piano-forte. He pored over them, shelf by shelf, almost brushing them with his eye-lashes from near examination. At last, fixing upon something that happened to hit his fancy, he took it down, and, standing aloof from the company, which he seemed clean and clear to forget, he began without further ceremony, and very composedly, to read to himself ; and as intently as if he had been alone in his own study. We were all excessively provoked : for we were languishing, fretting, expiring, to hear him talk—not to see him read !—what could that do for us ? My sister then played another duet, accompanied by my father, to which Miss Thrale seemed very attentive ; and all the rest quietly resigned. But Dr. Johnson had opened a volume of the British Encyclopedia, and was so deeply engaged, that the music, probably, never reached his ears. When it was over, Mrs. Thrale, in a laughing manner, said, " Pray, Dr. Burney, will you be so good as to tell me what that song was, and whose, which Savoi sung last night at Bach's concert, and which you did not hear ? " My father confessed himself by no means so able a diviner, not having had time to consult the stars, though he lived in the house of Sir Isaac Newton. But anxious to draw Dr. Johnson into conversation, he ventured to interrupt him with

Mrs.

Mrs. Thrale's conjuring request relative to Bach's concert. The Doctor, comprehending his drift, good-naturedly put away his book, and, see-sawing, with a very humorous smile, drolly repeated, "Bach, Sir?—Bach's concert?—And pray, Sir, who is Bach?—Is he a piper?" You may imagine what exclamations followed such a question. Mrs. Thrale gave a detailed account of the nature of the concert, and the fame of Mr. Bach; and the many charming performances she had heard, with all their varieties, in his rooms. When there was a pause, "Pray, Madam," said he, with the calmest gravity, "what is the expense for all this?" "O," answered she, "the expense is—much trouble and solicitation to obtain a subscriber's ticket—or else, half-a-guinea." "Trouble and solicitation," he replied, "I will have nothing to do with!—but, if it be so fine,—I would be willing to give,"—he hesitated, and then finished with—"eighteen pence.—Ha! ha!—" Chocolate being then brought, we returned to the drawing-room; and Dr. Johnson, when drawn away from the books, freely, and with social good-humour, gave himself up to conversation.

'The intended dinner of Mrs. Montagu being mentioned, Dr. Johnson laughingly told us that he had received the most flattering note that he had ever read, or that anybody else had ever read, of invitation from that lady. "So have I, too," cried Mrs. Thrale. "So, if a note from Mrs. Montague is to be boasted of, I beg mine may not be forgotten." "Your note, Madam," cried Dr. Johnson, smiling, "can bear no comparison with mine; for I am at the head of all the philosophers—she says." "And I," returned Mrs. Thrale, "have all the Muses in my train." "A fair battle!" cried my father; "come! compliment for compliment; and see who will hold out longest." "I am afraid for Mrs. Thrale," said Mr. Seward; "for I know that Mrs. Montagu exerts all her forces, when she sings the praises of Dr. Johnson." "O yes!" cried Mrs. Thrale, "she has often praised him till he has been ready to faint." "Well," said my father, "you two ladies must get him fairly between you to-day, and see which can lay on the paint the thickest, Mrs. Montagu or Mrs. Thrale." "I had rather," said the Doctor, very composedly, "go to Bach's concert!"—p. 90-96.

The account of this morning visit is spread out over fourteen pages—Boswell would have given all the pith and character of it in two or three. Long as this extract has been, we must add an account of Madame d'Arblay's last interview with her admirable friend, also extracted from a cotemporary letter.

'25th Nov. 1784.—You will easily conceive how gladly I seized the opportunity of making a longer visit than usual to my revered Dr. Johnson, whose health, since his return from Litchfield, has been deplorably deteriorated. He was alone, and I had a more satisfactory and entertaining conversation with him than I have had for many months past. He was in better spirits, too, than I have seen him, except upon our first meeting, since he came back to Bolt Court. He owned, nevertheless, that his nights were grievously restless and painful; and told me that he was going, by medical advice, to try
what

what sleeping out of town might do for him. And then, with a smile, but a smile of more sadness than mirth!—he added: “I remember that my wife, when she was near her end, poor woman!—was also advised to sleep out of town: and when she was carried to the lodging that had been prepared for her, she complained that the staircase was in very bad condition; for the plaster was beaten off the walls in many places. “O!” said the man of the house, “that’s nothing; it’s only the knocks against it of the coffins of the poor souls that have died in the lodging.” He forced a faint laugh at the man’s brutal honesty; but it was a laugh of ill-disguised, though checked, secret anguish. I felt inexpressibly shocked, both by the perspective and retrospective view of this relation; but, desirous to confine my words to the literal story, I only exclaimed against the man’s unfeeling *absurdity* in making so unnecessary a confession. “True!” he cried; “such a confession to a person then mounting his stairs for the recovery of her health—or, rather, for the preservation of her life, contains, indeed, more absurdity than we can well lay our account to.”

‘We talked then of poor Mrs. Thrale’ (she had now become Mrs. Piozzi) ‘—but only for a moment—for I saw him so greatly moved, and with such severity of displeasure, that I hastened to start another subject; and he solemnly enjoined me to mention that no more!’

‘I gave him concisely the history of the Bristol milk-woman,* who is at present zealously patronized by the benevolent Hannah More. I expressed my surprise at the reports generally in circulation, that the first authors that the milk-woman read, if not the only ones, were Milton and Young. “I find it difficult,” I added, “to conceive how Milton and Young could be the first authors with any reader. Could a child understand them? And grown persons, who have never read, are, in literature, children still.” “Doubtless,” he answered. “But there is nothing so little comprehended as what is Genius. They give it to all, when it can be but a part. The milk-woman had surely begun with some ballad—Chevy Chase or the Children in the Wood. Genius is, in fact, *knowing the use of tools*. But there must be tools, or how use them? A man who has spent all his life in this room, will give a very poor account of what is contained in the next.” “Certainly, Sir; and yet there is such a thing as invention? Shakspeare could never have seen a Caliban?” “No; but he had seen a man, and knew how to vary him to a monster. A person, who could draw a monstrous cow, must know first what a cow is commonly; or how can he tell that to give her an ass’s head, or an elephant’s tusk, will make her monstrous? Suppose you show me a man, who is a very expert carpenter, and that an admiring stander-by, looking at some of his works, exclaims, ‘O! he was born a carpenter!’ What would have become of that birth-right, if he had never seen any wood?” Presently, dwelling on this idea, he went on:—“Let two men, one with genius, the other with none, look together at an overturned waggon; he who has no genius will think of the waggon only as he then sees

* Ann Yearsley. See Southey’s ‘Essay on Uneducated Poets.’

it—that is to say, overturned—and walk on: he who has genius will give it a glance of examination, that will paint it to his imagination such as it was previously to its being overturned; and when it was standing still; and when it was in motion; and when it was heavy loaded; and when it was empty: but both alike must see the waggon to think of it at all.”

‘The pleasure with which I listened to his illustration now animated him on; and he talked upon this milk-woman, and upon a once as famous shoemaker;* and then mounted his spirits and his subject to our immortal Shakspeare, flowing and glowing on, with as much wit and truth of criticism and judgment, as ever yet I have heard him display. Delightfully bright are his faculties, though the poor, infirm, shaken machine that contains them seems alarmingly giving way! And soon, exhilarated as he became by the pleasure of bestowing pleasure, I saw a palpable increase of suffering in the midst of his sallies; I offered, therefore, to go into the next room, there to wait for the carriage; an offer which, for the first time! he did not oppose; but taking, and most affectionately pressing, both my hands, “Be not,” he said, in a voice of even melting kindness and concern, “be not longer in coming again for my letting you go now!” I eagerly assured him I would come the sooner, and was running off; but he called me back, and in a solemn voice, and a manner the most energetic, said, “Remember me in your prayers!”—vol. iii. p. 2-7.

Of Dr. Burney’s interview with their Majesties George III. and Queen Charlotte, when admitted to the honour of presenting them with his account of the Commemoration of Handel, we have the following report:—

‘He found their Majesties together, without any attendants or any state, in the library; where he presented both to the King and to the Queen a copy of his Commemoration. They had the appearance of being in a serene *tête-à-tête*, that bore every mark of frank and cheerful intercourse. His reception was the most gracious; and they both seemed eager to look at his offerings, which they instantly opened and examined. “You have made, Dr. Burney,” said his Majesty, “a much more considerable book of this Commemoration than I had expected; or, perhaps, than you had expected yourself?” “Yes, Sir,” he answered; “the subject grew upon me as I proceeded, and a continual accumulation of materials rendered it almost daily more interesting.” His Majesty then detailed his opinion of the various performers; and said that one thing only had discredited the business, and that was the inharmonious manner in which one of the bass singers had sung his part; which had really been more like a man groaning in a fit of the cholic, than singing an air. The Doctor laughingly agreed that such sort of execution certainly more resembled a convulsive noise, proceeding from some one in torture, than any species of harmony; and

* Mr. Woodhouse. See Southey’s ‘Essay on Uneducated Poets,’ or our review of that work in No. lxxxvii.

that, therefore, as he could not speak of that singer favourably in his account, he had been wholly silent on his subject; as had been his practice in other similar instances. The Queen seemed perfectly to understand, and much to approve, the motive for this mild method of treating want of abilities and powers to please, where the will was good, and where the labour had been gratuitous. The King expressed much admiration that the full *fortes* of so vast a band, in accompanying the singers, had never been too loud, even for a single voice; when it might so naturally have been expected that the accompaniments even of the softest pianos, in such plenitude, would have been overpowering to all vocal solos. He had talked, he said, both with musical people and with philosophers upon the subject; but none of them could assign a reason, or account for so astonishing a fact.

'Something, then, bringing forth the name of Shakspeare, the Doctor mentioned a translation of his plays by Professor Eichenberg. The King, laughing, exclaimed, "The Germans translate Shakspeare! why we don't understand him ourselves: how should foreigners?" The Queen replied, that she thought Eichenberg had rendered the soliloquies very exactly. "Aye;" answered the King, "that is because, in those serious speeches, there are none of those puns, quibbles, and peculiar idioms of Shakspeare and his times, for which there are no equivalents in other languages."—vol. iii. p. 17-20.

Our readers will agree with us in thinking, that his Majesty gave a very ingenious critical solution of a difficulty generally acknowledged, but never, that we remember, better explained. Ducis conveys to a French audience some idea of the heroic passages of Hamlet, and Rowe has not much deteriorated *Andromaque*; but no Frenchman has ever ventured on 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' and no Englishman on *Les Plaideurs*; and of all the contrasts we have met with in the performances of the same writer, we know none more extraordinary than that presented in the excellence, the wonderful excellence, of Schlegel's translations of the tragic parts—and the crude poverty of his attempts on the comic vein—of Shakspeare.

Shortly after this interview, the place of Master of the King's Band again became vacant, and Dr. Burney was advised to present himself to his Majesty's notice on the terrace of Windsor Castle, and to *take his daughter with him*. The following is the somewhat clumsy description of a scene of affectionate and easy intercourse between a British sovereign and his people, now vanished, never, we fear, to return:—

'When the hour came for the evening walk on the Terrace, Dr. Burney took the arm of Dr. Lind; and Mrs. Delany consigned his daughter' (Madame d'Arblay) 'to the charge of Lady Louisa Clayton, a sister of Lady Charlotte Finch, Governess of the Princesses. All the Royal Family were already on the Terrace. The King and Queen, and

and the Prince of Mecklenburgh, her Majesty's brother, walked together; followed by a procession of the six lovely young Princesses, and some of the Princes; exhibiting a gay and striking appearance of one of the finest families in the world. Everywhere as they advanced, the crowd drew back against the walls on each side, making a double hedge for their passage: after which, the mass re-united behind, to follow.

'When the King and Queen approached towards the party of Lady Louisa Clayton, her ladyship most kindly placed by her own side the Memorialist; without which attention she had been certainly unnoticed; for the moment their Majesties were in sight, she instinctively looked down, and drew her hat over her face. The courage with which their graciousness had invested her in the interviews at Mrs. Delany's, where she was seen by them through their own courtesy, and at their own desire, all failed her here—where she came with personal, or, rather, filial views, and felt terrified lest they might appear to be presumptuous. The Doctor was annoyed by the same feeling; and looked so conscious and embarrassed, that though he attained the honour of a bow from the King, and a curtsy from the Queen, every time they passed him, he involuntarily hung back, without the smallest attempt at even looking for further notice. Thus, and almost laughably, each of them, after coming so far merely with the hope of being recognized, might have gone back to their cells, without raising a surmise that they had ever quitted them, but for the considerate kindness of Lady Louisa Clayton; who, in taking under her own wing the Memorialist, gave her a post of honour too conspicuous to be unremarked. And, as soon as the Queen had stopped, and spoken to Lady Louisa in general terms, her Majesty, in a whisper, demanded, "Who is with you, Lady Louisa?" And when Lady Louisa answered, "Miss Burney, Ma'am," her Majesty smilingly stepped nearer, with gentle and condescending inquiries. The King, then, having finished his discourse with some other party, repeated the same question to Lady Louisa; and, having received the same answer, immediately addressed himself to the Memorialist, to ask whether she were come to Windsor to make any stay? "No, Sir; not now." "I was sure," cried the Queen, "she was not come to stay, by seeing her father, who has so little time." "And when shall you come again," said the King, "to Windsor?" "Very soon—I hope, Sir!" "And—and—and—" added he, half-laughing, and hesitating significantly, while he flourished his hand and fingers as if wielding a pen; "pray—how goes on—the Muse?" To this she only answered by laughing also; but he would not be so evaded, and repeated the interrogatory. She then replied, "Not at all, Sir!" "No?—but why?—why not?" "I am—afraid, Sir!" she stammered. "And why?" repeated he, surprised: "Of what are you afraid?—of what?"—vol. iii. p. 74-77.

To this and some similar questions, repeated with gentle 'civility' by the King, Miss Burney was still unable to find any answer or even evasion, which is a little surprising when we recollect

recollect that she was now thirty-four years old, and had been brought to the spot for the special purpose of being noticed. Her diffidence, however, did her no injury with the good King and Queen; the place of Master of the Band had been given away, but they consoled the Doctor, and gratified their own desire of patronizing merit, by conferring on 'the *Doctor's second daughter*' herself, the place of Keeper of the Robes to her Majesty. We wish we could find space for the interesting, though long and confused, account given of the condescension and goodness with which the whole Royal Family honoured Miss Burney, whose chief, if not sole, recommendations to their favour were her literary merits and her personal manners*. She held this office for a few years, but was forced by ill health to resign it, and was, after she had done so, still treated with a benignity which made her feel that, though no longer a servant, she was looked upon as almost a friend.

But we must hasten to a conclusion, and have only room to extract the following:—

'Charles Fox being mentioned, Mrs. Crewe told us that lately, upon his being shewn a passage upon some subject that, erst, he had warmly opposed, in Mr. Burke's book, but which, in the event, had made its own justification, he very candidly said, "Well, Burke is right!—but Burke is often right—only he is right *too soon!*" "Had Fox seen some things in that book," answered Mr. Burke, "as soon, he would at this moment, in all probability, be first minister of this country." "What?" cried Mrs. Crewe, "with Pitt? No, no!—Pitt won't go out; and Charles Fox will never make a coalition with Pitt." "And why not?" said Mr. Burke, drily, almost severely, "why not that coalition, as well as other coalitions?" Nobody tried to answer this. The remembrance of Mr. Fox with Lord North, Mr. Pitt with Lord Rockingham, &c., rose too forcibly to every mind; and Mrs. Crewe looked abashed. "Charles Fox, however," said Mr. Burke, after this pause, "can never, internally, like *this* French Revolution. He is"—he stopped for a word, and then added, "entangled!—but, in himself, if he could find no other objection to it, he has, at least, too much *taste* for such a revolution."

'Mr. Richard Burke then narrated, very comically, various censures that had reached his ears upon his brother, concerning his last and most popular work; accusing him of being the *abettor of despots*, because he had been shocked at the imprisonment of the King of

* Madame d'Arblay hints more than once, that she was indebted for the notice of their Majesties to the 'romance' and 'eccentricity of her first opening adventure into life,' meaning the circumstances attending the publication of 'Evelina.' It is clear that her Royal patrons partook of the general opinion that this work had been produced in extreme youth. Had it been known that the author had completed her twenty-fifth year before 'Evelina,' and her thirtieth before 'Cecilia,' came forth, there would, we presume to think, have appeared nothing at all '*romantic*' in the matter.

France! and the *friend of slavery*, because he was anxious to preserve our own limited monarchy in the same state in which it so long had flourished! Mr. Burke had looked half alarmed at his brother's opening, not knowing, I presume, whither his odd fancy might lead him; but, when he had finished, and so inoffensively, and a general laugh that was excited was over, he—THE BURKE—good-humouredly turning to me, and pouring out a glass of wine, cried, "Come, then, Miss Burney! here's *slavery for ever!*" This was well understood, and echoed round the table. "This would *do* for you completely, Mr. Burke," cried Mrs. Crewe, laughing, "if it could but get into a newspaper! Mr. Burke, they would say, has now *spoken out!* The truth has come to light *over a bottle of wine!* and his real defection from the cause of true liberty is acknowledged! I should like," added she, laughing quite heartily, "to draw up the paragraph myself!" "Pray, then," said Mr. Burke, "complete it by putting in, that the toast was addressed to Miss Burney!—in order to pay my court to the *queen!*"—vol. iii. p. 166-168.

Miss Burney, it must be recollected, was at this time in the queen's family.

' Our evening finished more curiously than desirably, by a junction that robbed us of the conversation of Mr. Burke. This was the entrance of Lord Loughborough and of Mr. and Mrs. Erskine, who, having villas at Hampstead, and knowing nothing of Mrs. Crewe's party, called in accidentally from a walk. If not accidentally, Mr. Erskine, at least, would probably have denied himself a visit that brought him into a coterie with Mr. Burke; who openly, in the House of Commons, not long since, upon being called by Mr. Erskine his Right Hon. Friend, sternly demanded of him, *whether he knew what friendship meant?* From this time there was an evident disunion of cordiality in the party. My father, Mr. Elliot, Mr. Richard Burke, and young Burke, entered into some general discourse, in a separate group. Lord Loughborough joined Mrs. Burke. My new young partizan sat with Miss Crewe and Miss Townshend; but the chair of Mrs. Erskine being next to mine, she immediately began talking to me as chattily and currently as if we had known each other all our lives. Mr. Erskine confined his attention exclusively to Mrs. Crewe. Mr. Burke, meanwhile, with a concentrated, but dignified air, walked away from them all, and threw himself on a settee in a distant part of the room. Here he picked up a book, which he opened by chance, and, to my great astonishment, began reading aloud! but not directing his face, voice, or attention to any of the company. On the contrary, he read with the careless freedom from effort or restraint that he might have done had he been alone; and merely aloud, because the book being in verse, he was willing to add the pleasure of sound to its sense. But what to me made this seem highly comic, as well as intrepidly singular, was that the work was French. It was a volume of Boileau, which he had opened at the famed and incomparable *Épître à mon Jardinier*; and he read it not only

only with the English accent, but exactly as if the two nations had one pronunciation in common of the alphabet.'

This we take leave to doubt; when Miss Burney wrote this she herself had never been in France, and Mr. Burke had frequently visited that country, and, indeed, was generally supposed to have been educated at St. Omers—an error which never could have prevailed, had he been so strangely ignorant of the French language as he is here represented to have been. Madame d'Arblay proceeds:—

'Yet, while the delivery was so amusing, the tone, the meaning, the force he gave to every word were so winning to my ears, that I should have listened to nothing else, if I had not unavoidably been engrossed by Mrs. Erskine; though from her, too, I was soon called off by a surprise and half alarm from her celebrated husband.

'Mr. Erskine had been enumerating, fastidiously, to Mrs. Crewe, his avocations, their varieties, and their excess; till, at length, he mentioned, very calmly, having a case to plead soon against Mr. Crewe, upon a manor business in Cheshire. Mrs. Crewe hastily interrupted him, with an air of some disturbance, to inquire what he meant? and what might ensue to Mr. Crewe? "O, nothing but losing the lordship of that spot;" he coolly answered; "though I don't know that it will be given against him. I only know, for certain, that I shall have three hundred pounds for it!" Mrs. Crewe looked thoughtful; and Mr. Erskine then, finding he enjoyed not her whole attention, raised his voice, as well as his manner, and began to speak of the *New Association for Reform by the Friends of the People*; discanting in powerful, though rather ambiguous terms, upon the use they had thought fit, in that association, to make of his name; though he had never yet been to the society; and I began to understand that he meant to disavow it: but presently he added, "I don't know—I am uncertain—whether ever I shall attend. I have so much to do—so little time—such interminable occupation! However, I don't yet know—I am not decided; for the people must be supported!" "Pray will you tell me," said Mrs. Crewe, coolly, "what you mean by *The People*? for I never know."

'Whether she asked this with real innocence, or affected ignorance, I cannot tell; but he was evidently surprised by the question, and evaded any answer. Probably he thought he might as well avoid discussing such a point before *his friend*, Mr. Burke; who, he knew well, though *lying perdu* from delicacy to Mrs. Crewe, would resistlessly be ready, upon the smallest provocation, to pounce with a hawk's power and force upon his prey, in order to deliver a counter interpretation to whatever he, Mr. Erskine, might reply of who and what were meant by *the people*. I conjecture this from the suddenness with which Mr. Erskine, after this interrogatory, almost abruptly made his bow. Lord Loughborough instantly took his vacated seat on the sofa next to Mrs. Crewe; and presently, with much grave, but strong humour, recited a speech which Mr. Erskine had lately made at some public

public meeting, and which he had opened to this effect. "As to me, gentlemen, I trust I have some title to give my opinions freely. Would you know whence my title is derived? I challenge any man amongst you to inquire! If he ask my birth,—its genealogy may dispute with kings! If my wealth,—it is all for which I have time to hold out my hand! If my talents—No!—of those, gentlemen, I leave you to judge for yourselves!"—vol. iii. p. 169-174.

We have already exceeded our limits, and must conclude with repeating our wish that it were possible to persuade Madame d'Arblay to separate, even now, *her own* from *her father's* Memoirs—to give us *them* as he wrote them, or at least as much of what he wrote as she might judge proper; and to condense and simplify into a couple of interesting (and interesting they would be) volumes, *her own* story and her contemporaneous notes and *bonâ fide* recollections of that brilliant society in which she moved, from 1778 to 1794. We lay some stress on the words *bonâ fide*, not as imputing to Madame d'Arblay the slightest *intention* to deceive, but because we think that we see in almost every page abundant proof, that the habit of *novel-writing* has led her to colour and, as she may suppose, embellish her anecdotes with sonorous epithets and factitious details, which, however, we venture to assure her, not only blunt their effect, but discredit their authority.

To conclude: we hope it will be observed that our strictures have been confined to Madame d'Arblay's errors in point of style and arrangement;—we have none other to reproach her with;—her book evinces the best feelings—the best principles—she is amiable and respectable—we may smile at her foibles, but we willingly admit that 'they always lean to virtue's side,'—and she will (her later works happily forgotten) go down to posterity as an exemplary woman in private life; as the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*; as honoured for her own unassisted merits with the patronage and protection of King George III. and his admirable Queen, and as the friend and favourite of Mr. Burke and of Dr. Johnson.

- ART. VI.—1. *On Naval Timber and Arboriculture; with Critical Notes.* By Patrick Matthew. 8vo. London. 1830.
 2. *Practical Remarks on Building and Equipping Ships of War.* By A. W. Schomberg, Esq., Rear Admiral of the Blue. 8vo. London. 1832.
 3. *Calculations relating to the Equipment of Ships.* By John Edey. 4to. London. 1833.

THE author of the first of these works introduces one of the most important branches of his subject in these terms:—

'We

'We greatly wonder that something efficacious has not been done by our Navy Board in regard to Dry Rot; and consider that a *rot-prevention-officer* or *wood-physician* should be appointed to each vessel of war, from the time her first timber is laid down, to be made accountable if rot to any extent should ever occur; and that this officer should be regularly bred to his profession. Perhaps it might be as well to endow several professors' chairs at the universities, to follow out and lecture on this science.'

We do not know of what wood Mr. Matthew would recommend these chairs to be formed; but although a Mercury may be made *ex quovis ligno*, we do not think any skill will ever convert him either into a Rot-prevention officer or a Wood-physician. His *discovery*, in short, is neither more nor less than the old prescription, to rub naval timbers with *lime*: and after a variety of long sentences and solemn calculations, he is himself obliged to close the chapter with a simple statement, which at one touch decomposes his whole doctrine, as effectually as ever a rot-doctor's prepared plank was converted into the semblance of wet leather by a three months' sojourn in the 'fungus pit' at Woolwich:—

'It is necessary,' he candidly says, 'to mention, that though lime, when timber is so dry as to be liable to corruption by insects or dry rot, is, by destroying life and increasing the dryness, preventive of this corruption—yet lime, in contact with timber for a considerable time in moist air, from its great attraction for water, draws so much moisture from the air as to become wet mortar or pulp, which, moistening the timber, promotes its decay by the *moist rot*.'—p. 162.

Mr. Matthew is, we do not doubt, a skilful planter; and, though his '*Critical Notes*' are pert nonsense, his book, on the whole, is not a bad one;—but it will be evident, before we conclude this paper, that he has never had even a glimpse of the *rationale* of what is called dry rot in timber. In the mean time let it be observed, that, in point of fact, all *rot*, whether in animal or vegetable substances, in whatever dust or snuff it may end, does and must begin with *moisture*.

Since this subject was last treated at any length in this Journal (vol. xxx., p. 216,) a variety of authors have put forth books on it: but the only one of these that has acquired or merited much reputation is the very able one of Mr. Knowles;* and even he does not leave the matter in so advanced a state as the admirable article *Dry Rot* in the supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica. To that lucid and succinct paper we may refer our readers for a satisfactory view of the most interesting experiments and philosophic opinions that had been made public respecting this subject down to 1824;

* An Inquiry into the Means which have been taken to preserve the British Navy from the earliest to the present Times. By John Knowles, Secretary to the Committee of Surveyors of his Majesty's Navy. 4to.

and proceed to detail the results of some more recent researches—which several of the most eminent chemists of the time already speak of as having at length settled the whole question—in other words, led to the discovery of a means of preventing this disease in timber, at once universally applicable, cheap of cost, and unattended with any countervailing disadvantages to the health of man. We shall not be so rash as to pronounce any fixed judgment, while his majesty's Board of Admiralty see reason to continue their trials of the proposed panacea; for we can have no doubt that they will speak out as soon as an honest sense of duty to the public will permit them to do so.* But we think the progress already made in their cautious line of experiment so considerable, that we shall be doing a service by directing general attention to the business, and stimulating private ship-builders, architects, and proprietors of woodland, to institute experiments of their own in various parts of the country, the results of which, if properly observed and recorded, may be of extreme value not only to themselves but to the community.

At the beginning of this century one writer maintained that fungous plants were the causes of dry rot; another answered him by exhibiting gigantic ravages of dry rot, where there were no fungi whatever; and, not to weary our readers with needless repetitions, botanists and chemists were at length content to acquiesce in old Pliny's doctrine, that this species of disease in timber originates simply in the putrefaction of the vegetable juices of the wood, and may develop itself in the growth of fungi or otherwise, without being either less or more fatal in its effects. Then came great controversies as to these vegetable juices themselves:—some holding, that if the shipwright chipped off all the outer wood or *alburnum*, in which the juices are far more copious than in the heartwood, the danger would be at least reduced to a trifle;—while others (of whom Buonaparte approved) were for limiting the felling of timber to the three months of winter proper;—and those who doubted the efficacy of either of these plans—believing that dry rot begins with the heartwood under one set of circumstances, as infallibly as with the *alburnum* under another, and that the vegetable juices are by no means entirely out of the trunk or branches either, even in the prime of January—argued in favour each of his own scheme for dealing with the juices *in* the felled timber;—one recommending us to attack them by desiccation; a second by dissolution in running water; a third by anti-

* Among the documents printed by Mr. Kyan is a very distinct report in his favour, drawn up, after a trial of *three years*, by Sir Robert Sepping: and probably the Board's attention to the subject has been in some degree interrupted, in consequence of Sir Robert's retirement from the public service, which occurred shortly after his signature was affixed to that certificate.

septics,

septics, such as steeping in brine; a fourth by the exhibition of oleaginous substances to prevent the access of the atmospheric air, &c.—as to all which views and prescriptions see copious details in the article of the Encyclopædia above referred to.

There can be no doubt as to the partial efficacy of all these plans; but experience has shown, that no one of them can be, in all circumstances, relied on practically as a panacea for dry rot. The process of desiccation by exposure to air and wind is the only one of them that has been largely adopted in our public establishments; but in innumerable instances its failure has been lamentably and even early apparent. The statements of Mr. Knowles on this head are precise and irrefragable. In every dockyard, (he says,) in spite of the best care and arrangement, it has often been the lot of the shipwright to find, that while the external parts of the log, exposed to a free current of air, remained without spot or blemish, the work of corruption had begun in the interior, to which the air could not penetrate with sufficient power. Whole stacks of timber would be found healthy for a certain number of inches inwards, but bored through at the centre with a creeping and spreading sore, from the fermentation of the juices compressed in the 'heart of oak.*' Exactly the same has been the result of multifarious, though less extensive, experiments with oleaginous substances. None of them penetrate deep enough to protect the heartwood, when it is exposed to the vicissitudes of heat and cold, moist and dry atmospheres. Nor has the scheme of dissolving the vegetable juices, so as to destroy their vitality, by steeping the timber in water, been able to bear the test on any large scale. In the case of such a customer as the navy, its mere tediousness and consequent expense, even were it proved to be perfectly effective, would be an insurmountable objection. As to the steeping in brine, we need only refer to some authorities quoted in this Journal on a

* We quote one of the instances attested by Mr. Knowles:—'In the middle of the year 1814 a stack of timber was formed in Deptford yard, according to a plan recommended by Mr. Sowerby, and this was carried on under his inspection. The method of forming the pile was as follows:—There were sixteen piers formed of brick, with stone caps placed in four rows, upon pavement, lying at an angle of inclination to carry off the rain-water: these were three feet six inches in height, and ten feet asunder. On each pier two pigs of iron ballast were laid, which being six inches square and two feet ten inches long, made the height of the supports four feet. On these, pieces of sided oak timber were laid as skids, and other pieces crossed them, with a considerable separation between each, and by this manner of stowage the pile was raised several tiers. The timber remained in this state till June 1820, a period of five years, when it was unstacked for use; although it was a little rent, it had externally a fine and sound appearance, *but the whole was found to be more or less internally decayed*, except in those parts where the timber had crossed; the heart of the several pieces resembled the soft spongy sap-wood, or, as it is sometimes called, touch-wood, but there was no appearance of fungus either externally or internally.'

former

former occasion, and which prove, beyond cavil, that the attraction for moisture which deliquescent salts possess, would render a vessel built of timber thus dealt with a complete *hygrometer*,—that the interior would be in a dripping state, which would not only expose the ship to destruction by *wet rot*, but be incalculably dangerous to the health of the ship's company,—and lastly, that the iron work would be rapidly corroded.

Regarding, as far as we can perceive, the growth of *fungi* as the primary evil to be guarded against, the late illustrious philosopher, Sir Humphry Davy, threw out, in one of his early lectures at the Royal Institution, a hint that a solution of the deutochloride of mercury, which he had tried with success as a means of preserving insects, might perhaps be found available on a larger scale, and especially in the case of vegetable substances; but no experiments appear to have followed this suggestion, chiefly, we believe, because Davy himself expressed, shortly afterwards, a suspicion that, if such experiments were ever so successful, a poisonous atmosphere might be generated within a ship, or even a dwelling-house, constructed of timbers which had been saturated with such a preparation.* The hint, in short, had the fate of so many now famous articles in the Marquis of Worcester's 'Century of Inventions':—it found a place in every successive treatise on dry rot; but no one thought of putting it to the test; until a distiller of the city of London, who had never, it is said, heard of Davy's *obiter dictum*, in the course of some experiments on vegetable infusions, became so much impressed with the virtues of the very application which Davy had pointed out, that he was induced to begin a series of experiments as to wood also;—and hence the novel aspect under which the whole subject of dry rot at this moment presents itself.

The theory of this ingenious person, in as far as we can gather it from his *specification*, and some printed documents now before us, and we must add from a very clever lecture lately delivered by Mr. Faraday, may be considered as founded on the great truth thus succinctly stated by Fourcroy: 'The aim of nature in exciting fermentation is to render more simple the compounds formed by vegetation and animalization, and to employ these in new combinations.' Mr. Knowles, in commenting on Fourcroy's dictum, says,—

'Thus is the great law of nature fulfilled, that the death of one body shall give life to others. When the animal dies, and fermentation takes place, flies deposit their eggs, maggots are formed, and the fleshy parts are destroyed; when the vegetable body falls, it is eaten

* This suspicion, we believe, occurred to Sir Humphry Davy, and also to Mr. Faraday, when they were consulted by Earl Spencer on the appearance of dry rot in his Lordship's magnificent library at Althorp.

by worms of another kind, or destroyed by fungi; and if, in consequence of the employment of art, the duration of either is extended, *that slow but sure destroyer, Time*, at length renders them to their native earth, to serve, in their turn, for nutriment to others.'—*Knowles*, p. 112.

In the next paragraph Mr. Knowles advances another and a very important step:—

'When an animal or vegetable body is deprived of *life*, the very principles which were the causes of its nutriment become the means of its decay. To bring about decomposition the same agents are necessary as to promote vegetation,—air, heat, and moisture, under proper modifications and combinations. In a vegetable body, when the fermentative process begins, the vessels or fibres of which it is composed are put in motion; a separation of them takes place; the volume is consequently enlarged, and it generally suffers an alteration in colour. As the process advances towards putrefaction, heat is evolved, and carbonic gas is disengaged.'—*Ibid*.

Mr. Knowles, in this last passage, approached the verge of his successor's theory; which may be thus briefly stated. In the *germination* which converts the acorn into an oak, and in the putrefaction which reduces the felled tree to a bed of fungi, or a hive of insects,—the same great vegetative principle is at work. Vegetable *albumen* (combined, in various proportions, with farinaceous, mucilaginous, and saccharine matter) is the primary constituent of every seed. When exposed to atmospheric air under a certain temperature,—not lower than 32° nor higher than 100° of Fahrenheit,—the germinating power is brought into action, and the seed becomes a tree. The first year's growth forms the pith, the alburnum, and the bark: in the following year, or years, the pith becomes heart-wood, and when *that* is once formed, every succeeding season adds another concentric layer of alburnum, which in its turn becomes ultimately heart-wood. The bark has an expansive growing power, so as to admit the yearly extension of the alburnum; but it has also a strong compressive energy, expelling *moisture* from the layers that successively assume the character of heart-wood,—but *not* expelling the vegetable albumen, which, squeezed into a concrete form, remains shut up in the interstices, even to the very centre of the tree. The active vitality of the tree is in the alburnum, through the vessels of which, perpendicularly and also laterally, the sap ascends and circulates; but the principle of vitality,—the albumen of the parent seed,—continues to be present, though dormant, in the compactest tissue of the heart of oak; and capable, even after the lapse of centuries, during which it has been preserved from the action of air and moisture, of exhibiting its vegetative power on being exposed to these influences.

If we grant these premises,—in support of which we are referred to a very beautiful chapter in Mr. Lindley's recent work on botany,
and

and to innumerable undoubted facts, recorded in existing treatises on dry rot, especially in the masterly Essay in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica,—it will begin to be pretty clear that no process of desiccation ought to be the object of the physiologist who would strike at the root of this malady; but that he ought to search for the means of destroying the latent element of vitality in the central body of the tree,—of extirpating the dormant life of the concrete *albumen*. The practical inquirer, whose operations have suggested this paper, asserts, accordingly, that he has satisfied himself, by a course of experiments continued during not less than ten years, that this object has been attained,—that the primary cause of all vegetable fermentation is neutralized by the deutocliloride of mercury, exactly as Sir H. Davy had ascertained its efficacy in neutralizing the primary element of animal decay. The true principle of action, he says, in almost every antidote, is affinity for the bane or poison to be neutralized or destroyed. Albumen, in animal and in vegetable substances, is the main element of physical vitality, and consequently of fermentation and putrefaction. Every tyro who walks an hospital knows that *white of egg* is the simplest antidote to corrosive sublimate; and in like manner, when a solution of sublimate is applied to timber, it at once penetrates the albumen, and then flies to the heart-wood,—combining with the *albumen*, whether in an active or a dormant state, and *killing* it.

Mr. Faraday, of the authority of whose name we need not say anything, expressed himself in the outset of his lecture of the 22d of February last, as having been very soon impressed that this theory, and the practice thereon founded, would, in all probability, stand the test of experiment. The subject appeared so important in itself, and the *doctrine* of the new application so just *ex facie*, that he took considerable pains in examining into the matter—visiting from time to time the *tanks* of the patentee's establishment, watching the progress of the experiments at Woolwich, and also trying the thing for himself in a variety of ways, in his own laboratory. He proceeded to narrate, in the first place, the history of the experiments which had been made in London and at Woolwich, as to separate pieces of wood, and to exhibit to his audience abundant specimens of the results. The display was a most curious one,—but

‘Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures

Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus;’

and we shall content ourselves with a very brief and imperfect repetition of things, which certainly must have left an extraordinary impression on the mind of every eye-witness.

The ‘fungus pit’ at Woolwich is a subterranean chamber lined with wood in the worst possible stages of corruption: it is kept extremely damp, generates carbonic acid gas in profusion,

and, in short, forms, as its name implies, a perfect hot-bed for the growth of all those fungi that used to be considered as the causes, but which are only the most usual symptoms, of dry rot. It is a proverb among the people of the dockyard, that a month in *the hole* is worse for a bit of timber, than ten years in almost any possible situation out of it:—and the government, pestered with the eternal applications of the rot-doctors, have hitherto found their safety-valve in this fungus pit. Mr. Knowles concludes one of his chapters with a distinct statement that no prepared timber, exposed during twelve months to the action of this ordeal, had, unless insulated by some other substance, 'entirely resisted the influence of the gas.' (p. 55.) We have ourselves visited this noxious place, and seen an hour and a half elapse, after opening the trap-door, before a candle would burn six inches beneath the surface. Blocks of timber—oak, elm, pine, beech, &c.—prepared with the solution of sublimate, have now, as Mr. Faraday said, and as the printed documents before us prove distinctly, stood the test of the fungus pit, without exhibiting the slightest symptom of decay, during no less a period some of them than *five years*: and these, instead of being insulated by means of some heterogeneous substance, had been lying on the fungus-spread floor of the dungeon, each with an unmedicated fragment of the very same tree, and of the like bulk, close by its side—every one of which unprepared pieces was found at the opening of the pit in rapid progress to decomposition. The results of various experiments, instituted by Sir Robert Smirke, the eminent architect, with a view to his own professional business, were in like manner detailed, and his evidence as to the power of timbers prepared in this method to resist the action of dropping eaves, &c. during a course of time sufficient to bring utter decay upon unprepared ones similarly exposed, was not less satisfactory than the upshot of the long trials at Woolwich.

The *primâ facie* efficacy of the application was illustrated, as some thought even more remarkably, by the exhibition of pieces of canvass, and even of delicate calico cloth, which had been placed during from two to three months on the floor of the fungus pit. The prepared pieces came out entirely sound, while, of the unmedicated counterparts, there remained nothing but a few mildewed strings that fell to pieces at the touch.

The lecturer stated, on the authority of Mr. Kyan, that cubes of oak, Memel pine, &c., containing each 216 cubical inches, imbibe, notwithstanding the difference of their structures, as nearly as can be measured, the very same quantity of the solution—about five ounces each; a quantity so small, that the expense of the operation is a mere trifle, compared with the result. The process

is of course rapid in a plank, compared with a solid log. Fir deals take in their quantum within forty-eight hours—a beam of oak is not saturated under a month; but what is a month, when we think of the years always considered necessary for the seasoning of timber in the usual process of drying?

There remained to be answered certain important questions—to one of which we have already alluded. How long will the antiseptic virtue of this medicated timber abide in it? Will not the corrosive sublimate, essentially a poison, be disengaged from the vegetable body with which it has combined, under exposure to air and moisture? And if this be the case, will not the wood lose its protection against the usual sources of dry rot, while, at the same time, the disengaged poison mingles with and contaminates the atmosphere breathed by the ship's crew?

Mr. Faraday proceeded to detail a very ingenious series of chemical experiments, in which these startling doubts had led him to engage; and the issue of which, as far as they go, is satisfactory. Mr. Kyan stated that, on the contact of corrosive sublimate with any vegetable juice containing albumen, a new combination, a *tertium quid*, results; and upon this view Mr. Faraday experimented. He found that prepared canvas and calico, when washed in water until a certainty was obtained that *that* fluid would remove nothing more, still gave mercury to weak nitric acid; the presence of a mercurial compound, proof against *water*, was thus, he thought, established—and he inferred that *it* could evolve, under ordinary circumstances of exposure, no noxious vapour whatever.

Enough has, we hope, been said to attract the notice of distant readers, to a subject which appears to be fixing every day more firmly the attention of the scientific circles in this metropolis. Whether the process of Mr. Kyan is as yet entitled to be sanctioned by the use of government in our public establishments—and whether the example of Sir Robert Smirke, who has applied timber thus medicated in various new buildings under his charge, (in the Temple for instance,) will of itself be sufficient to stimulate the researches of his professional rivals, we do not pretend to say: but shall conclude with a very few observations on the benefits, national and domestic, which could not fail to result from the discovery and general adoption of a cheap, safe, and efficacious preventive of dry rot.

As to the Royal Navy, we need but refer to the long series of our preceding articles on this subject—especially to that in No. LIX.—for lamentable details of the extent and rapidity of the injuries sustained by the King's ships during the war, in consequence of this one cause. Owing principally to the prevalence of this disease, the average duration of ship-timber cannot be estimated
at

at more than seven, or at most eight, years; and what may be the gross demand of the British fleet for timber? The Royal Navy consisted on the 1st of January, 1833, of

22 First-rates	. of .	108 to 120 guns
31 Second-rates	. .	78 to 84 —
68 Third-rates	. .	74 to 76 —
22 Fourth-rates	. .	50 to 52 —
101 Fifth-rates	. .	42 to 50 —
95 Sixth-rates	. .	26 to 36 —

with seventy-four 18-gun vessels, and one hundred and sixty-one small craft, making in all 574 armed vessels. Mr. Edye estimates the quantity of wood required for the construction of a first-rate of 120 guns at 5880 loads—for an 80-gun ship, 4339 loads—for a 74, 3600—for a 52, 2372—for a fifth-rate, 1800 loads—and for a sixth-rate, 963. According to him, therefore, it would take, to build the existing 574 ships, not much under a million loads of timber; and the quantity annually requisite to keep them seaworthy will be 125,000 loads. In what exact proportions this expense is occasioned by dry rot in seasoning, and by dry rot in ships, it is not in our power to say; but we are sure, whoever considers the detailed histories of individual vessels in our articles above referred to, in Mr. Knowles's book, and in the article 'Dry Rot' in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, will be prepared not to start when he hears that, according to the opinion of some of the best judges we know, the annual saving of timber in the Royal Navy, were a real cure for dry rot discovered and adopted, would not be much under 50,000 loads.

A single and simple fact, stated in three words, will perhaps bring the matter home to the reader's imagination, as readily as any given number of calculations and estimates. The *Benbow* was built in 1813; dry rot infected her; and she was repaired in 1818, at Portsmouth, without ever having been to sea, at the expense of 45,000*l*.

If the new or perfected invention, of which we have been treating, should answer even to the extent which Mr. Faraday said he considered to have been already placed beyond all doubt, it is obvious that the saving to the nation would be most important. Indeed, if it should come to no more than sparing us the expense of having all our ship timber felled many years before it is used, that, on so large a stock, would be no trivial saving. But we confess, when we think of five years in the fungus pit having left neither spot nor blemish on any one of *nine* specimens, we are inclined to consider this as a very subordinate feature of the case.

In buildings on shore, more particularly large and public ones,
only

only occasionally heated by fires, the effects of this timber-pest have of late been almost as destructive and costly as in the fleet and the dock-yard. The palace of Kew, a very recent structure, was obliged to be levelled to the ground solely from this cause: we believe we might say very nearly the same of the Royal Lodge in Windsor Park, demolished, all but a single room, immediately after the death of its founder King George IV.; and we fear there is truth in the prevalent report, that the malady has already manifested itself in the newly restored parts of Windsor Castle itself. In the churches lately erected in and about London, the damage caused in this way is known to be enormous; and we think Sir R. Smirke deserves much credit for taking the lead among his professional brethren in giving a full trial to an invention which, to say the least of it, appears to hold out a fair promise of striking at the roots of this great and growing mischief.

There are many persons who have examined into this affair, and formed expectations more extensive than we have as yet hinted at. According to them, the *alburnum*, which is at present chipped off all timbers before they are applied to the purposes of ship-building, on account of its being more liable to dry rot than the heart-wood which it encircles, is thus liable only from its greater porosity and the consequent more ready exposure of its albumen to the action of heat and moisture; but, if saturated with the solution of sublimate, will be just as secure against dry rot as heart-wood, and available accordingly for a variety of naval purposes. They say the same as to larch and other woods, hitherto little used, in consequence chiefly of their porosity; and if they are right, (which in theory they seem to be,) the prospect held out to our planters, especially those in the north of Scotland, and we may add to the Canadian timber-trade, is certainly a most favourable one. The greater porosity of the American pine is, no doubt, the principal, if not the only source of its inferior estimation, as compared with that of the Baltic.

Mr. Faraday concluded his very interesting lecture on this subject, with some observations on the fears expressed by certain timber-merchants, that, if the new invention should be found to realize such expectations as these, the demand for their commodity would be much abridged. He answered, that if wood-work lasted longer than it does, it would be used much more extensively; that the demand for out-houses, sheds, and inclosures of all sorts would be prodigious; and that what most interested him in the whole affair was the prospect of great additional space and comfort being given to the domestic accommodations of the poorer classes. 'I am inclined,' he said, 'to think, that the cottage will feel the benefit more than the palace.'

ART. VII.—*Illustrations of Political Economy*. Nos. 1—12.
By Harriet Martineau. London, 1832—1833.

HERE we have a monthly series of novels on Political Economy—Malthus, M'Culloch, Senior, and Mill, dramatised by a clever female hand. The authoress has, moreover, the high recommendation of being an Unitarian.* How could such a series fail to be considered as an important ally of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge? What wonder that, from the Woolsack down to the Penny Cyclopædia, there should be a general chorus of exultation over the Sibylline leaves of Norwich?

There is, we admit, much which it is impossible not to admire in Miss Martineau's productions—the praiseworthy intention and benevolent spirit in which they are written,—and the varied knowledge of nature and society, the acute discrimination of character, and remarkable power of entering into, and describing the feelings of the poorer classes, which several of her little narratives evince. But it is equally impossible not to laugh at the absurd trash which is seriously propounded by some of her characters, in dull didactic dialogues, introduced here and there in the most clumsy manner; and what is worst of all, it is quite impossible not to be shocked, nay disgusted, with many of the unfeminine and mischievous doctrines on the principles of social welfare, of which these tales are made the vehicle.

This young lady's work consists of the several chapters of the 'Principles of Political Economy,' according to the doctors we have named, rendered into popular stories. Each tale has attached to it the 'principle' it is intended to illustrate; and the readers of each little volume are expected, we suppose, by the time they arrive at the end, to have duly imbibed and digested the substance of these 'principles.' We can only say, if any individual has accomplished this feat, his powers of deglutition and digestion are such as an ostrich might envy. Hear, however, how complacently the fair writer talks of her own doings in her preface:—

'We do not dedicate our series to any particular class of society, because we are sure that all classes bear an equal relation to the science, and we much fear that it is as little familiar to the bulk of one as of another. We should not be so ready to suspect this ignorance, if we did not hear so much of the difficulty of the subject. We trust it will be found that as the leading principles come out in order, one after another, they are so clear, so indisputable, so apparently familiar, that the wonder is when the difficulty is to come,'—p. 13.

Miss Martineau has no modest misgivings:—

* Her *theological* works are all, we believe, published at the expense of 'The Unitarian Association.' Such, at least, is the case with her 'Essential Principles of Christianity,' addressed to her 'dear Roman Catholic brethren.' London. 1831.

'She

' She can deep mysteries unriddle
As easily as thread a needle.'

The first story, 'Life in the Wilds,' is intended to exhibit the elements of wealth, and the advantages of the division and economy of labour. A small body of South African settlers are represented as suddenly stripped, by an incursion of savages, of their whole stock of valuables, including houses, furniture, arms, tools, down to a knife, a hatchet, even a nail;—left, in short, in possession absolutely of nothing but the clothes they had on, the seeds buried in the soil, and their wits. The latter article seems to be monopolized in joint-stock partnership by a Mr. Stone, the chaplain, and Captain Adams. By the advice of these gentlemen the disconsolate colonists set to work to make the best of their position,—shooting game with bows and arrows, seeking caves for houses, carving their meat with flints, and digging the soil with hedge-stakes. All this gives occasion to many lectures from Mr. Stone on the elements of wealth, and the necessity of labouring in some form or other to produce it, and to many experimental proofs of the vast progress that has been made by civilized nations in facilitating, by various contrivances, the labour of production. But to our mind, if we must be candid, *this* chapter of Political Economy has been 'illustrated' long ago in a much more amusing and instructive story than any of Miss Martineau's—*viz.*, Robinson Crusoe—a story which has the advantage of making our little people fully sensible of the value of civilization, with all its hardly-earned blessings, without puzzling their intellects with such unintelligible and fantastical refinements as the following:—

"I am afraid, Sir," said Hill, "that your doctrine would go far towards doing away the distinction between labour that is *productive* and that which is *unproductive*." "It is impossible," replied Mr. Stone, "to do away that difference, because it is a difference of fact, which no opinions can alter. It must always be as clear as observation can make it, whether a man's labour *produces* any of the things which constitute wealth. . . . However industrious or useful they may be, *domestic servants are unproductive labourers*. . . . Fulton, the currier, *produces* leather out of what was only the hide of a beast; and Harrison *makes* bricks out of what was only clay; Links, the farrier, is *unproductive as a farrier*—but he is also a smith, and *makes* horse-shoes and nails, and implements out of what was only a lump of iron. Here he is a labourer of both kinds."—"That is curious!"—"And so are you, Mr. Hill. You *make* medicines; but when you give advice, or bleed patients, or shave your customers on a Saturday night, you are an unproductive labourer." [This is curious too.] "And how do you class yourself, my dear?" said Mrs. Stone. "Unproductive in my pulpit and the schoolroom," replied her husband, "and

"and productive when I am *working* in my field." "You have cleared up the matter completely, Sir," said Hill.—p. 54.

Only to think of *lectures* on such subjects among a parcel of poor houseless wretches, struggling for existence on the sands of Caffreland!—But to overlook this absurdity,—instead of the wise and wonderful Mr. Stone's having 'cleared up the matter completely,' as the Unitarian chaplain's admirer, Hill, thinks he has done, we are of opinion, that no chaplain, even of the Established Church, could possibly have rendered a plain matter more obscure. If wealth means (and we know no better definition of it) all that is valuable in exchange, then it is obvious that all labour which is bought and sold is productive of wealth. Can there be sillier nonsense than an attempt to draw a broad line of distinction between the labour of the farrier while he is shoeing a horse, and that of the same individual while making the shoe; to call the grazier and the farmer productive—the butcher and the cook unproductive labourers? It seems no labourer is to be called productive who does not '*make*' something! Why, even this silly verbal distinction will not carry Miss Martineau out in her exclusion of domestic servants, (after Malthus,) for a cook makes puddings, and a housemaid makes beds. Miss Martineau quite forgets that, by her own definition, (and she is quite correct in this,) no labour *creates* anything, but only changes the form or the place of natural objects; * and is not this done to as good a purpose, that is, as productively, by the cook who roasts a leg of mutton, as by the grazier who fattens it—by the man who fastens the shoe on the horse's foot, as by the man who hammers it into shape on the anvil? Here, as elsewhere, the doctors are only too faithfully dramatised.

Tale the second illustrates the utility of capital, and especially of machinery, in a clever and agreeable manner. 'The Hill and the Valley' is decidedly, in our opinion, the best of Miss Martineau's productions. We cannot say much for the next; the moral of which is the advantage of the consolidation of small farms into large ones. This has long been a favourite principle of the political economists, and has been practically acted upon in this country to an extent which we believe landlords, as well as statesmen, are now deeply regretting. The truth, we take to be, that the capital saved upon small farms has of late years been spent upon large ones. The analogy of manufactures does not hold good. A manufactory can be carried on upon the most extensive scale within a very limited space, such as the eye of the master can easily superintend; and the power of thus bringing every link in the chain of operations to be forged on the same

spot, occasions a great saving of time and carriage, and admits of the introduction of a methodical organization, by which the general productiveness is increased. But it is just the reverse with agricultural operations. The space on which they are carried on extends in exact proportion with the size of the farm. And in the same proportion must the cost of carriage of the manure and crops, to and from the central farm buildings, be increased; as well as the difficulty which the master experiences in exercising the necessary vigilance over the work of his labourers, and enforcing the perfect tillage of his fields. When a farm is of such a moderate size that the farmer himself does not think it beneath him to work on it in company with his sons, and two or three helpers, this small body are apt, we believe, to put far more substantial labour into their day's work than an equal number of hired labourers, employed on a distant part of an extensive farm, and but occasionally visited by their master, as mounted, perhaps, on his crack hunter, he makes his way to the cover-side. Even if the amount of rent payable by either class of farms be taken as the sole criterion, we believe dear-bought experience of late to have convinced landowners that, though small farms may give a little extra trouble to their agents in collecting their rents, the gross amount will be larger than if they were consolidated. But the question has likewise its moral bearings. And in this light there is much, we think, to regret in a system which goes to destroy all the intermediate gradations of rural society between a 'bull-frog' farmer (as Cobbett calls him) and his day-labourers; leaving no steps within the sphere of vision of the latter, upon which they can ever hope to raise themselves above the flat level of the situation in which they were born.

'Demerara,' the fourth tale, is powerfully written. The picture it contains of slavery, is, however, evidently drawn from imagination and the accounts of the anti-slavery missions, not from observation or the reports of unprejudiced bystanders. For example, a runaway slave is represented as hunted and torn to pieces by blood-hounds! Will Miss Martineau favour us with an authenticated relation of any such occurrence of late years in Demerara, or any of our West Indian colonies? In the summary of 'principles,' at the end of this tale, the injustice of slavery is proved in the following manner:—

'Property is held by conventional, not natural, right. As the agreement to hold man in property never took place between the parties concerned, *i. e.*, is not conventional, man has no right to hold man in property.'

If there were no stronger argument against slavery than this, our slave-owners need be under no apprehension of its abolition. Why, by this rule, *what* have we a right to hold in property? The agreement

agreement to hold a horse or a house in property 'never took place between the parties concerned,' and, therefore, there can be no property in horses or houses! Or if Miss Martineau means, by 'the parties concerned,' all who have any desire to use horses or houses, let her say where the convention sat, consisting of all these parties, which 'agreed' to make a present to the Marquis of Westminster either of his stud or his streets. Miss Martineau is said to be high authority in the law courts. We would strongly recommend, therefore, the next thief who is tried at the Old Bailey, to plead that 'property is held by conventional not natural right;' and as he, Timothy Tomkins, never agreed that the prosecutor should hold his silk handkerchief in property, he had no more right to it than he, Timothy. It was *nullius in bonis*, and therefore liable to the maxim *capiat qui capere possit*. The theory which derives rights exclusively from a 'social contract' 'entered into by all parties concerned,' is as foolish as it is dangerous. Has Miss Martineau ever read Blackstone? or does she write works on the principles of legislation in total ignorance of all that has been previously written on the same subject?

'Ella of Garveloch,' the fifth tale, is improbable, but amusing, —that is to say, if we skip the political economy in it, which consists of sundry long and doleful dialogues on the nature of *rent*. Miss Martineau formally adopts the Ricardo definition of rent as 'that which is paid to the land-owner for the use of the *original indestructible powers of the soil*'—(p. 143); and yet with a droll inconsistency, makes her young she-farmer, Ella, begin by paying rent only for the *house* and *fences* on her occupation, and a further rent at the end of a few years for the *kelp-ground* and *herring-fishery* attached to it; and even the rent she is ultimately charged for the *land* of her little farm, is expressly set down to the account of the vicinity of the sea-shore rendering it capable of fertilization by the refuse weed; so that there is not a single particle of the rent she at any time pays which can be said to arise from 'the original indestructible powers of the soil!' This is *illustrating* a definition in an odd fashion. But thus it is,—when the axioms and definitions of these political economists are tested by an application to facts, they are found not to fit above one in a hundred.

The sixth tale takes up the history of Garveloch (a rocky islet among the Hebrides) at a later period. A fishing company had established a station upon it; a fishing village had been built; and encouraged by the demand for labour thus occasioned, a considerable population had settled there from the neighbouring islands, and was rapidly increasing — herrings and bannocks being a prolific diet. 'This is a state of things to alarm a Malthusian; and

and Ella, the Martineau of Garveloch, begins, even when the island is at the zenith of its prosperity, to quake at the anticipation of its over-population. She sees the cultivation of the islands so rapidly improving, that their produce had more than doubled in the last ten years, but she is impressed with the idea that 'all this time the consumers are increasing at a much quicker rate.'

"Not double in ten years, surely?" "Certainly not; but say twenty, thirty, fifty, a hundred, or any number of years you choose; still as the number of people doubles itself for ever, while the produce of the land does not, *the people must increase faster than the produce.*"'
—p. 42.

This is rare logic and arithmetic, and not a little curious as natural history. A plain person, now, would have supposed, that if the produce doubled itself in ten, and the people only in a hundred years, the people would not increase *quite* so fast as the produce; seeing that, at the end of the first century, the population would be multiplied but by two, the produce by one thousand and twenty-four! But these are the discoveries of genius! Why does Miss Martineau write, except to correct our mistaken notions, and expound to us the mysteries of the 'principle of population?'

But what follows is yet more surprising in every way:—

'If all the corn that was raised in the islands had been used for seed-corn, instead of nine-tenths of it being eaten; if all the fish had been turned into its market-price on the spot, without any expense of curing, packing, and conveying, this capital would still have doubled itself *much more slowly* than the number of people who were to subsist upon it!'
—p. 53.

Now, since the corn sown in these islands, by the admission of the author, increases at present ten-fold in a year, it is as clear as arithmetic can make it, that if all were used for seed-corn (under the supposition proposed) it would be necessary, in order that the population should keep up only to the same rate of increase,—and putting the stock of fish out of the question—and supposing nobody to die—that every female should marry at three months old, and have twenty children at a birth! We believe *the herrings* multiply at some such rate; and it seems Miss Martineau thinks herring-fisherwomen must be equally prolific. A little ignorance on these ticklish topics is perhaps not unbecoming a young unmarried lady. But before such a person undertook to write books in favour of 'the preventive check,' she should have informed herself somewhat more accurately upon the laws of human propagation. Poor innocent! She has been puzzling over Mr. Malthus's arithmetical and geometrical ratios, for knowledge which she should have obtained by a simple question or two of her mamma.

However,

However, she has a right to know better than we can what took place at Garveloch. It appears that—

‘Production was easy,’ (in mercy to the midwives it had need to be so,) ‘for the herrings came regularly, and the seasons had been favourable. Here, then, capital might grow, if ever, or anywhere; and it did grow: *but the demands upon it grew still faster!*’

And yet, notwithstanding all these strong assertions of the increase of numbers everywhere necessarily outrunning the utmost possible increase of food—the authoress is actually obliged to have recourse to a series of deficient harvests and the disappearance of the herring-shoals from the Hebrides, in order to bring about the redundancy of population she requires for the purposes of her tale at Garveloch! It is strange she does not see that the concurrence of such casualties would have been just as destructive, or more so, at any earlier period, to the then existing population of the isles. The tendency of the improvements which, in a civilized country, accompany the increase of its population, is to diminish, not to heighten, the evils caused by such natural casualties.

However, by calling in these extraordinary circumstances, she at length reduces the islanders to a diet of shell-fish and sea-weed: upon which Ella and her friend Katie (both matrons, we must inform the reader, lest he should be shocked at the subject of their dialogue) moralize in the following strain. Katie, be it known, a widow, loves, and is loved by Ronald, Ella’s brother. But Ronald knows *his duty to society* too well, to think of marrying her while the principle of increase is so vigorous in Garveloch. He lives on with a broken heart, bringing up a family of nephews and nieces; and dies an old bachelor in the odour of sanctity. Katie, it will appear, is every way worthy of him.

‘Who thinks now of praise or blame about the act of marrying? (said Katie.) I own that they ought. When one looks round and sees how sin and sorrow grow where hunger prevails, one cannot think any man guiltless who overlooks the chance of his increasing the poverty of society. But how few consider this! Those who think themselves conscientious, go no farther than to consider whether they are marrying the right person. They spend no thought on the time and *the manner* (?) or on their duty to society. Since Providence has not made food increase as men increase, it is plain that Providence wills restraint here as in the case of other passions.’

It might as well be said, since Providence does not provide roast beef, it is plain Providence wills us to eat it raw. But we believe the notion of such dialogues, on such subjects, being held under such circumstances—between a couple of bare-legged Highland queans, on the shores of the Hebrides, and of course in the Erse dialect, was never surpassed in the dreams of Laputa. Here comes the result:—

‘Ella

'Ella and Katie, sensible and unprejudiced, and rendered quick-sighted by anxiety for their children, were peculiarly qualified for seeing *the truth* when fairly placed before them. Their interest in Ronald, as well as in their own offspring, gave them a view of both sides of the question; and there remained not a doubt, after *calculating numbers and resources*, that there *must be some check* to the increase of the people, and that the prudential check is infinitely preferable to those of vice and misery.'—p. 95-98.

We will merely ask Miss Martineau to reconcile, *if she can*, these her arguments on the tendency of the labouring class to outrun the employment for them, with what she has herself urged as to the impossibility of any over-production of *machinery*; for example in her first tale—

'Till the human race reaches its highest point of attainment, (said Mr. Stone,) there must be always something more to do; and the more power is set at liberty to do it the better. Till all the arts and sciences are exhausted, till nature has furnished the last of her resources, and man found the limit of his means of making use of them, *the greatest possible supply of human labour is wanted*, and *it is our duty to make the utmost possible saving of it*.'—No. I. p. 116.

It has always appeared to us one of the strangest inconsistencies of which the anti-populationists are guilty, that they, of all economists, are ever the loudest in crying up the advantages of every increase of inanimate machinery—in spite of its *immediate* effect in throwing labourers out of employment—at the same time that they decry every increase of the human machine, as a cause of immitigable want and woe.

The next of these philosophical romances, the 'Manchester Strike,' contains some well-drawn pictures of the state of the operatives in our manufacturing towns—and some useful lessons to that class, on the mischief and inutility of their 'strikes and turn-outs'—but has its moral marred entirely by the constant reference of the distress that arises from a temporary and local redundancy of hands, to the sinfulness of those weavers who marry without having previously ascertained that there cannot for a generation occur a stagnation of business in the cotton-trade! What?—when masters occasionally advertise throughout the kingdom for 'several thousand fresh hands wanted' at Macclesfield or Manchester—when hordes of Irish are pouring in daily to supply the demand for labour in our great manufacturing districts—are the *natives* of those very districts to be told that it is *their* fault if labour is ever in excess; that *they* have the remedy in their own hands, by refraining from matrimony: and that they neglect their duty to society by taking wives under such circumstances? When it is notorious that in these districts

tricts the relative supply and demand for labour often oscillates from one extreme to the other within a year or two—we are to be informed by Miss Martineau, in delicate phrase, that the labourers have the power, and they alone, by more or less of continence, to adjust the supply of labour exactly at all times to the demand! Are the interests, the existence of millions, to be thus trifled with? Is the destiny of our industrious population to remain in the hands of men who have the imbecility to listen with reverence to such ‘principles’ as these—or the quackery to pretend to do so?

In another story, ‘Cousin Marshall,’ Miss Martineau follows up her grand ‘principle’ to its legitimate inference, the grievous abomination of poor-laws; and not of poor-laws only, but of charity in every shape,—of anything, in short, which can stand for an instant of time between the poor and that utter destitution,—which this gentle philosopher expects to teach them to keep their numbers within the demand for their labour,—and which, at all events, would *kill them off* down to the desirable limit. If the subject were not too sadly serious, the monomania of these misogynists would be amusing. Thus—

‘What do you think of alms'-houses for the aged?’—‘That they are very bad things. Only consider the numbers of young people that marry under the expectation of getting their helpless parents maintained by the public!’

Lying-in hospitals are denounced as ‘causing great misery.’

‘What else can be expected under so direct a bounty on improvidence—under so high a premium on population?’—p. 37.

‘The gift of coals and blankets at Christmas creates more misery than it relieves.’—‘I reckon that every blanket given away brings two naked people, and every bushel of coals a family that wants to be warmed.’—p. 89.

Nay, the very dispensaries are accused of increasing the number of sick patients—the poor falling ill, of course, on purpose to have the pleasure of being physicked gratuitously; just as they marry with the express view of being brought to bed in an hospital, and dying in an alms-house!

It being obvious, that the reformed legislature must have their hands full of Ireland, it was considered fit and proper, that Miss Martineau, as the extra-official ally of the Augleseas and Stanleys, should visit that island. She repaired accordingly, it appears, to Dublin: sojourned in that capital for five or six weeks, seeing of course the Seven Churches, Lady Morgan, and the Vale of Avoca; and returned to Norwich, excellently qualified, not only to beat Miss Edgeworth as a delineator of Irish manners,

manners, but to detect and grapple with the difficulties of the economical condition of 'the Green Isle,' in a series of profound lucubrations, the first of which bears the modest epigraph of 'Ireland.'

In a far corner of the island—hundreds of miles, we believe, from any district that Miss Harriet condescended to inspect—a large population of cottiers is described as settled on the estate of a Mr. Tracey, an absentee. Mr. Rosso, a resident gentleman, owns an adjoining property, which he exerts himself to improve, and by establishing a school and acting as a magistrate, endeavours to render himself as useful to his impoverished neighbours as his means permit. Sullivan, one of the cottiers, while struggling to keep life and soul together, by miserably cultivating his meagre potato-patch, and the little his daughter Dora can add by her spinning, suffers a seizure of his cattle and pigs, and his entire potato-crop;—not for his own rent—that had just been paid by extraordinary effort—but for the arrears due by his immediate landlord—the tenant of some higher link in the chain of Irish subtenancy. In this condition, all that remains to him of worldly goods—from the bed to the potato-pot and Dora's wheel—all is carried off by a visit from the tithe-proctor, and Sullivan is left alone with four bare walls, and a hungry family. When things are at the worst with an Irishman, it is the moment for a wedding. So thinks Dan, Dora's lover. He has just enough in his pocket to pay the priest's fee, and then they would be all on a footing, and must help one another as well as they could. The marriage takes place early in the morning, that Dan may be in time to bid for the occupation of land, some lots of which were that day to be let by auction, or, as the phrase goes, by cant. The most miserable are of course the hardest bidders, and Dan carries off his lot in triumph, at a promised rent of *nine* pounds per acre. Luckily for him, the bounty of Mr. Rosso, who is accidentally present at the auction, affords him the means of buying the few tools necessary for his tillage, and a wheel and a stock of flax for his bride. The potatoes they glean out of the furrows left by the last occupant on taking up his crop, serve to support nature; so that, though without bed or furniture, Dan begins the world nearly as well off as his neighbours, and with what he considers a 'dacent prospect' before him. The Sullivans live with him, and they rub on, better than might have been expected, till rent-day comes round. Even for this Dan by great exertion has contrived to prepare—but he is not prepared for what ensues immediately on parting with his money,—an ejectionment from the holding he had improved by unremitting toil,

under promise of a lease, the signing of which had been delayed by neglect.

Mr. Tracey had written to his agent to say that it was evident to him his property had been much injured by its subdivision, that it was his pleasure no new leases should be granted, and that the process of consolidating the small holdings into large farms should take place without delay, the cottiers who held no leases being ejected from their occupations. These measures are carried into immediate execution by the zealous agent, and the natural consequences ensue. The ejected tenants, rendered desperate by the absence of all possible resource, set fire to their houses and turf-stacks—hough all the cattle of the tenants who are brought in to succeed them—and take to the bogs and mountains in a state of rebellion. The family of Mr. Rosso, witnesses to all this desolation, talk it over in a long-winded dialogue, of which we extract a specimen :—

“ “ Would this were all over, boys ! (said Mr. Rosso.) Every case I hear of seems a harder one than the last ; and it breaks one’s heart to leave them to take their chance. See, from this very point, what melancholy groups of them : aged parents, or helpless children, or weakly women in each ! So much for that policy of landlords, by which they first increase the numbers of their tenantry, in order, by force of competition, to let their land high ; and then, finding that they have gone too far, take a fit of consolidation, and make no provision for the crowd they called up around them, and now deprive of the means of subsistence. What think you of such policy, Henry ? ”

“ I was just thinking, Sir, that it is rather surprising to me that you lift up your voice, on all occasions, against establishing poor-laws in Ireland, while you have such scenes before your eyes. ”

It is indeed surprising that any one should think it right for the law—which *should* have as much regard for a peasant’s welfare as a duke’s—to place such a frightful power over the lives of millions, without check or restraint of any kind, in the hands of the Squire Traceys. But what is Mr. Rosso’s answer to the appeal ?

“ “ If the law could rectify these evils, Henry, I would cry out with as loud a voice as you. It is because I am convinced that a *legal charity* would only aggravate them, that I advocate other methods of rectification. The principle of *growth* is inherent in that system, whether that growth be rapid or slow ; and the *destruction of the country in which it is established becomes merely a question of time.* (!) *The only way to get the better of it, is to annihilate it in time ;* (!) and this being the case, it is mere folly to call it in for the relief of temporary evils. ”

And all this vague assumption is to be a sufficient answer to the strong cry of the hungry, the destitute, the desperate cottier—his cry for a legal protection from the sentence of death which his landlord

landlord passes on him and his children when he ejects them from their little holding!

Miss Martineau's grand panacea is *education*:—that is, we presume—make the Irish poor read and understand 'Ella of Garveloch,' &c., and all will be right. We do not probably agree with this lady as to what *education* means—but we are quite as anxious as she can be to see the intellectual condition of the Irish poor elevated. We can, however, by no means believe, that real and immediate relief to the physical sufferings of the peasant is to be anticipated from book-work—*no*, not though 'the preventive check' were made, as Miss Martineau clearly intends it should be made, the primary topic of instruction. Her *secondary* remedies, viz. emigration, and the employment of the now idle cottier in drainages, embankments, making roads, cutting canals, and other comprehensive improvements of the country, we have always advocated as the primary, the true, and the only modes of putting an end to the misery and turbulence of the poor natives, and developing the resources of their country in a way which will make the improvement in their condition permanent. But a principal point on which we differ from Miss Martineau, is her notion that all or any of these works will ever be undertaken *spontaneously* by the Irish landlords. We are confident that such an expectation is hopeless; and that it is absolutely necessary for the legislature to step in, and *compel* such an appropriation of part of their rental to these purposes, as, while it must eventually benefit *them* in an extraordinary degree, by adding to the value of their estates—is an act of bare justice towards the suffering population of those estates. The first duty of a government is to secure the happiness of the mass of the people under its sway. The laws which determine a property in land are themselves only means for the attainment of this end; and that law is unjust and indefensible which confers a property in hundreds of thousands of Irish acres on my Lord Lansdowne, or the Duke of Devonshire, without requiring from them any condition for the benefit of the thousands of native Irishmen, whom Providence has brought into existence upon their wide domains. Let the Irish landlords concede, while they yet may, to their suffering tenantry, that moderate and reasonable share of the produce of their estates, which the simplest principles of natural justice claims for them—let this be expended in a well-organized system of employment, in improving the surface of Ireland in all those various ways by which the ablest and most experienced engineers assert that it is so capable of extensive improvement—and the act of justice will be returned upon them in a speedy increase of their own fortunes. Let them, on the contrary, successfully resist

all such measures; and the alternatives they will have to expect, are either the ruin of their property, under desolating rebellion and civil war, or such justice as Mr. O'Connell's parliament promises to mete out to them—beginning with a tax of 75 per cent. upon absentee estates!

The mention of absentees reminds us that Miss Martineau takes up and defends Mr. M'Culloch's stupendous, and, we had really thought, exploded paradox; and since that egregious doctrine is still in fashion among our rulers, we must take the liberty to say a single word on it. Professor M'Culloch, and his disciples, male and female, forget wholly one very simple fact, namely—that the distress of the Irish arises from a *want of food*. The mass of the inhabitants of Ireland are starving; and her friends *congratulate* each other on the increase of her *exports* of corn, beef, and bacon! Is Ireland turbulent? The Lord Lieutenant threatens her with an embargo on her ports, which shall force the Irish, as the *ne plus ultra* of punishment, to eat the produce of their own fields and fattening-stalls. And Mr. M'Culloch in his turn declares, that the absentee landlords, by creating a foreign demand for this produce, and causing eight millions' worth of her primest eatables to leave her shores for the markets of London, Bristol, and Manchester, confer an extraordinary advantage on her fasting inhabitants, who have enjoyed the inestimable privilege of raising all these good things, for English epicures, upon a diet of potatoes and skim-milk, varied with seaweed and nettles! May we venture to hint to all these reasoners, that what the Irish want is the privilege, not merely of *raising* so many millions' worth of corn, and beef, and bacon, and butter, but of *eating* moreover as much of it as will appease the wolf in their insides. As long as there are fertile acres, and stout arms in Ireland, so long will there be plenty of food grown in it; but the great question for its inhabitants is, what shall become of the food when grown—who are to eat it? If the landlord lives abroad, his share of the produce of his estate—(and living out of sight of the distress caused by exorbitant rents, he will, generally, exact a very large one)—is sent to him in the shape of food for the foreign markets, which he (indirectly, if not directly) exchanges there with the natives of the country for all the comforts and luxuries he consumes. Were he to return to reside on his estate, or at Dublin, he would exchange this same produce with *Irish* shopkeepers, artisans, and labourers, for *their* services in supplying him with comforts and luxuries, instead of with British or French shopkeepers, &c. And thus, were all the absentees to return, the entire amount of their rental (with the exception only of the prime cost of what foreign productions

ductions they would still consume) would be spent in the employment of Irish industry. The greater part of the food now exported to pay these rents would remain at home, and be consumed by the Irish themselves; and the landlord, moreover, when resident on his estate, would find it impossible to exact such exorbitant rents as at present from the tenants among whom he lived; but must allow them to retain a somewhat larger share of the produce of their labour, and expend a portion of the remainder in employing them to improve his property. Miss Martineau, it seems, following Mr. M'Culloch, actually believes and insists, that every landlord gives employment and a maintenance to his tenants *by the act of taking his rents from them*; but confers no benefit on those among whom he *spends* his rents, *because he takes an equivalent from them!* (p. 101.) So that if the race of Irish landlords were extinct, and their tenants were forced to eat or pocket the value of all they grow, they would be ruined!—while the shopkeepers of Bath or London, among whom Irish landlords now spend so many thousands a year, would lose nothing by the withdrawal of their custom! Are these opinions accordant with observation, experience, or reason? And if not, can they be sound political economy?*

Let Miss Martineau, who is exceedingly fond of the term *subsistence-fund*, as expressing that portion of capital which sets the labouring class to work, reflect, that this consists, in fact, of *food*, and little else: and we do not despair of her coming round to the opinion, both that absenteeism is an evil, since, by causing an exportation of food, it diminishes the subsistence fund; and that a poor-law, which should compel Irish landlords to spare to their starving fellow-countrymen, in purchase of their labour, a little of that food which is now sent on their account to England, would itself provide the capital necessary for setting the poor Irish to work.

In another of these stories, entitled 'French Wines and Politics,' the author's chief aim is to show, that 'the value of everything that is exchanged depends on the labour required to produce it' (p. 37); and the particular object selected for the exemplifica-

* We admit, that the case of English absenteeism, considered *merely* with respect to what our authoress's narrow-minded school call *Political Economy*, stands on different grounds. England exports nothing but manufactures, while Ireland exports little else but food. The rental of an English landlord who resides abroad *can* only be remitted in the shape of manufactured articles, which must be first purchased of *English* workmen with the food grown on the landlord's estate. The Irish absentee, on the contrary, can only have *his* rent remitted in the shape of food—and it needs no laboured demonstration to prove, that, the more food goes out of the country, the less remains behind to support its inhabitants.

tion of this 'principle' is the same which Mr. M'Culloch employed for the same purpose in his famous assertion, that the increased value which wine derives from being kept in a cellar till it mellows, is entirely owing to the LABOUR bestowed upon it during the years it lies there untouched! Dramatizing this *dictum*, Miss Martineau—(oh! that M. Scribe could hear her!)—makes her Parisian wine-merchant talk to his wife of his 'cellar-full of labour' (p. 38); and having called in a hurricane to destroy an entire vintage in the South of France, she assures us, that the increased value of the wine-merchant's stock is owing, not to the consequent scarcity of wine (as plain folks would suppose), but to the *dearness of labour*!—which dearness of labour, however, she can only contrive to bring about at the same time, by actually extending her hurricane over the corn-fields of the North of France, as well as the vineyards of the South. But supposing that the two hurricanes had not happened together, where would be Miss Martineau's 'principle'?

Again—'For Each and for All,' is intended to illustrate the 'principle' already refuted by us, that profits and wages (that is, the entire remuneration for labour) *must* be continually *lowered* with the advance man makes in numbers and civilization, through 'the necessity of taking inferior soils into cultivation.' And how is this principle illustrated? Not by any story in which the reader could perceive it at work—there might have been a difficulty in framing any such tale—but we are presented with a titled lady, the wife of a cabinet minister, who, while spending the autumn vacation at a country-seat, enters into discussions on the laws which regulate wages and profits with 'Nanny White who keeps the little huckster's shop in the village,' and 'old Joel the sexton.' These two worthies enlighten the minds of the great Whig lord and his countess on the causes of the distress of the country, and dogmatically lecture them on 'the operation of the natural laws of distribution,' throughout several chapters of dialogue, which our readers would not thank us for extracting—but the burden of which is, that 'whenever a farmer takes into cultivation some inferior land,' *the profits and wages of his neighbours instantly fall in consequence*, on which account the said neighbours are naturally very angry with him! (p. 75.)—All this is so just, so clear, so self-evident, and so ably 'illustrated,' that we do not wonder at our actual ministers having followed the example of 'Lord F——,' and resorted for lessons on political economy to Miss Martineau, who is evidently quite as capable of governing the nation as Old Joel himself.

We hardly think it worth while to remark upon another story,

in which this lady is good enough to exemplify the phenomena of money, by supposing a Siberian market carried on very briskly for a whole day upon *five mouse-skins*, as the sole circulating medium—the said mouse-skins, from some unaccountable quality, being ten times as valuable at the end of the day as at the beginning. The mouse-skins are then carried off by the cat, or some travelling fur-traders, we forget which, and the Siberian colonists have recourse to a new kind of money, consisting of *mammoth-bones*! Fancy a pocket-full of mammoth-tusks and tibiae, with the grinders, we presume, for small change! And this trash is to bring political economy within the comprehension of babes and sucklings!

Our readers have by this time had enough of this damsel. We will only express our sorrow at observing, that in her remaining tales she still continues to harp on ‘the necessity of limiting the number of consumers’! Nor is sorrow, perhaps, the word we ought to use. We should be loth to bring a blush unnecessarily upon the cheek of any woman; but may we venture to ask this maiden sage the meaning of the following passage:—

‘A parent has a considerable influence over the subsistence-fund of his family, and an absolute control over the numbers to be supported by that fund.’

Has the young lady picked up this piece of information in her conferences with the Lord Chancellor? or has she been entering into high and lofty communion on such subjects with certain gentlemen of her sect, famous for dropping their gratuitous advice on these matters into areas, for the benefit of the London kitchen-maids? We all remember Moore’s ‘She Politician.’

‘Tis my fortune to know a lean Benthamite spinster,

A maid who her faith in old Jeremy puts,

Who talks with a lisp of “the last new Westminster,”

And hopes you’re delighted with “Mill upon Gluts,” &c.

Did Miss Martineau sit for the picture? But no;—such a character is nothing to a *female Malthusian*. A woman who thinks child-bearing a *crime against society*! An *unmarried woman* who declaims against *marriage*!! A *young woman* who deprecates charity and a provision for the *poor*!!!

Miss Martineau has, we are most willing to acknowledge, talents which might make her an useful and an agreeable writer. But the best advice we can give her is, to burn all the little books she has as yet written, with one or two exceptions;—to abstain from writing any more till she has mastered a better set of ‘principles’ than the precious stock she has borrowed from her favourite professors; and, in the mean time, to study the works of a lady who, with immeasurably greater abilities in every way, was her predecessor in the line she considers so wholly original—the illustrating

illustrating by fiction the natural laws of social welfare. Political economy is far more ingeniously as well as justly illustrated in the 'Absentee' and 'Castle Rackrent,' than in 'Ireland.' There is not indeed one tale of Miss Edgeworth's but conveys some useful lesson on questions which materially concern the economy of society. But the difference between the two writers is, that the moral of Miss Edgeworth's tales is naturally suggested to the reader by the course of events of which he peruses the narrative; that of Miss Martineau is embodied in elaborate dialogues or most unnatural incidents, with which her stories are interlarded and interrupted, to the utter destruction of the interest of all but detached bits of them.*

ART. VIII.—*The Causes of the French Revolution.* 8vo.
pp. 274. London. 1832.

THIS thin book, or rather thick pamphlet, is—his booksellers make no secret about it—the production of Lord John Russell. Some years ago his Lordship undertook what he called 'Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe since the Peace of Utrecht,' and of these he had already presented to the world two massy volumes, which, however, the world was not pleased to accept. Had he continued his story on the original scale, Lord John must have become as voluminous as Thomas Aquinas, before he could have reached the peace of Amiens. But the construction of the Reform Bill, correspondence with Political Unions, and other useful public labours, have diverted his attention from the prosecution of this gigantic task; and we must be contented, it seems, with sixpence in the pound—with a few detached sections on the most momentous revolution of modern times, which the noble author had at first designed to interweave with the narrative of his thirtieth or thirty-fifth quarto.

His Lordship is perhaps not aware,—for Whig lords, even when not cabinet ministers, have always been averse to hear wholesome truths,—that a man, who played a considerable part in that revolution, had already characterized his Lordship as a '*petit littérateur*;' but we do not believe that the French language has any diminutive by which that eminent person could express the contempt which he—and every man who knows anything of French

* It gives us much pleasure to see, that Miss Edgeworth's stories are now in the course of republication in a cheap series of monthly volumes, with corrections and notes, after the fashion of the current editions of the Waverley novels and the works of Lord Byron. But are we never to have any more new novels from her now unrivalled hand?

literature or history—must have for such an impudent catchpenny as this.

In the first place, these 'Causes of the French Revolution' extend no farther than the death of Louis XV. The two first chapters contain a very high-coloured description of the profligacy of the court during the latter years of that monarch; but they contain no attempt to prove that such profligacy led to a general system of misgovernment, or that such misgovernment existed either before or since. It is easy to produce instances of vice and folly in the upper classes of a nation, which may nevertheless not be, as regards the happiness and prosperity of the middle and lower classes, ill governed. Some theorists may dream that private vices may be public benefits; but let not the absurdity of such a position drive us into the contrary absurdity, that all the misfortunes of an empire are to be referred to the immorality of the fashionable world. But however this may be, Lord John at least takes no trouble about proving his position; and it would have been very interesting to have followed the series of demonstration by which he should have proved that Louis XV.'s profligacy had excited the virtuous indignation of men quite as profligate, and a thousand times more wicked. The third chapter (twice as long as the other two together) gives us an account of the lives and personal adventures of the principal writers of that period, and more especially Voltaire and Rousseau. In the two hundred and seventy-four pages of this pamphlet, it is almost incredible how large a space is devoted to the most insignificant details. No less than three dinners are minutely described in different passages. The first, we are told, comprised 'good brown bread, made entirely of wheat;' 'a ham that looked very tempting;' 'a bottle of wine, the sight of which rejoiced the heart,' and 'a large omelette.' The next, seventy pages afterwards, consists of 'juicy vegetables and mutton of the valley, admirably roasted.' Of the third dinner the dishes are not recorded, but we are told that it began between five and six; that it lasted nearly two hours, and was followed by 'different childrens' games,' and especially 'the royal game of goose!' It is a little hard to have the *crambe repetita*, and to have the game of goose continued by Lord John Russell. Lord John Russell is equally communicative as to all the dirty little amours of Rousseau, and revels through a dozen pages on Voltaire's *liaison* with Madame du Chatelet. Describing the same great man at a later period, he informs us, that—

'His usual habit was to stay in bed till twelve o'clock; till two, he wrote or received company; from two till four he was out in his carriage with his secretary; on his return he took coffee or chocolate, and worked till eight or nine, when, if well, he appeared at supper.

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He went to bed at eleven or twelve, and never slept more than five hours. When he wished to write down his thoughts, he rang for his secretary, whose room was below his, &c., &c. !—p. 117.

And such trifling, forsooth, is to pass for philosophy and history—for a critical inquiry into the real causes of the French Revolution !

We are also bound to say, that short as this essay is, it affords conclusive proof that Lord John Russell is as slightly and superficially acquainted with the French language as with French history. Thus, for instance, in one of his favourite descriptions of a dinner, translated from Rousseau, he concludes by saying, that it was 'such as pedestrian never made before.' Now, the original is *tel qu'autre qu'un piéton n'en connut jamais*, and we need hardly point out that these words do not bear the meaning which Lord John Russell gives them, but allude to the healthy appetite derived from a journey on foot—a mode of travelling which Rousseau frequently practised, and which he highly extols in his *Emile*. Thus again, Lord John repeats a good, but somewhat threadbare jest, in the following words :—'Madame du Defand said, on being asked whether she could believe that St. Denys had walked a whole league with his head under his arm? *Et cependant ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.*' Every critical reader of French must at once perceive, as every one acquainted with the anecdote knows, that the words *et cependant* are inconsistent with the point of the *bon mot*.

In another place, talking of Sophie Arnoud (not 'Arnaud') the opera girl, (for such are his Lordship's historical authorities,) Lord John tells us, 'It was she who, seeing the head of the Duke of Choiseul placed on the reverse of a medal of Sully, said, "I suppose it means *receipts and expenses*,"' (p. 164). What Sophie did say was, '*la recette—et la dépense*'—i. e. the *receipt* and the *expenditure*. Now that he is an official personage, Lord John might be expected to understand the dialect of quarter-day; at least it is hard upon poor Sophie that an English cabinet minister should destroy the only reputation she ever possessed—that of wit.

We might also, were it worth while, prove his Lordship to be a frequent blunderer in even his slight sketches of the lives of Rousseau and Voltaire, which, while he thought he was *translating*, he has only *transformed*. To give a single instance: speaking of the children of the sentimental Swiss being sent to the Foundling Hospital, the Noble Paymaster observes, 'It was for telling this secret that he quarrelled for ever with Diderot.' Now this is wholly incorrect. This *secret* was known so early as 1751, as we find by a letter of Rousseau's to Madame de Francueil on the 20th of April in that year, and it had even become a topic of common

common gossip amongst his neighbours at Paris.* Rousseau and Diderot continued on intimate terms for several years afterwards. Their final quarrel was connected with the affair of Madame d'Epinay, and took place in the winter of 1757.

We have no right to blame Lord John Russell for not being so accurate a French scholar as his colleague, Lord Palmerston. But we do blame him for passing, under these circumstances, such very decided and presumptuous judgments on the old French manners and the old French government. We do blame him for saying, without a shadow of proof—nay, in opposition to all proof—that this government was ‘totally beyond all capability of improvement’—it is the fashion of his party and his day to confound reform and destruction;—and above all we pity him for thinking that to collect, and mangle, a few gossiping anecdotes, is to write history—and that to mistranslate jest-books is to develop the origin of a great national convulsion.

The important public functions of the noble author have of course prevented him from studying any very recent books on the subject of his own lucubrations—but we are of opinion that, even as an English minister, he might have profited had he stolen a few hours for Dumont's *Souvenirs de Mirabeau*; or, to speak more truly, stolen a few pages from that volume, as he has done from so many others less worth the theft. He would not indeed have found there any silly twaddle about the loves and suppers of journalists and encyclopædists; but he would have been presented with the true *causes* and true *men* of the French Revolution. That work proves, that its hitherto unappreciated author's original powers of thinking were of the highest order, and made him as far superior to the ‘*petits littérateurs*,’ whom Lord John congenially loves to quote, as Mirabeau himself was to Jeremy Bentham. It displays at the same time that sensitive and shrinking disposition, often attendant on real genius, which left him nearly indifferent to personal fame or distinction, and ready to give out his own ideas under the sanction of some other more aspiring name. His characters of Mirabeau and the other real heroes of the Revolution are drawn with the hand of a master, and disfigured neither by flattery nor satire. His views of that Revolution itself deserve still deeper attention. Above all, we must express our feelings of gratification at the justice which this eminent and clear-sighted writer has done to another writer still more eminent and clear-sighted than himself—to one of the brightest names in the bright annals of this country—of the world—to Edmund Burke. He is far from being an unqualified admirer of Mr. Burke's Letters on the French Revolution; he charges them with exaggeration and party tone, and

* See Rousseau's works. (Vol. ii., p. 127, ed. 1822.)

at the time he even wrote a reply to them. Yet he owns, that 'by directing the attention of governments and of men of property to the dangers of this new political religion, Mr. Burke was probably THE SAVIOUR OF EUROPE!' But Lord John quotes the loose (in both senses) notes of Bezenval, and the Jesuit malice of Soulavie—and seems never to have heard of Dumont or of Mirabeau.

Of Mirabeau himself we had always conceived that he must have been distinguished for powers of extemporaneous speaking and readiness of reply. It was to this that we ascribed his ascendancy over those six hundred school-boy declaimers and shallow theorists, called the National Assembly. It appears, on the contrary, that he could do little without previous preparation. His speeches were composed for him at home by dependents or friends, whom he had skilfully enlisted into his service, and he himself only gave them a few finishing and masterly touches. Dumont, one of his principal assistants, compares him to the jay with borrowed plumage in the fable. Any objections raised against his premeditated bursts of oratory used to disconcert him, and he commonly contrived to obtain an adjournment before his reply. It is true, that he sometimes shot forth at the moment expressive nicknames never afterwards forgotten; or some single sentence—like that at the *Séance Royale*—which struck every ear as a thunderbolt, and passed into every mouth as a proverb. But such brilliant flashes, elicited by the collisions of party, belong rather to the talents of conversation than to those of oratory, and are epigrams, not speeches.

With every deduction, however, and even with the fact that Lord John never mentions his name, Mirabeau must have been a man of extraordinary genius. As a mere orator he may perhaps be ranked low; but in the aim and object of all oratory—leading the minds of others—he stood pre-eminent. If his plumage was borrowed, none at least knew better how to raise his flight and how to poise his wings. He was the modern Dædalus, and tempted many an Icarus to a fatal catastrophe. He had to elevate himself from the lowest depths. His private character was infamous. He was considered a low political hireling, so base, as to be always ready to betray his own party—so worthless, that he could seldom be of use to any other. The first announcement of his name in the National Assembly was received, says Dumont, with murmurs and hootings. A few months pass, and we find him the chief, the sovereign, the idol, of those very men, who had been ashamed to admit him as their colleague. We find him become a sort of third power in the state; we find him standing forth—in himself a personification of a whole house of peers—as a barrier between

between the crown and the people, and a security to both. At that period, he might be hailed the arbiter of France;—and, as Dumont truly observes, he is the only man to-whom we can do the honour of believing, that, had he lived, the torrent of the Revolution might yet have been arrested.

The legacy of M. Dumont furnishes the best answer to the silly stories and as silly theories of Lord John Russell. The noble Paymaster does not indeed attempt to prove, but he assumes as proved, that the French Revolution was only the natural consequence of corruption and oppression in the higher classes—that public indignation had gradually gathered against a century of royal despotism and aristocratical abuses, and at length broke forth in a defensive movement against them. Now all this we consider utterly opposed to contemporary evidence. It is very easy at present to cull out from the eventful annals of a century all the bad men, or bad women, or bad actions, to mould them into one mass of iniquity, and to blazon them forth as a heavy catalogue of grievances. It is very easy to say, that the French people of 1789 resented the pride of Louis XIV., or the profligacy of Louis XV. The real fact we believe to be, that the French people at that period were not even aware of half the acts of injustice which are now alleged as the motive and the excuse for their excesses. Individual wrongs are keenly felt, but not long remembered, by the multitude. Still less does one generation ever rise up to avenge the injuries of another. The people of Paris (we say Paris, for the rest of France had comparatively little to do with the French Revolution) were impelled in 1789 by new theories rather than old grievances—by a jealousy of the kingly power, much more than by oppression under it;—they warmed, like a wheel, by the revolution of itself, and the machine took fire, and was destroyed by the velocity of its own motion, and not by the original weight which it carried.

We are not defending the government of the old French monarchy. Under the two immediate predecessors of Louis XVI. it was little short of despotism. But still it must be borne in mind, that till the latter part of Louis XV.'s reign, this government was in accordance with the feelings and wishes of the nation. There was no demand for the States General, still less for any new popular privileges. Exhausted with civil strife and bloodshed, the people gladly sought repose under the quiet shade of despotism; just as, after the anarchy of the Mountain, they were glad to repose themselves under the autocracy of Buonaparte. It is a common but a great mistake in modern political writers, to consider a government with reference, not to the public feelings of its own time, but to the public feelings of ours. We know despotic power
to

to be odious in France at present; we are, therefore, apt to conclude, that the despotic reign of Louis XIV. must have deeply galled the French people. But was this the real fact? Look to the language of all the eminent writers of that Augustan era—their language, not merely in their public and avowed compositions, which might be influenced by fear or flattery, but in their most private and unguarded letters which have more lately come to light. They all speak of the arbitrary power of the King as of his undoubted privilege—they consider it a thing of course—they have no idea of sharing it—they say little of practical grievances, and nothing of the freedom of their forefathers or the abstract rights of men. The soberest and wisest, as well as the gayest and wittiest heads of the day, thought the revocation of the edict of Nantes the *chef d'œuvre* of national policy. Far from dreaming of resistance, these leaders of the public mind never even dreamt of murmurs. No one, we believe, can have looked attentively at the literature of those times without being greatly struck at the submissive feeling we have mentioned. The truth is, that the nation at that time connected their own greatness and glory with that of the King, and in exalting *Le Grand Monarque*, believed that they were exalting themselves. Even the parliaments, in their noble struggles against despotic registrations and Beds of Justice, had not always, nor strongly, the national feeling on their side. The same state of things continued through a great part of the reign of Louis XV. Lord Chesterfield, a keen observer surely, and one of the few who, at a later period, foresaw and foretold the Revolution, remarks, that a French soldier will venture his life with alacrity *pour l'honneur du roi*, but that if you were to change the object, and propose to him *le bien de la patrie*, he would probably run away. Thus when, in 1744, the illness of Louis at Metz was considered desperate, the public grief was so excessive and so evident, that the surname of *Bien aimé* was universally and not unjustly ascribed to him. Happy had it been for him, had he then died with the tears of the people on his memory, instead of being a few years afterwards followed by their hootings and curses to his grave! But with him, as once with Pompey, *mæstæ urbes et publica vota vicerunt*. He lived to bow under the yoke of the Duc d'Aiguillon and Madame du Barri—he lived to make his surname of *Bien aimé* a byword and jest—he lived to bequeath—to a chaste, virtuous, economical, and reforming successor—an inheritance of danger and shame. But though his later years had raised up in France a new spirit of irritation against the kingly power—that feeling, had it stood alone, must quickly have yielded to the private worth and public disinterestedness of Louis XVI. That monarch was ready, at the slightest call, to strip his crown of some of its most valuable

valuable prerogatives. He was more anxious to be a limited sovereign, than his subjects were to be a free people. While, therefore, we admit and condemn the despotism of the old monarchy, we cannot agree with Lord John in believing that either the burthen or the recollection of this despotism ought to be ranked among the great and efficient, and still less as the immediate, causes of the Revolution.

Nor is it true that during the whole reign of Louis XV. the people were in a state of progressive and increasing wretchedness. During the first half of it we believe that the very reverse was the case. On this point we will quote the testimony of that most acute observer, Lady Mary Wortley Montague. One of her letters from Paris in 1718, (Oct. 10,) in giving an account of her journey from Lyons, describes the 'miserable starved faces and thin tattered clothes' of the peasantry. Twenty years afterwards she travelled over the same road again. In a letter to her husband from Dijon, August 18, 1739, we read, 'France is so much improved, it would not be known to be the same country we passed through twenty years ago. The roads are all mended. . . . The French are more changed than their roads; instead of pale yellow faces, wrapped up in blankets, as we saw them, the villages are all filled with fresh-coloured lusty peasants, in good clothes and clean linen. It is incredible what an air of plenty and content is over the whole country.'

Still less can we assent to the sweeping charge of degeneracy and corruption which our author brings forward against the nobility, the clergy, and the magistracy of France at that period. The two former were very numerous bodies, and as such comprised, of course, many worthless individuals. But these were well known as objects of the public reprobation, and, in the latter years of Louis the Fifteenth, as objects of the royal favour, whilst the unobtrusive virtues and retired lives of the greater number excited no particular attention. It is wonderfully easy for Lord John Russell to rip up a handful of the *Chronique Scandaleuse*, and tell us that 'ladies of the highest rank fell in love with actors and dancers, and did not scruple to make their passion known!'—p. 32. It is easy to say of the nobility in general, 'never were beggars more importunate than this proud race; and what they asked *without shame*, the king gave *without generosity*.'—p. 34. We humbly suggest that the French nobles, male and female, are not more to be confounded, as a body, with the profligate individuals Lord John dwells on, than our own nobility and gentry now-a-days are to be judged from the standing heroes and heroines of the Sunday newspapers—from high-born *intrigantes*, or coronetted courtezans—from great lords
who

who are horsewhipped as cheats—or from individual families enriched by plunder and confiscation. Of all these enormities English society could furnish some striking, though, we hope, rare examples; and it is from such, that some future Lord John is to justify the Reform Bill and the Revolution now in progress *here*! We, let it be observed, are but now in the second month of our States General: we are approaching the Night of Sacrifices, and by just the same steps which the French trod before us.

It is well observed by the author of *Emile*, that we compute the worshippers of Baal, but take no note of the thousands who have never bowed down before the brazen image. We have seen the real qualities of the French nobility and clergy tried by the severest and truest of all tests—adversity. We have seen them during the revolution dragged to the scaffold as victims, or thrust from their homes as beggars. They had to feel, (in the words of another illustrious and heart-broken exile)—

‘Come sa di sale

Il pane altrui, e com’è duro calle

Lo scendere e ’l salir per l’ altrui scale.’ *

In all these trials, what high-minded patience, what unconquerable spirit was theirs! How heroically did they encounter an ignominious death,—how still more heroically did they bear a life of poverty and pain! Even the women, when the brutal fury of the jacobins showed no mercy to their sex, seemed to soar above its weakness. Only one lady is recorded to have shrunk or shown any terror on the scaffold, and that lady was Madame du Barri! Surely those who died so well cannot have lived so ill.

But even before this dire extremity, how many amongst the higher orders, so far from deserving the reproach of obstinate resistance, seem rather to merit the opposite blame of too rash concessions, of too devoted personal sacrifices. A Montmorency proposing the abolition of hereditary rank! A Noailles proposing the abolition of seigniorial rights! Are these, and such as these, the witnesses to the selfish and uncompromising spirit which Lord John Russell ascribes to the old nobility of France? Nor were many of the Bishops less remarkable for self-devotion. Our readers cannot have forgotten the affecting account given by M. Dumont of one of them—the kind-hearted, and only too liberal Bishop of Chartres;† and we believe the character he ascribes to that unfortunate prelate was exemplified in very many from all ranks of the French clergy at that time. We believe in the virtue and dis-

* Dante Paradiso, Canto 17.

† Quarterly Review, vol. xlvii., p. 266.

interestedness of that much calumniated body. Unquestionably a profound impression of respect was produced in our own, as well as in other Protestant countries, from witnessing the patient meekness and truly Christian virtues of the exiled priests and bishops of France. The same praise of fortitude and patience may be as justly extended to the emigrant nobility; and their emigration, though a most grievous political blunder in those who directed it, was, in most cases of its execution, a most noble act of loyalty and sacrifice of private interests. It is well known how these emigrants cheerfully employed themselves in the lowest and most laborious means of livelihood. We have heard of cases amongst the more successful of these high-born artisans in London, where they, by denying themselves all but the merest necessities of life, regularly laid by a portion of their scanty earnings, and transmitted them in token of duty and allegiance to their exiled royal family. Is it possible to believe of such men all the libellous tales of profligacy, heartlessness, and cowardice, which we find Lord John Russell so ready to heap upon their memories? We admit that in some, but only a secondary degree, adversity may have acted on their minds as a chastener and corrector. We may admit also that some of the emigrants did not bear the return of power so well as the pressure of adversity. One of them, at least, we think we could name, who appears to us in a far more venerable light when teaching the alphabet in Switzerland, or tilling a farm in America, than when restored to his rank and honours—meanly hoarding an overgrown income—cajoling a helpless old man for his inheritance—despoiling an innocent child of his birth-right—or trumpetting to a sneering world the frailty of a sister!

As to the magistracy of France—it was, perhaps, during the two centuries preceding the Revolution, the most illustrious ever known, for talent as well as for integrity and public spirit. Always supporting the rights of the people, even when the people itself was insensible to freedom, always supporting the just prerogatives of the crown, even when suffering under kingly persecution—they were patriots without the aim of popularity, and royalists without the aim of kingly favour. History can record scarcely any other instances of struggles against arbitrary power, pursued with such perseverance, at so great personal sacrifice, and upon such slender foundations of authority. Even in the most corrupt of times, the latter days of Louis XV., the parliament of Paris stood firm and unshaken amidst exiles and imprisonments, domiciliary visits, *lettres de cachet*, and every other device of established power. ‘Your Edict, Sire,’ they said at the close of one of their addresses, ‘is subversive of all law. Your parliament is sworn to maintain the law, and if the law perishes

they will perish with it; these, Sire, are the last words of your parliament.' Such was their spirit in the practice of politics. In its theory they could train such minds as Montesquieu's. In oratory we find the two most eloquent of the French writers, Rousseau and De Retz, bear most striking testimony to the eloquence of such speakers as they possessed in Talon and Loyseau de Mauléon. Nor had they degenerated from their former worth. Never did this illustrious body appear more illustrious than at its close, when its long and bright array of the L'Hôpitals and D'Aguesseaus was excelled and worthily concluded by the crowning glory of Malesherbes. It appears to us very remarkable, that as the English army has produced, perhaps, the best officers, so the French bar has produced, by general admission, the best jurists of modern Europe; the appointments in both cases being a matter of purchase and sale.

We therefore consider it most unjust to represent, as Lord John Russell *means* to do, the persons or orders we have mentioned as the causes of the French Revolution:—(We say *means* to do, because, except in the title-page, which calls his compilation 'The Causes of the French Revolution,' there is really not a syllable in the work to show that the latter was produced by the former.)—Yet something even beyond this has been asserted, and an excuse invented for the Jacobins—which had certainly never occurred to M. le Vasseur, or any other of the Jacobins themselves. A recent writer, and one too of a very different calibre from Lord John Russell, attempts, even more broadly and intelligibly than his lordship, to make the upper classes in France responsible not only for the origin of the Revolution, but also for all the crimes and atrocities to which it afterwards proceeded. He tells us that, 'the truth is, a stronger argument against the old monarchy of France may be drawn from the *noyades* and the *fusillades* than from the Bastille and the *Parc aux Cerfs*.' He proclaims it to 'be a rule without an exception, that the violence of a revolution corresponds to the degree of misgovernment which has produced that revolution. . . . The reaction is exactly proportioned to the pressure—the vengeance to the provocation.'*

Such

* See a recent Number of the Edinburgh Review, Article on Dumont.—We take the liberty of alluding to this essay, because general report ascribes it to another member of the present government, Mr. Macaulay, and the internal evidence of the style leaves no doubt that the report is correct. From his political opinions we differ still more widely than from Lord John Russell's; but we trust that no difference of political opinions will ever affect our estimate of any man's talents. His speeches in parliament, like his political and historical essays, have been distinguished by rich allusions and remarkable energy of language. His essay on M. Dumont's *Souvenirs* is, as all the rest, full of plausible theories and of ingenious illustrations. Of his style, indeed,

Such is the strange doctrine—under which it is attempted to make the nobles and clergy of France bear the odium of the very excesses which cost them their titles, their fortunes, their lives. It is, in fact, an ill-considered attempt to apply mechanical laws to politics. *Propter quia post* is the logic of superficial readers and rhetorical arguers. But this ‘rule without an exception’ will be found, on the contrary, to have scarcely an instance in its favour. The annals of every country belie it. Some of the most oppressive dynasties have had the most tranquil subjects,—some of the best have been requited with rebellions. But even comparing together different revolutions, it will be seen that the degree of popular outrage is anything but a test and measure of the degree of royal misrule. Look to the whole tenor of the eastern revolutions, and compare them with the French. It will surely not for one moment be contended that even the worst days of the old French monarchy ever approached the cruelty or oppression of Turkey or Morocco. On the principle of equal reaction, any revolution at Constantinople, or at Fez, ought to be a thousand times more fierce and dreadful—more destructive of life and property—than any revolution at Paris. How do the facts accord with this theory? The French Revolution of 1789 made hundred thousands of families orphans and outcasts—it is crowded with murders whose ferocity might disgrace a commonwealth of wolves. In general history,—nay, even in the Turkish annals, we find revolution after revolution effected with comparatively nothing of bloodshed and horror. A strangled sultan or vizier—a few plundered shops—a few bow-strings and *capidgees* sent off to the provincial pashas—make up the usual sum of atrocities. The oppressive men or measures that caused the insurrection are removed, and the many-headed monster having thus, by a violent throe, flung off the burthen that galled it, immediately resumes its usual yoke of submission. Every part of the government returns to its regular and peaceful routine—the same *haratch* is paid into the same treasury—the same *spahees* guard the same posts—the same veneration greets the new sultan—the same ready obedience attends the new divan.—And nearer home, and more to the point,

indeed, both in speaking and writing, we cannot altogether approve. It does not give us so much the idea of an orator as of a Professor of Rhetoric. Antithesis is not an ornament, but a material;—every idea is systematically broken into sentences, and every period worked up for effect, in the manner of a peroration. Thus, separately considered, each is splendid, but when we come to view the whole together, we are dazzled with the universal glare—we are stunned with the universal declamation. We are inclined to think that Mr. Macaulay would clearly perceive the faults of his style, were he to use it in any longer historical work, such as that which he has announced on the restoration of the Bourbons.

Mazarin succeeds Richelieu, and Buckingham Somerset; and De Luynes induces the bloody robe of the Maréchal d'Ancre.

Some readers may be surprised that we have alluded to Turkish examples, but we know of no reason whatever why, in examining this pretended rule, we should confine ourselves to Christian or to civilized countries, or to cases of fundamental changes in the laws and institutions. But if even we thus limit our sphere of observation, the result will be the same. Compare, for example, our two revolutions of 1642 and 1688. The government of James the Second was certainly by much more severe and sanguinary and opposed to precedent than that of Charles the First. Yet the re-action against Charles the First was very far more violent and fatal than that against his son. Again, compare the Spanish revolution of 1821 with the French of 1789. No man who has either seen or studied the two nations will deny that the evils of the old Spanish system—the abuses both in church and state, for some of which, such as the *mesta*, there is no parallel and even no name in other countries—were infinitely greater and more grievous than any that can be charged on the old monarchy of France. Were the excesses of the Spanish revolution greater too? We are no apologists for the Spanish patriots of that day. Their ignorance, their presumption, their blind obstinacy, their precipitation in planning, their slowness and negligence in execution, can neither be denied nor be excused. They have done their best to render a good cause not only an object of blame, but of contempt. The pure emblem of liberty has been defaced by their dirty and bungling hands. Even those who, like Agustin Arguelles, were most upright and irreproachable in character, and had hitherto seemed sober and steady in judgment, were no sooner raised above the multitude—than they became dizzy, lost their balance, and were whirled along with the rest. All this we admit against the Spanish patriots. But still, did they ever embroil their hands in deep torrents of innocent blood? Did they ever contrive to combine the crimes of atheism with the mummeries of superstition? Was a courtesan ever hailed as the Goddess of Reason, and worshipped on the high altar of Toledo? Did the Tagus, like the Loire, ever see struggling wretches tied together in pairs and plunged into its stream, while the ruffians on its banks shouted in exultation at the dying convulsions of their victims, and called their agonies ‘marriages’?

Then again, as the Spaniards of 1821 were more misgoverned than the French of 1789, so were the Neapolitans of the former period more misgoverned than the Spaniards. The character of the Neapolitans too—from whatever cause—was, beyond that of
any

any other Christian nation, ignorant, ferocious, and depraved. Yet the Neapolitan revolution was even milder than the Spanish—property was less endangered, and life less often sacrificed. So ill do the facts accord with this plausible theory! So much easier is it to assert than to examine!

It would be endless to accumulate further instances. Of all the French kings, Henry III. was perhaps the worst, Henry IV. certainly the best. Under the last of the Valois, the people were rent with factions and ground down with oppression; under the first of the Bourbons they were contented and happy. Now, according to the 'rule without an exception,' the mob of Paris would have been distinguished after the death of Henry III. by peculiar ferocity, and after the death of Henry IV. by peculiar moderation. It so happens, however, that the very reverse was the case. One of the facts most honourable to the Parisian populace occurred soon after the death of Henry III. :—their forbearance and patience during and after the horrible sufferings of the siege of 1590 can never be too much praised :—one of the foulest blots on their historical character occurred soon after the death of Henry IV. The Italian adventurer Concini, whom we have already alluded to under the title of the Maréchal d'Ancre, was brought, by the favour of the great king's weak and obstinate widow, first to high rank and dignity, and then to a violent and disgraceful death. His character seems to have been vain rather than vicious, and comparatively few evil actions can be charged either upon his conduct or his counsels. Yet the mob of Paris, which had crouched before the powerful favourite, sprung with most tiger-like fury on his helpless remains. The scene that ensued was not unworthy the philosophers and philanthropists of later days. Voltaire, in his *Voyages de Scarmentado*, makes that imaginary traveller arrive at Paris at this period, and be politely accosted by several persons, desirous of showing attention to a stranger, and asking him whether he chose to have a morsel of Marshal d'Ancre for breakfast; and this is scarcely an exaggeration. The authentic details recorded by Le Vassor fully bear it out. Shall we relate how the corpse, having first been disinterred, was mutilated, dragged through the streets, torn limb from limb, deliberately roasted and greedily devoured? Let us rather shrink from this horrible scene, and only recollect, that the people who committed this atrocity submitted immediately and readily to the dominion of worse men and more incapable favourites.

We have devoted more time than perhaps it deserves to the refutation of the ministerial theory, from a deep conviction of its

its mischievous and demoralizing tendency. It represents revolutions, not as the sudden, terrible, and uncontrollable convulsions which they have been hitherto considered,—dealing out their blows on the wisest and the best, and, even when striking the guilty, always striking them in vengeance and not in punishment,—but rather as systematic and salutary movements, uniformly accomplishing the ends of justice with great fairness, though, perhaps, in a somewhat irregular manner, and meting out against oppressive rulers exactly that degree of retribution which their previous oppression deserved. It may teach the people no longer to dread their own excesses. It may teach them that revolutions may always be undertaken with alacrity, because, with the principle of equal reaction within them, they will always be bounded by justice. All history proclaims the very reverse to be the case.

The real causes of the French revolution seem to us very obvious. And first the feeble character of Louis XVI. In the opinion of M. Dumont this single cause would be sufficient to account for the whole of the revolution:—

‘Suppose,’ he says, ‘a King of a firm and decisive character in the place of Louis the Sixteenth, and the revolution would not have taken place. His whole reign did nothing but produce it. Nay, more, there was no period, during the whole first assembly, when the king, if he could have changed his character, might not have re-established his authority, and formed a mixed constitution, more firm and solid than the old *Monarchie Parlementaire et Nobiliaire* of France. His indecision, his weakness, his half-measures, have ruined all. The inferior causes which contributed to this result are only the development of this great first cause. Where the monarch is feeble-minded, the courtiers are intriguing, the factions are loud, the populace is daring, good men become timid, the most zealous public servants become discouraged, the men of talent meet only with repulses, and the best counsels lead to no effect.’

Another very efficient cause was the example of the United States.* The old French government, in assisting the North American insurgents, imagined that they should strike a heavy blow against England. They did so,—but it recoiled still more heavily against themselves. A vague idea of republican equality spread amongst the French officers on that service. They were most of

* What, by the way, does Lord John Russell mean when he says,—‘The eighteenth century had no predominant interest to contend for: whether Maria Theresa should have a province the less, or George II. a colony the more, was not a question to excite enthusiasm or absorb attention’?—p. 139. The Hanoverian succession—the American War of Independence—and the Revolution of France, on which the previous example of America had some influence, were at least the produce of the eighteenth century—and this from the *philosophical historian* of the French Revolution!

them

them young men, giddy, ignorant, and enthusiastic. They did not consider the different situation of America as a new and growing country, with none of those hereditary rights or hereditary attachments which give stability to institutions,—but, on the other hand, possessing, in its back settlements, a constant and easy outlet for that superabundance of population and of activity which, in old countries, seeks a vent upwards by pressing against the government and richer classes. Such points of total difference were overlooked by hare-brained creatures like La Fayette; and, on returning to France, these new converts to the democratical doctrine became its apostles. At first, indeed, they did not carry their views beyond abstract speculation. But by the long and persevering exertions of the Philosophers (as they falsely called themselves) the ground had been already prepared for the evil seed, and the progress of events soon turned these theorists into conspirators.

These previous exertions of the philosophers, carried on with the most persevering activity, and the most unscrupulous choice of means, and recorded in such a drivelling stream of petty details by Lord John Russell—we look upon as the third great cause of the French revolution. Literature had been favoured and pensioned by Louis XIV. It had been comparatively neglected by his grandson. In the former reign, therefore, literary men were generally courtiers—in the latter they affected to be *frondeurs*. Unprincipled men of talent, if they cannot rise to distinction through the institutions of a country, will always attempt to subvert those institutions. Diderot, D'Alembert, and all the rest of that crew, declared the court oppressive to the country, because they found it unfriendly to themselves. Irreligion, too, had become the fashion amongst them; and they had discovered that important secret—so well known to our own revolutionary party at this time,—that one of the best quarters from whence to assail and overthrow a state is through its church establishment. A sort of crusade was therefore preached against Christianity. Persecution and intolerance, which had gradually declined and died away amongst the priesthood, were revived amongst the philosophers. They were banded together by the association of the Encyclopedia, and still more by that strongest of all ties—a common hatred. Every man who ventured to dissent from them they hooted down as a fool, and marked out for a future victim. Thus they obtained a sort of monopoly of talent, and exerted it with the usual narrow spirit of monopolists. Thus it happened that every new work came to be considered dull and tasteless, unless seasoned with a touch either of democracy or unbelief,—if possible of both. It became unfashionable to print a book *avec privilège du Roi*. Nor was it merely a choice between

tween a court and an opposition. Louis XV. indeed, was hostile, but another monarch took up the cause of anti-monarchical principles, and Berlin became to the literary men of France, in this age, what Versailles had been to them in the last. Frederick II.—that extraordinary man, who can scarcely be ranked too high as a general, or too low as an author,—that compound, as Voltaire used to say, of Julius Cæsar and of the Abbé Cottin—whose life teems with proofs of genius, and whose twenty volumes of works have not one single spark of it to enliven their dulness,—found means to combine the gratification of his vanity with the maintenance of his power, by inditing all his sarcasms against Christianity and social order, not in his own language, but in that of a foreign state. And thus, when after his death the principles he had assisted to rear and foster were convulsing that foreign state to its foundation, his own remained quiet and unshaken. To his example and encouragement, hardly alluded to by Lord John, we may certainly ascribe no small share of the success of the philosophers, and to their success no small share of the bloodshed and havoc of the ensuing revolution. It may be said that they never advised such horrors, and agitated the people with only such fair words as toleration, liberty, and universal peace. But the truth is, that human passions, when once roused, pursue their fearful course with little reference to the cause which roused them. Declamations against religious persecution prepared the way for the *fusillades* of the non-conforming priests; and declamations against royal ambition for the attempted conquest of Europe, as much as formerly the Christian sermons of the Catholics had prepared the way for un-Christian massacres of the Huguenots. In the sixteenth century it was not thought absurd by the people to shoot and drown with the crucifix in their hands. In the eighteenth century, it seemed to them quite reasonable to shoot and drown with liberty and toleration on their lips. So little does a heated multitude understand its own cry!

These causes—which our limits allow us but briefly to glance over—appear to us the mainsprings of the French revolution. There were, no doubt, other less yet concurring causes. There was, more especially, the disorder in the finances, to which almost every popular convulsion may, in some degree, be traced. *Dans tout pays*, says Rousseau, *le peuple ne s'aperçoit qu'on attente à sa liberté que lorsqu'on attente à sa bourse*. But this can only be looked upon as the spark which fired the train. The more closely we examine the historical records of those times, the more evident it becomes to us that the French Revolution was mainly owing, not to the distress suffered by the people, but to the false doctrines spread

spread amongst them. And this opinion is greatly confirmed by observing the last revolution in 1830. At the time of the first, our infidels and democrats at home, when taunted with the terrible results to which their doctrine was leading in France, were accustomed to charge these on the frivolous and thoughtless or cruel and bloodthirsty character which they imputed to the French people. It is not our doctrine, said they, but their own disposition which makes them what you see them—*Septembriseurs* and *Terroristes*. But if the French people in a second great convulsion—when royalty, though from other causes, again lay prostrate at their feet, and when the paving-stone had become for the time as a sceptre in their hands—displayed no such disposition,—to what can we ascribe their former ferocity, unless to the doctrines which at the former period, but not at the latter, cried down all religion as a mummery and all royalty as an usurpation?

We are persuaded, with M. Dumont, that Louis the Sixteenth might, if a firmer man, have stayed the revolution in its course. We believe, in fact, that there never was a revolution which might not have been arrested by a proper policy on the part of the government,—by a sufficiently steady resistance or sufficiently liberal concession. The misfortune is, that weak monarchs or weak ministers are bold when they should be cautious, or shrink when they ought to strike. We think, also, we can observe that in two countries like France and England, so intent upon each other's political movements, and so much affected by them,—the false system which leads to a revolution is always the opposite to that which produced the last in either country. If the last has been produced by too easy concession, the next is produced by too obstinate resistance; if the last had its Turgot, the next has its Polignac. Thus, the proximate cause of our great civil war was undoubtedly the attempt of Charles I. to seize the five members. His own friends were the first to condemn that most rash and illegal measure. Hyde, Falkland, and other leading royalists in the House of Commons were so angry and ashamed, that for some time they suspended their resistance to the revolutionary party. The King himself was not long in discerning his fault, and, in the words of Clarendon, showed 'that trouble and agony which usually attends generous and magnanimous minds upon their having committed errors.' There were many previous provocations on both sides. But this ill-fated attempt of Charles was the signal and occasion for that strife which did not end until his head rolled upon the block, and his sceptre passed into the hands of an usurper. The son of that usurper, a few years afterwards, inherited the station but not the genius of his father. In this position Richard Cromwell looked to the fate of the unhappy Charles

Charles as a warning, and resolving not to cling to his prerogatives too firmly, he held them, on the contrary, with so loose a grasp, and showed such readiness to yield, as first to excite contempt, then to invite attack, and, at last, to show how short is the interval between public contempt and dethronement.

Again, James II. was mindful of the feebleness and degradation of Richard Cromwell. He thought that power was to be maintained only by its despotic exercise. His whole reign was a warfare against the constitutional liberties and the established religion of his subjects. No prince ever showed less respect for law; no prince ever afforded more justification for resistance. And thus was produced that revolution, which we must always consider, not only one of the most happy, but one of the most glorious events recorded in our annals. On this point we are sorry to find ourselves again so completely at issue with Mr. Macaulay. 'It was,' he says, 'a happy revolution and a useful revolution, but it was not, what it has often been called, a glorious revolution. The transaction was in almost every part discreditable to England.' Can it really be, that public opinion has so far degenerated as to sanction this un-English doctrine? Can it be, that the electors of Leeds approve of such sentiments, and have come to think so ill of the great work of deliverance which their own forefathers wrought?

A century after the expulsion of James, Louis XVI. was anxious to draw wisdom from the fate of the Stuarts. He was continually reading over the lives of Charles I. and James II., and even, it is said, added comments with his own hand on the margin. Determined to avoid their erring policy, he, as we have already seen, temporized and yielded on every possible occasion. What was the result? His death was produced by his concessions, as much as the death of Charles or the dethronement of James had been produced by the opposite cause.

Charles X., on coming to the throne, was perpetually reminded of the weakness of his brother. He was told, and truly told, that this weakness had brought the kingdom to anarchy, and the King himself to the scaffold; he therefore resolved to avoid this error. But he avoided it, as all weak men avoid an error—by running into the opposite extreme. His desperate rashness in issuing the *Ordonnances* of July was precisely the converse to the indecision and timidity of Louis XVI. His order to stop the insurrection of Paris by force of arms, stands in most direct contrast with the unwillingness of Louis to defend his own apartments when attacked in the Tuileries, or pursue his progress when arrested at Varennes. Their policy was opposite, but their failure was the same; and from the example of Charles X., and the 'Three Glorious Days,' and according to the theory we have just

just laid down, we think it probable, that the next revolution, either in France or England, will be produced by the excessive spirit of concession.

It is evident to us, from the work of M. Dumont as well as from several others, that one great reason why the members of the National Assembly were both rapacious and unthrifty with respect to public property was—because they had so little of their own. Woe to the nation which confides its destinies to a pack of hungry lawyers and adventurers—to men who are not only tempted but compelled to make politics a trade, because they have no private fortune to supply the place of one! Such men composed the majority of the deputies from the *Tiers Etat*. They fancied that they had nothing to lose by revolution—a mistake to which the guillotine afterwards gave a bloody refutation—and thus they became patriots from poverty. Madame Roland in her Memoirs says of Lazowski—and her observation might apply to many more :—‘*Il se fit sans-culotte, puisqu’aussi bien il était menacé d’en manquer.*’ In any highly civilized and artificial state of society, no attempt to dis sever property from power can be long successful. Either the property will recover the power, or the power will usurp the property.

The advantage of selecting persons of property and of character is, or was, well understood by the people of England. No people indeed has ever, when in its natural state, shown higher political sagacity or a more just discrimination of public men. But in moments of great excitement the counsels of wisdom and experience are found to lag behind the impatient wishes of the multitude. Such, we fear, may have lately become the case in England. Public judgments on public characters have been completely reversed. Whenever a man is found unfit for any other profession or employment, he is thought admirably qualified for that of a statesman. The same course of conduct which would make us distrust him in private life, is urged as a claim upon our confidence in public. Thus also with respect to talents. We have frequently heard it said that in moments of excitement the difference of ranks is levelled, and each mind assumes the station for which nature designed it. This may often be true. But it also appears to us that at such times the grossest delusions are afloat with respect to talents, and that the heaviest loads are occasionally imposed on the frailest shoulders. A very insignificant figure appears magnified through the mists of party. If only five years ago any one had ventured to foretell that the writer of *Don Carlos* would be allowed to new-model the English constitution, he would have been thought to carry his irony much too far.

It is also very striking in every Narrative of the French Revolution to observe into what extremities men, very moderate at first,

first, were finally hurried. Good intentions were found to be but very slight security for good conduct. Not a few, who began with most honest views, will only be remembered by posterity because they ended with most mischievous measures. Thus, for instance, Brissot is described by M. Dumont as a man imbued not only with upright political intentions, but a deep sense of religion. Yet M. Dumont, on returning to Paris after an absence of some months, found, to his great surprise, this very Brissot plunged, as he says, with his whole heart into the Machiavelism of party-spirit, and while knowing and admitting the innocence of a minister, (M. de Lessert,) straining every nerve to have him tried as a traitor!

'I had known him,' continues Dumont, 'candid and generous,—I now saw him crafty and persecuting. If his conscience—for Brissot was a moral and religious man—made him any reproaches, he silenced it by the pretended necessity of serving the state by such means. Brissot was true to his party, but not to honour. He was impelled by a sort of enthusiasm, to which he was ready to sacrifice everything; and because he was conscious of no love of money, nor ambitious of office, he thought himself a pure and virtuous citizen. See, he used to say, my more than frugal establishment, see my Spartan diet,—watch me in my domestic habits,—try if you can reproach me with any unworthy pursuits or frivolous amusements. Why, for more than two years, I have never entered a theatre! On such grounds rested his confidence in himself. He did not perceive that zeal for one's party, love of power, hatred, and vanity, are tempters quite as dangerous as love of gold, ambition of official dignity, or a taste for pleasure.'

Another thing very remarkable in the French Revolution, and no doubt to be ranked amongst the subordinate causes of its progress, is the extreme absurdity and childishness of its legislative debates. The French are a nation of refined and polished taste. They have a keen eye for the ridiculous; they most carefully avoid and most unmercifully lash it in the intercourse of private life. How comes it, then, that in public discussions they should invariably display all the petulance of schoolboys, all the pedantry of schoolmasters? 'The debates of the National Assembly,' says Mr. Macaulay, with great truth, 'were endless successions of trashy pamphlets—all beginning with man in the hunting state, and other such foolery.' Even at present a debate in the Chamber of Deputies is on most occasions a study worthy of Hogarth. But its follies are wisdom as compared to those of the National Assembly or Convention. In that valuable and interesting work, the '*Mémoires de Roederer*,' we remember being amused with one instance, which is not, however, mentioned as anything singular. M. Isuard, a deputy of some influence, and who, as such, was employed to harangue and quiet the mob on the memorable

20th of June, 1792, was, on the following 3d of August, accused in the Chamber of having sold himself to the English cabinet. Now, let any one consider for a moment what would be the defence of an Englishman in a similar case. He would bring testimony—he would allege his own previous character—he would retort on his assailants—in short, he would regularly plead his cause. What is the defence of the Frenchman? He unbuttons his waistcoat! He lays bare his breast! '*Malheureux, ouvre mon cœur et tu verras s'il est Français!*' And this defence is admitted!

Such scenes might appear only ridiculous. But it is a source of danger in every country, that men seldom believe that what is ridiculous may also be formidable. People laughed at the follies of the National Assembly. They laughed at the clenched fists, furious interruptions, frothy declamations, and turbulent galleries of that noisy mob. They laughed at its shallow ideas of politics, which knew of no better security against despotic power than a feeble government. But those days of laughter were only the first acts of the piece, and France had not yet reached the consummation of the revolutionary drama, which, unlike other theatrical representations, begins in farce and ends in tragedy.

We have perhaps filled already more of our pages than any work bearing a name intrinsically so humble as that of Lord John Russell may seem to warrant; yet we must not conclude without calling attention to the tone which his Lordship has thought fit to adopt when treating of religious subjects. We should doubt, for instance, whether *all* the pious dissenters who have of late taken so warm an interest in his Lordship's political successes, will quite approve of the patronizing air with which he sums up a long and serious, we need not add a dull, parallel between Voltaire and our Saviour, or, as the Noble Paymaster prefers to say, 'the Founder of the Christian Religion:—'

'Christ, *whatever might be his doctrines*, had given the example of a pure life; and had laid down that life for mankind. But what was the example afforded by the leader of a new sect, and the subverter of an ancient faith? Since he chose to lead,'—['*ecrasez l'infame!*']—'he was bound to give an example which might be fit to follow: Epicurus himself was a man of a pure and a virtuous life. But not only was the moral conduct of Voltaire censurable, and his conversation licentious,—his writings were replete with gross indecency, and insulting outrage to all that is modest and uncorrupted. . . . That he had a general desire for the improvement of mankind cannot, indeed, be doubted: but what was he ready to sacrifice, or even risk, for their welfare? By the course he took he gained more power, riches, and fame than he could possibly have acquired in any other way. *As for any serious danger to his life or liberty*, there was none;—[observe this from the author who traces the French Revolution principally to royal tyranny and oppression!]'—

oppression !]—‘but when the smallest danger appeared, even of his having to encounter the pointless weapons of the church, what was his conduct? He fled from the danger, made the most hypocritical submissions, feigned what he did not believe, and professed himself a member of that religion which he daily insulted. The *persecution of opinions*’—[Lord John has just admitted that in his case there was no real danger either to life or liberty!]—‘might justify his prudence; but, we may ask, is such a man to be followed and admired, like HIM who is ready to “LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIEND?”’—p. 136.

The manner in which this last quotation from St. John’s Gospel, chap. xv., ver. 12, is introduced, appears to us quite worthy of the sense and taste of Lord John Russell.

This ridiculous Essay contains, however, a few passages which may be quoted to his Lordship’s credit. We thank this wholesale vituperator of the French nobility and clergy for the following honest and correct statement respecting the *Philosophers*, whom he in fifty places extols as the prime movers of their overthrow:—

‘These reformers adopted all the vices of the court and clergy which they sought to supplant, omitting only the refinement by which they were partially disguised, and the fear of God by which they were sometimes restrained.’—p. 221.

We are also particularly obliged, whatever some of his colleagues may be, to the author of the English Reform Bill, for the following just and sensible observations:—

‘The raw material, man, must be manufactured into something artificial before he is fit for the purposes of government; he must be “through certain strainers well refined” before he can assume the direction of his species. It is for this reason that all the most applauded governments—Sparta—Rome—*England*!!—Holland—have been formed upon the principle of mutual control. It is by dividing power among *different orders and classes*; by *multiplying forms and privileges*; by giving the people an attachment to settled rules of proceeding; by FILTERING THE TURBID CURRENT OF POPULAR OPINION through VARIOUS MODES OF DELIBERATION AND OF COUNSEL; and, finally, by opposing a check to every act of passion, whether in chief, nobles, or people, that the whole society is protected against the abuse of those faculties of government, the right use of which produces some of the greatest of human blessings..

‘It has, therefore, been the object of wise legislators!! to bind down the monstrous giant of power, like Gulliver in the fable, with a thousand minute cords and unseen hinderances. For this reason it is, that a people exercised in liberty have numerous securities in their ancient maxims and habits, which it would be impossible for any LAWGIVER OF THE HOUR to insert in a new written constitution.’(!!!)—p. 197.

Ipse dixit!—And all this is from Lord John Russell—writing a grave Essay on the Causes of a Revolution!

ART. IX.—*Essays and Orations, read and delivered at the Royal College of Physicians; to which is added an Account of the Opening of the Tomb of King Charles I.* By Sir Henry Hallford, Bart. M.D., G.C.B. London. 12mo. 1832.

THE President of the College of Physicians has produced in these Essays a delightful compound of professional knowledge and literary taste. Handled with skill and feeling such as his, subjects of medical research have not only nothing dry or repulsive about them, but are of deep and universal interest and attraction. His points of view and illustrations are, in general, those of a man of the world, as familiar with men and manners as with books; his language is that of a graceful scholar—and the reflections interspersed are not more remarkable for sagacity, than agreeable for the benevolent and humane spirit which they reflect.

Sir Henry's remarks on the phenomena of the death-bed will be read with particular interest:—Whatever be the causes of dissolution, whether sudden violence, or lingering malady, the immediate modes by which death is brought about appear to be but two. In the one, the nervous system is primarily attacked, and there is a sinking, sometimes an instantaneous extinction, of the powers of life; in the other, dissolution is effected by the circulation of black venous blood in the arteries of the body, instead of the red arterial blood. The former is termed death by syncope, or fainting,—the latter, death by asphyxia. In the last-mentioned manner of death, when it is the result of disease, the struggle is long protracted, and accompanied by all the visible marks of agony which the imagination associates with the closing scene of life,—the pinched and pallid features, the cold clammy skin, the upturned eye, and the heaving, laborious, rattling respiration. Death does not strike all the organs of the body at the same time; some may be said to survive others; and the lungs are among the last to give up the performance of their function and die. As death approaches, they become gradually more and more oppressed; the air-cells are loaded with an increased quantity of the fluid, which naturally lubricates their surfaces; the atmosphere can now no longer come into contact with the minute blood-vessels spread over the air-cells, without first permeating this viscid fluid,—hence the rattle; nor is the contact sufficiently perfect to change the black venous into the red arterial blood; an unprepared fluid consequently issues from the lungs into the heart, and is thence transmitted to every other organ of the body. The brain receives it, and its energies appear to be lulled thereby into sleep—generally tranquil sleep—filled with dreams which impel the dying lip to murmur out the names of friends and the occupations and recollections of past life: the peasant

peasant 'babbles o' green fields,' and Napoleon expires amid visions of battle, uttering with his last breath '*tête d'armée*.'

The contrast between the state of the body and that of the mind is often very striking; the struggles of the former are no measure of the emotion of the latter. Indeed, the laborious and convulsive heavings of the chest are wholly automatic, independent of the will,—a part of the mechanism of the body, contrived for its safety, which continues to act when the mind is unconscious of the sufferings of the frame, or is occupied by soothing illusions. No one has described this better than Abernethy.

'Delirium often takes place in consequence of an accident of no very momentous kind,—it may occur without fever, or it may be accompanied with that irritative sympathetic which is often the "last stage of all, that closes the sad eventful history" of a compound fracture. Delirium seems to be a very curious affection; in this state a man is quite unconscious of his disease; he will give rational answers to any questions you put to him, when you rouse him, but he relapses into a state of wandering, and his actions correspond with his dreaming. I remember a man with compound fracture in this hospital, whose leg was in a horrible state of sloughing. I have roused him, and said, "Thomas, what is the matter with you? how do you do?" He would reply, "Pretty hearty, thank ye; nothing is the matter with me; how do you do?" He would then go on dreaming of one thing or another; I have listened at his bedside, and I am sure his dreams were often of a pleasant kind. He met old acquaintances in his dreams,—people whom he remembered *lang syne*, his former companions, his kindred and relations, and he expressed his delight at seeing them. He would exclaim every now and then,—"That's a good one; well, I never heard a better joke," and so on. It is a curious circumstance that all consciousness of suffering is thus cut off, as it were, from the body; and it cannot but be regarded as a very benevolent effect of nature's operations that extremity of suffering should thus bring with it its antidote.'

Occasionally the last dreams of existence are of a more painful nature;—guilt is delirious with dread,—remorse peoples the fancy with terrific visions—but even these are chequered with scenes of a tranquil, not to say trivial character. The death-bed of Cardinal Beaufort, terribly true, is rare; the mixed feelings and shadowings of past life, exhibited in that of Falstaff, are much more frequent.

The second mode of dissolution is marked by the absence of all corporeal struggle. The mind is left free and unclouded, to the very verge of the grave, save by the influence which the particular malady itself exercises on the current of ideas and feelings. The sufferings of the patient are incidental to the progress of the disease; but the 'end of all' is placid, painless, and generally

nerally sudden. Death, in these cases, attacks the sentient principle, through the nervous system, as it were, directly. It surprises the sufferer sometimes when sighing for the consummation of life, but believing the term yet distant; sometimes in the midst of plans and schemes which are destined never to be realized. In consumption, and, in general, in diseases which are slow in their progress, this sudden termination of life is as common as that more protracted form, already noticed. It is best exemplified by death produced by lightning, in which the visible alterations in the frame afford a striking contrast to the ordinary ravages of what is termed disease. The machinery of the body appears nearly perfect, and unscathed, and yet in none of the multitudinous forms of death is the living principle so summarily annihilated. Certain poisons appear to act in a similar manner; and, occasionally, the more important operations of surgery are followed by the like result; for which the genius of John Hunter could find no better explanation than the figurative hypothesis, that the *vis medicatrix*, conscious that the injury is irreparable, gives up the contest in despair.

Severe injuries inflicted on the great centres of the nervous system, the brain, spine, and stomach, are followed by instantaneous death: of which, pithing or wounding the uppermost part of the spinal-marrow of the bull, in the arena, and the *coup de grace*, or blow on the stomach of the criminal, whose limbs have been previously broken on the wheel, are well-known examples. Emotions of the mind, especially such as, by their depressing character, exhaust the energies of life, often terminate in this mode of death. The slightest causes, a mere fainting fit, trivial in every other state of the frame, in this may be fatal. It is the euthanasia of a healthy old age, and the termination assigned by nature to a life in which the passions have been controlled and the energies regulated by the authority of reason and a sense of duty.

Whether we look at the one mode of dissolution or the other, the sting of death is certainly not contained in the physical act of dying. Sir Henry Hallford, after forty years' experience, says—

‘Of the great number to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have administered in the last hours of their lives, I have sometimes felt surprised that so few have appeared reluctant to go to “the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns.” Many, we may easily suppose, have manifested this willingness to die, from an impatience of suffering, or from that passive indifference which is sometimes the result of debility and extreme bodily exhaustion. But I have seen those who have arrived at a fearless contemplation of the future, from faith in the doctrine which our religion

teaches. Such men were not only calm and supported, but even cheerful in the hour of death; and I never quitted such a sick chamber without a wish that "my last end might be like theirs."

'Some, indeed, have clung to life anxiously—painfully; but they were not influenced so much by a love of life for its own sake, as by the distressing prospect of leaving children, dependent upon them, to the mercy of the world, deprived of their parental care, in the pathetic language of Andromache—

Νῦν ὅαν πολλά πάθῃσι, φίλου ἀπὸ Πατρὸς ἀμαρτῶν.

These, indeed, have sometimes wrung my heart.

'And here you will forgive me, perhaps, if I presume to state what appears to me to be the conduct proper to be observed by a physician in withholding, or making his patient acquainted with, his opinion of the probable issue of a malady manifesting mortal symptoms. I own I think it my first duty to protract his life by all practicable means, and to interpose myself between him and everything which may possibly aggravate his danger. And unless I shall have found him averse from doing what was necessary in aid of my remedies, from a want of a proper sense of his perilous situation, I forbear to step out of the bounds of my province in order to offer any advice which is not necessary to promote his cure. At the same time, I think it indispensable to let his friends know the danger of his case the instant I discover it. An arrangement of his worldly affairs, in which the comfort or unhappiness of those who are to come after him is involved, may be necessary; and a suggestion of his danger, by which the accomplishment of this object is to be obtained, naturally induces a contemplation of his more important spiritual concerns, a careful review of his past life, and such sincere sorrow and contrition for what he has done amiss, as justifies our humble hope of his pardon and acceptance hereafter. If friends can do their good offices at a proper time, and under the suggestions of the physician, it is far better that they should undertake them than the medical adviser. They do so without destroying his hopes, for the patient will still believe that he has an appeal to his physician beyond their fears; whereas, if the physician lay open his danger to him, however delicately he may do this, he runs a risk of appearing to pronounce a sentence of condemnation to death, against which there is no appeal—*no hope*; and, *on that account*, what is most awful to think of, perhaps the sick man's repentance may be less available.

'But friends may be absent, and nobody near the patient in his extremity, of sufficient influence or pretension to inform him of his dangerous condition. And surely it is lamentable to think that any human being should leave the world unprepared to meet his Creator and Judge, "with all his crimes broad blown!" Rather than so, I have departed from my strict professional duty, done that which I would have done by myself, and apprized my patient of the great change he was about to undergo.'—p. 79.

The following passage from the same Essay is, we think, in the highest

highest degree honourable to the physician who writes, and to his illustrious patient :—

‘ If, in cases attended with danger in private life, the physician has need of discretion and sound sense to direct his conduct, the difficulty must doubtless be increased when his patient is of so *elevated a station, that his safety becomes an object of anxiety to the nation*. In such circumstances, the physician has a duty to perform, not only to the sick personage and his family, but also to the public, who, in their extreme solicitude for his recovery, sometimes desire disclosures which are incompatible with it. Bulletins respecting the health of a sovereign differ widely from the announcements which a physician is called upon to make in humbler life, and which he intrusts to the prudence of surrounding friends. These public documents may become known to the royal sufferer himself. Is the physician, then, whilst endeavouring to relieve the anxiety or satisfy the curiosity of the nation, to endanger the safety of the patient ; or, at least, his comfort ? Surely not. But whilst it is his object to state as accurately as possible the present circumstances and the comparative condition of the disease, he will consider that conjectures respecting its cause and probable issue are not to be hazarded without extreme caution. He will not write one word which is calculated to mislead ; but neither ought he to be called upon to express so much as, if reported to the patient, would destroy all hope, and hasten that catastrophe which it is his duty and their first wish to prevent.

‘ Meanwhile, the family of the monarch and the government have a claim to fuller information than can, with propriety or even common humanity, be imparted to the public at large. In the case of his late majesty, the king’s government and the royal family were apprized, as early as the 27th of April, that his majesty’s disease was seated in his heart, and that an effusion of water into the chest was soon to be expected. It was not, however, until the latter end of May—when his majesty was so discouraged by repeated attacks in the embarrassment in his breathing, as to desire me to explain to him the nature of his complaint, and to give him my candid opinion of its probable termination—that the opportunity occurred of acknowledging to his majesty the extent of my fears for his safety.

‘ This communication was not necessary to suggest to the king the propriety of religious offices, for his majesty had used them daily. But it determined him, perhaps, to appoint an early day to receive the sacrament. He did receive it with every appearance of the most fervent piety and devotion, and acknowledged to me repeatedly afterwards, that it had given him great consolation—true comfort.

‘ After this, when “he had set his house in order,” I thought myself at liberty to interpret every new symptom as it arose in as favourable a light as I could, for his majesty’s satisfaction ; and we were enabled thereby to rally his spirits in the intervals of his frightful attacks, to maintain his confidence in his medical resources, and to

spare him the pain of contemplating approaching death, until a few minutes before his majesty expired.

‘Lord Bacon encourages physicians to make it a part of their art to smooth the bed of death, and to render the departure from life easy, placid, and gentle. This doctrine, so accordant with the best principles of our nature, commended not only by the wisdom of this consummate philosopher, but also by the experience of one of the most judicious and conscientious physicians of modern times (the late Dr. Heberden) was practised with such happy success in the case of our late lamented sovereign, that at the close of his painful disease “non tam mori videretur (as was said of a Roman emperor) quam dulci et alto sopore excipi.”—p. 89.

Occasionally, the last scene of life is marked by such strength, such unwonted vivacity of thought and solemnity of feeling, as led Aretæus to attribute prophetic power to individuals dying of peculiar maladies—especially of brain-fever; the effect of which, when the violence subsides, is, he says, to clear the patient's mind, and render his sensations exquisitely keen. ‘He is the first to discover that he is about to die, and announces this to the attendants; he seems to hold converse with the spirits of those departed before him, as if they stood in his presence.’ In diseases of the intellect, the phenomena thus described by Aretæus are often observed. Cervantes has given so faithful an illustration in the death of Don Quixote, as proves him to have taken the scene from nature. But waiving the discussion of that general belief entertained by antiquity, that dying men were gifted with a prophetic spirit, illustrated as it is in the Old Testament, and in the dramatic use made by the Greek poets of the *novissima verba*, we may say, that the circumstances of the case explain all that it presents. If it be granted that diseases of the body act on the mind—if consumption excites the feelings of hope and security—palsy those of fretfulness and discontent—if diseases of the heart arouse involuntary terrors—and some morbid states of the brain excite and sharpen the faculties of the mind,—the death-bed of those about to sink under the last-mentioned class of maladies must be singularly favourable to the exhibition of mental energy under bodily decay. The passions, which during life embarrassed the decisions of judgment, are extinguished at the approach of death—and, to use the words of Sir Henry, ‘the inferences which wisdom had drawn from experience of the former behaviour of men are now made available to a correct estimate of their future conduct, in the sense of Milton's lines,—

—old experience doth attain
To something like prophetic strain.’

We

We extract what follows from the sixth of these Essays, that 'on the *Kavos* of Aretæus : '—

'A young gentleman, twenty-four years of age, who had been using mercury very largely, caught cold, and became seriously ill with fever. His head appeared to be affected on the fifth day, and on the seventh, when I was first called into consultation with another physician who had attended him with great care and judgment from the commencement of his illness, we found him in the highest possible state of excitement. He was stark naked, standing upright in bed, his eyes flashing fire, exquisitely alive to every movement about him, and so irascible as not to be approached without increasing his irritation to a degree of fury. He was put under coercion, and, amongst other expedients, emetic tartar was ordered to be administered to him, in doses of a grain each time, at proper intervals. On the eleventh day of his disease I was informed that he was become quite calm, and seemed much better. It was remarked, indeed, that he had said, repeatedly, that he *should die*; that under this conviction he had talked with great composure of his affairs; that he had mentioned several debts which he had contracted, and made provision for their payment; that he had dictated messages to his mother, who was abroad, expressive of his affection, and had talked much of a sister who had died the year before, and whom, he said, he knew he was about to follow immediately. To my questions, whether he had slept previously to this state of quietude, and whether his pulse had come down, it was answered—No; he had not slept, and his pulse was quicker than ever. Then it was evident that this specious improvement was unreal, that the clearing up of his mind was a mortal sign, "a lightening before death," and that he would *die forthwith*. On entering his room, he did not notice us; his eyes were fixed on vacancy, he was occupied entirely within himself, and all that we could gather from his words was some indistinct mention of his sister. His hands were cold, and his pulse immeasurably quick,—he died that night.'—p. 96.

In another Essay, entitled 'On Shakspeare's test of Insanity,' we find various cases of the same or a like kind brought forward to illustrate the accuracy with which our great dramatist, and other poets of the first class, have delineated the phenomena of mental disorder. The minute, even technical, study which Shakspeare had bestowed on this painful subject, is indeed apparent; his delineations of mania, in its various degrees, embody quite as careful a record of realities as Lord Byron's *Storm in the Gulf of Lyons*, and *Siege of Ismael*, have been lately proved to do. Sir Henry's text is in these words of Hamlet :—

— 'Ecstasy!

My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have utter'd : bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from.'

We

We select the following illustration :—

' A gentleman of considerable fortune in Oxfordshire, about thirty-five years of age, sent for his solicitor to make his will. He was in habits of strict friendship with him, and stated that he wished to add five hundred pounds a year to his mother's jointure, if she got well, she being then (to the knowledge of the solicitor and himself only) confined as a lunatic ; to make a provision for two natural children ; to leave a few trifling legacies ; and then, if he died childless, *to make him, the solicitor, his heir*. His friend expressed his gratitude, but added that he could not accept such a mark of his good opinion, until he was convinced that it was his deliberate judgment so to dispose of his property, and that decision communicated to him six months afterwards.

' In about six weeks time the gentleman became deranged, and continued in such a state of excitement for a whole month, (during which he was visited constantly by Sir George Tuthill and myself,) as to require coercion every day. At the expiration of that time he was composed and comfortable. But his languor and weakness bore a proportion to his late excitement, and it was very doubtful whether he would live. On entering his room one day, to my question how he found himself, he answered,—“ Very ill, Sir ; about to die ; and only anxious to make my will first.” This could hardly be listened to under his circumstances, and he was persuaded to forego that wish for the present. The next day he made the same answer to the same question, but in such a tone and manner as to extort from common humanity, even at the probable expense of future litigation, an acquiescence in his wish to disburthen his mind. The solicitor was sent for, and, having been with him the preceding evening, met us, at our consultation in the morning, with a will prepared according to the instructions he had received *before the attack of disease, as well as to those given the last night*. He proposed to read this to the gentleman in our presence, and that we should witness the signature of it, if we were satisfied that it expressed clearly his intentions. It was read, and he answered, “ yes,”—“ yes,”—“ yes,” distinctly to every item, as it was deliberately proposed to him. On going down stairs with Sir George Tuthill and the solicitor, to consider what was to be done, I expressed some regret that we, the physicians, had been involved in an affair which could hardly be expected to terminate without an inquiry in a court of law, in which we must necessarily be called upon to justify ourselves for permitting this good gentleman, under such questionable circumstances, to make a will. It occurred to me then, to propose to my colleague to go up again into the sick room, to see whether our patient could *re-word* the matter, as a test, on Shakspeare's authority, of his soundness of mind. He repeated the clauses which contained the addition to his mother's jointure, and which made provision for the natural children, with sufficient correctness ; but he stated that he had left a namesake, though not a relation, ten thousand pounds, whereas he had left him
five

five thousand pounds only; and there he paused. After which I thought it proper to ask him, to whom he had left his real property, when these legacies should have been discharged,—in whom did he intend that his estate should be vested after his death, if he died without children? “In the heir at law, to be sure,” was the reply. Who is your heir at law? “I do not know.” Thus he “gambolled” from the matter, and laboured, according to this test, under his madness still.

‘He died, intestate of course, four days afterwards. I owe it to the solicitor, the friend, to testify that his conduct throughout was strictly honourable; and I have pleasure in adding, that the heir at law has generously made good the bequest to the mother, and the provision for the natural children, to the extent of more than thirty thousand pounds.’—p. 60.

Sir Henry, whose acquaintance with Greek and Roman literature gives this volume many of its attractions, proceeds from Shakspeare to Horace.—‘Twice,’ he says, ‘it has occurred to me to find his portraits of madness exemplified to the life.’

‘One case, that of the gentleman of Argos, whose delusion led him to suppose that he was attending the representation of a play, as he sat in his bedchamber, is so exact, that I saw a person of exalted rank under those very circumstances of delusion, and heard him call upon Mr. Garrick to exert himself in the performance of Hamlet. The passage is the more curious as it specifies distinctly that it was upon this one point only that the gentleman was mad:—

“Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,

Qui se credebat miros audire tragædos,

In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro;

Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto

More; bonus sane vicinus, amabilis hospes,” &c. *Epist. lib. ii. 2. 128.*

‘In another well known case, which justified the Lord Chancellor’s issuing a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*, the insanity of the gentleman manifested itself in his appropriating everything to himself, and parting with nothing. When strongly urged to put on a clean shirt, he would do it, but it must be over the dirty one; nor would he put off his shoes when he went to bed. He would agree to purchase anything that was to be sold, but he would not pay for it. He was, in fact, brought up from the King’s Bench prison, where he had been committed for not paying for a picture valued at fifteen hundred pounds, which he had agreed to buy; and in giving my opinion to the jury, I recommended it to them to go over to his house, in Portland-place, where they would find fifty thousand pounds worth of property of every description; this picture, musical instruments, clocks, baby-houses, and baubles, all huddled in confusion together, on the floor of his dining room. To such a case what could apply more closely than the passage—

“Si

“Si quis emat citharas, emptas comportet in unum,
Nec studio citharæ, nec Musæ deditus ulli;
Si scalpra et formas, non sutor; nautica vela,
Aversus mercaturis: delirus et amens
Undique dicatur merito.”—*Sat. lib. ii. 3. 104.*

‘If the physician were to collect and apply the brief notices of various disorders, which have been thrown out by the great poets of antiquity, he might not only illustrate the truth of the descriptions drawn by those accurate observers of nature, but derive from them some useful hints to assist him in his own observation of disease.’—*p. 64.*

To return to Hamlet,—his criterion of madness, however excellent as a mark for incoherence of intellect, will scarcely be used in detecting the more intricate forms of this Protean malady. The Prince’s testimony in favour of his own perfect sanity is treated with as little ceremony by the commentators, as similar words from the lips of a staring lunatic would be by the phalanx of modern mad-doctors. Some of them, however, are of opinion that the poet means to describe a mind disordered, and that the feigned madness is a part of the plot quite compatible with such a state of intellect; while others see nothing but the assumption of insanity in the inconsistencies of Hamlet. This discrepancy springs from the different notions included by different men in their definitions of madness. In fact, however, madness, like sense, admits of no adequate definition; no one set of words will include all its grades and varieties. Some of the existent definitions of insanity would let loose half the inmates of Bedlam, while others are wide enough to place nine-tenths of the world in strait-jackets. The vulgar error consists in believing the powers of the mind to be *destroyed* by the malady; but general disturbance of the intellect is only one form. The aberration may be confined to a few objects or trains of ideas; sometimes the feelings, passions, and even instincts of our nature may assume an undue ascendancy over a mind not disjointed, but warped, urging it with resistless force to the commission of forbidden deeds, and to form the most consistent plans for their accomplishment.

Thus, in cases of monomania, a mother is impelled to murder her children—conscious of the atrocity of the act—abhorring it, and even entreating those around her to protect her from herself—as in the instance related by Orfila, where the wretched woman, whenever she washed her children, and saw the water trickling from them, heard a voice whispering in her ear, *Laissez le couler*—let it flow—until, after a thousand struggles to banish the horrid suggestion, she plunged the knife. Damien persisted to the last in declaring, that had he been bled that morning as he had wished

wished and requested to be, he never would have attempted the assassination of Louis XV. In another equally well attested instance, a father systematically persecuted his children for many years. During the whole of this period he was looked on by the generality as a man of great talent and probity; and it was only after the history of his life had been sifted by several of the best physicians of the day, that a tinge of insanity was perceived to pervade it. He had started with impracticable notions of virtue, and, finding these not realised in the conduct of his children, he conceived a hatred against them, which caused him to persecute his sons, even to destitution, and to accuse his daughters to their husbands of the worst of crimes. In the prosecution of his plans, and in the business of life, he evinced anything but incoherence.

Villemain, in his '*Mélanges Historiques*,' says, 'Shakspeare has represented feigned as often as real madness; finally, he has contrived to blend both in the extraordinary character of Hamlet, and to join together the light of reason, the cunning of intentional error, and the involuntary disorder of the soul.' Goethe, again, in his *Wilhelm Meister*, says:—

'It is clear to me, that Shakspeare's intention was to exhibit the effects of a great action, imposed as a duty upon a mind too feeble for its accomplishment. In this sense, I find the character of Hamlet consistent throughout. Here is an oak planted in a vase, proper only to receive the most delicate flowers. The roots strike out, and the vessel flies to pieces. A pure, noble, highly moral disposition, but without that energy of soul that constitutes the hero, sinks under a load which it can neither support nor resolve to abandon altogether. All his obligations are sacred to him, but this alone is above his powers! An impossibility is required at his hands—not an impossibility in itself, but that which is so to *him*. Observe how he shifts, hesitates, advances, and recedes!—How he is continually reminded and reminding himself of his great commission, which he nevertheless, in the end, seems almost entirely to lose sight of, and this without ever recovering his former tranquillity.'

Ingenious and elegant as is this German gloss, we nevertheless think Villemain right in adhering to Malone's opinion. Hamlet, after his father's death, is a totally different being from the hope of Denmark whom Ophelia lauds with such impassioned eloquence, and whom Horatio and Fortinbras both deck with the noblest attributes of our nature. Neither indecision of character nor feigned madness account for Hamlet's actions. His conduct, when he leaps into Ophelia's grave, and the reason he assigns for it, are evidences of a mind diseased. 'The bravery of his grief put me into a towering passion,' is the poorest of excuses for disturbing, before the august assemblage, the last rites of one whom
he

he so loved, 'that forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity, make up his sum.' In short, we have no doubt, that Shakspeare intended to display in the character of Hamlet a species of mental malady, which is of daily occurrence in our own experience, and every variety of which we find accurately described by his contemporary, the author of the '*Anatomie of Melancholy*.'

'Suspicion and jealousy (says Burton) are general symptoms. If two talk together, discourse, whisper, jest, he thinks presently they mean him—*de se putat omnia*—or if they talk with him, he is ready to misconstrue every word they speak, and interpret it to the worst. Inconstant they are in all their actions; vertiginous, restless, unapt to resolve of any business; they will, and they will not, persuaded to and from, upon every occasion: yet, if once resolved, obstinate and hard to be reconciled. They do, and by and by repent them of what they have done; so that both ways they are disquieted of all hands, soon weary. They are of profound judgments in some things, excellent apprehensions, judicious, wise, and witty; for melancholy advanceth men's conceits more than any humour whatever. Fearful, suspicious of all, yet again many of them desperate hair-brains; rash, careless, fit to be assassinated, as being void of all ruth and sorrow. *Tædium vitæ* is a common symptom; they soon are tired with all things—*sequitur nunc vivendi nunc moriendi cupido*; often tempted to make away with themselves—*vivere nolunt, mori nesciunt*: they cannot die, they will not live; they complain, lament, weep, and think they lead a most melancholy life.'

It would be difficult to find a criticism more applicable to the character of Hamlet than in this page of old Burton, who drew the picture as much from himself as from observation made on others. This form of madness (the *melancholia attonita* of nosologists) begins with lowness of spirits, and a desire for solitude. The very words of Hamlet have been taken by Dr. Mason Good to describe the first stage of the malady.

'I have of late, wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth; foregone all custom of exercise; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave overhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fires, why, it appears no other thing to me than a pestilent congregation of vapours.'

Thus the external world is either falsely recognised by the perception, or falsely discriminated by the judgment. The objects of former love become the objects of present indifference or dislike. If the temperament be timorous, everything is shunned or suspected; if fierce, a morose and mischievous disposition is engendered. If the unfortunate individuals labour under the scourge of religious terrors, they, like Cowper, almost invariably attempt suicide.

suicide. The ideas of persons so affected are not so incongruous with themselves as with the world around them; they reason acutely in the train of their diseased notions; they draw fanciful conclusions from the most ordinary events, tinging everything with the predominant hues of their own imaginations. This state of mind is compatible with length of life, during which, however, great inequalities of temper and action are observable, so that at one moment the individual shall be comparatively sane, at others wild and incoherent; to-day an agreeable and witty companion—if a poet, inditing a John Gilpin—to-morrow driven by some irresistible impulse to the cord or the dagger.

Perhaps some may find it difficult to believe that Shakspeare observed these minute and almost technical distinctions of madness, which appear to belong rather to the province of the pathologist than that of the poet. But everything is still to be learnt concerning this extraordinary man's habits of study and observation. The variety and individual clearness of his delineations of mental malady leave on our minds no doubt that he had made the subject his especial study, as both Crabbe and Scott certainly did after him, and with hardly inferior success. The various forms of the malady he has described—the perfect keeping of each throughout the complications of dramatic action—the exact adjustment of the peculiar kind of madness to the circumstances which induce it, and to the previous character of the 'sound man,' leave us lost in astonishment.

As in *Hamlet*, the present character of Jaques is strongly contrasted with his former one, to show the violent change which had been wrought in his nature. He had been a libertine, 'as sensual as the brutish sting itself;' and now, satiated, he would 'cleanse the foul body of the infected world.' Shakspeare makes him a muser, a gentle misanthrope, with whose 'sullen fits so full of matter, the duke loved to cope.' Jaques's account of himself, while it fixes the precise signification of the term *melancholy*, as understood by Shakspeare, proves how deeply the poet had studied all the various forms of this disorder, and with what art he seized the predominant characteristic in each kind:—

'I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of my own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.'

Let us again hear Burton:—

'Humorous

'Humorous they are beyond all measure; sometimes profusely laughing—extraordinary merry—and then again weeping, without a cause; groaning, sighing, pensive, sad, almost distracted; restless in their thought and actions, continually meditating.

— Velut ægri somnia vane
Finguntur species.

More like dreamers than men awake, they feign a company of antic fantastical conceits.'

This same cast of mind, which Shakspeare has designated as melancholy in Jaques, he reproduces in Hamlet, in the grave-diggers' scene. There are the same fantastic musings, a similar train of conceits, a wild mixture of pathos, wit, and ribaldry, which, had the scene been in the Forest of Arden, might have been uttered by Jaques, without doing violence to the 'keeping' of that exquisitely drawn character; and it is immediately after such a preparation, be it observed, that Shakspeare has represented Hamlet in that towering passion which impels him to outrage all decency by leaping into Ophelia's grave. This sudden transition from placid musing to rage is unintelligible, if it be not intended to show the wayward disposition of the *melancholy* mind. Garrick, in his *corrected* edition of this play, expunged the grave-diggers' scene, as injuring the general effect. But this is not the only instance in which Shakspeare has preferred a close imitation of nature, however painful, to what is called the dignity of the drama. In the fourth act of Lear, the king is represented in the last degradation of madness, scampering off the stage; and an attendant exclaims:—

'A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch—
Past speaking of in a king.'

Of that lighter species of melancholy which Shakspeare has delineated in the character of Jaques, we have an admirable portraiture—perhaps the original—in the account of Hippocrates's visit to Democritus.

'Democritus,' says Burton, 'was a little wearish old man, very melancholy by nature, averse from company in his latter days, and much given to solitariness. After a wandering life he settled at Abdera, a town in Thrace, and was sent for thither to be their law-maker, recorder, or town-clerk, as some will, or, as others, he was there bred and born. Howsoever, it was there he lived at last, in a garden in the suburbs, wholly betaking himself to his studies and a private life, saving that sometimes he would walk down to the haven, and laugh heartily at such a variety of ridiculous objects which there he saw.'

A most

* 'Burton,' says Mr. Grainger, 'wrote his *Anatomic* with a view of relieving his own melancholy, but increased it to such a degree, that nothing could make him laugh

A most urgent letter was despatched to Hippocrates in the name of the senate and people of Abdera, to entreat him to come and visit Democritus.

'He lives (they say) forgetful of everything, but more especially forgetful of himself; watching day and night, and treating all that passes around him with the utmost derision, as utterly insignificant. Does one marry, does another harangue the people, is a third engaged in merchandise—is one a magistrate, another an ambassador—or, on the contrary, is one dismissed from office by the people, is a second sick, is a third wounded, does a fourth die,—Democritus equally laughs at all. He affirms, that the air is full of images; and that he understands the notes of birds. Now and then, rising in the night-time, he walks about with great gravity, singing to himself. He tells us that he sometimes travels immense journeys into infinite space, and finds innumerable Democrituses, doubles of himself.'

In the letter to Damagetus, the physician's first view of Abdera and his patient is thus described:—

'We found at the gates, expecting our arrival, a mixed multitude of both sexes, old and young, all in deep sorrow. Philopœmen was eager to conduct me to his house; but I told them, that my first object was to see Democritus. This declaration drew forth great applause. I was then escorted through the forum, some going before me, others following, but all imploring me to save their philosopher. Proceeding to a little hill, close to the city, shaded with poplars, we obtained a view of the house of Democritus—and of himself, sitting on a stone seat under a plane tree, clothed in a short tunic, squalid, pale, emaciated, and with a long beard. Near him, on the right hand, a rivulet in soft murmurs glided down the green bank. Here in perfect composure he was seated, holding a book on his knees, while others lay beside him on the ground. At a little distance were heaped together the carcases of animals which he had dissected. We observed him sometimes intensely engaged in writing, and at other times he would stop, apparently in deep contemplation. He would soon afterwards rise, and take a walk, and, after inspecting the entrails, sit down again. "You behold," said the Abderites standing beside me, "how melancholy is the life of Democritus, and in how deplorable a state of insanity he is. He knows neither what he wishes, nor what he does." I desired them to remain where they were until I should hear him speak, examine his person, and ascertain the reality of the disease.

'Having descended a precipice so steep that it was with difficulty I could keep my feet, I came upon him when he was under the influence of some divine impulse, and was committing his thoughts to writing. I therefore stood still, watching for a favourable opportunity when he should lay down his pen. This he

laugh but going to the *bridge-foot*, and hearing the ribaldry of the bargemen, which rarely failed to throw him into a violent fit of laughter. Before he was overcome with this horrid disorder, he, in the interval of his vapours, was esteemed one of the most facetious companions of the university.'

did

did a few minutes afterwards, and, seeing me approach, saluted me with "Hail, stranger. By what name shall I call thee?" "My name," I replied, "is Hippocrates; I am a physician." "Thy fame," said he, "has reached my ears; but pray tell me, friend, what brought thee hither?" *

After Hippocrates has answered this question, he learns from Democritus that the object of his study is to discover the seat of melancholy; and then with great acumen and vivacity the patient rails against the vices, follies, and inconsistencies of the human race. The ideas of Democritus are not incongruous in themselves, but inconsistent with surrounding circumstances. The delusion consists in taking the vices of mankind collectively, and applying the heap to each individual of the human race severally. These melancholy notions soon disturb the affections, dissolve the ties of kindred, and crush all interest in life. Where the temperament is naturally placid, the persons so affected may, during a lifetime, be regarded only as eccentric, like Democritus or Jaques; but if it be irritable, the ordinary and inevitable ills of life jar the troubled faculties into raving madness, or urge the miserable being to form the most consistent plans for suicide or for murder. The various modes of self-destruction attempted by Cowper, and the consistent reminiscence of his thoughts and feelings while so employed, as detailed by himself, will recur to every reader.

The character of Clara Mowbray offers another example of the retiring melancholy. Scott, like Shakspeare, never appears greater than in his delineations of mental aberration, scarcely a form of which he has not embodied in his works; he is equally minute, as his great prototype, in describing the temperament, and noting every circumstance, which can develope in the groundwork of his plot just that kind of insanity which a physician would say must have been originated on such a foundation. Of Clara Mowbray he tells us, that hers was a 'melancholy verging on madness.' The circumstances which prepared the mind to be thus affected by the incidents of the fable are presented with masterly skill. The faulty education and undue bias given to the imagination—the effect of early loss of the only parent who can direct the young female mind—the contempt for society and the influence of such feelings on the intellect—the restless movement of the body, never formally told, but ever appearing before the reader—the abrupt half-connected wit, 'that happiness of reply that often madness hits on,' which, glancing and sparkling, threads, with the rapid motion of the eccentric lightning, the incongruous

* Probably Le Clerc is right in thinking that much which was traditional with regard to Hippocrates' visit to Democritus has been interpolated in the genuine letter.

subjects of a mixed conversation—alarming some, offending others, and leaving all in that subdued sort of astonishment excited by the view of conduct not explicable by obvious causes—all these things are indicated with a master's hand. The meeting of Clara and Tyrrel, however, at the Buckstone, is the scene in which the author's consummate knowledge of the workings of insanity is most strikingly displayed. The struggle between reason and madness—the alternate mastery of each—the difficulty of distinguishing between the reality of the impression from without, and the vivid image which deep passion and long and solitary contemplation had planted in Clara's perturbed phantasy, are characterised by touches worthy of Shakspeare.

Ophelia, again, and Madge Wildfire, though differing from each other in the train of disordered ideas and feelings, exhibit the same general features of insanity, which characterize the *mania mitis* of Crichton—the 'roving melancholy' of other systematic authors. This species of insanity is in some essentials the reverse of that just described. 'These persons,' says Crichton, 'hate solitude; they are busy and loquacious; their attention can rarely be fixed to external things for any length of time; and often, under the pressure of this form of malady, feelings and expressions are acquired little consonant with female decorum. The men are kings, emperors, and popes; the women ladies of distinction.' The taste of his age permitted Shakspeare to be faithful to nature in every point of the above description. Madge Wildfire, which Mr. Coleridge has pronounced to be the most original of Scott's characters, is intended by the author to exemplify 'derangement of a mind constitutionally unsettled by giddiness and vanity.' Let the reader turn to the tale, and observe with what art this hint has been worked out—how it is made to pervade the whole range of the poor maniac's feelings and actions, and how it peeps forth even in the very selection of scraps from John Bunyan with which the author has filled her head. As Madge is made to select from her slender stores of reading such passages as pourtray her vanity, so the industry of Shakspeare's commentators has shown us, that the disjointed sentences in which Ophelia indicates her 'fond distractions,' are made up of snatches from the popular works of that day. It would have been easy to put arbitrary ravings into Ophelia's mouth, but then these would not have conveyed that feeling of intense reality which the *groundling* of the Globe derived from observing on the stage one day a minute transcript of what he might on the morrow see exemplified in a madhouse; the inhabitants of which must have been influenced by the age in which they lived and the society in which they moved, and consequently disjoined in madness the

the ideas which they had derived from these sources. The principle is so correct, that we forgive the author for the anachronism by which the Danish lady is made to rave in expressions chosen from the common authors of the Elizabethan age. Guided by the same principle, Shakspeare has taken the odd jumble of names uttered by Edgar when he feigns madness almost verbatim from Harsnet, whose work had been published very shortly before he wrote his play.

Jaques was an early delineation—Hamlet was drawn several years sooner than Lear—and we may trace the improving skill of the poet in the growing fulness and boldness of his touch. Well may 'Lear' have been called a study even for the pathologist. The author marks, in the very outset of the tragedy, the temperament on which he is about to engraft madness:—

'Goneril. The best and soundest of his time has been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.'

Ardent in his affections no less than in his temper—born to a position in which the wholesome uses of adversity are never learnt, and which converts even kindred into flatterers—it is not surprising that the reserve of his favourite child should have shocked his inmost spirit:—

'Like an engine, wrenched my frame of nature
From the fixed place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall.'

After the terrible burst of passion under which Lear discards Cordelia and his faithful servant Kent, Shakspeare invents no pompous scene to exhibit the struggle within, but, by a touch of impatience, shows how ill the father has succeeded in tearing his child from his heart:—

'Lear. Ha, sayest thou?
Thou but remindest me of mine own conception.
I have perceived a most faint neglect of late.
But where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my lady's going into France, Sir, the fool has much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, *I have noted it well.*

From the moment in which he loses Cordelia to that of his death, Lear is a prey to the most vehement trials of passionate suffering. The faint suspicions of Goneril's neglect are speedily converted into certainty. The fond and generous father marks

'That the offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude,'

are all forgotten; and then the paroxysm of passion overwhelms him,

him, finding vent in that terrible curse which Kemble groaned out with a concentration of agony which seemed to render his frame motionless—fixed in the posture of a mummy, as if the very dead poured forth the awful denunciations—a curse which, in its utterance, seemed to fell Kean to the earth, as, planted on both knees, with uplifted arms bared to the shoulder, naked bosom, and streaming hair, presenting the picture of a desolate and withered tree, he called all nature to hear him.

The excess of passion has now unhinged the frame of Lear, and the currents of life no longer run equably; accordingly, the poet has made him more absorbed in his griefs. He pays little attention to the jibes and jests of his fool, and from time to time the thoughts of his injustice to Cordelia, and the ingratitude of Goneril, find unconscious utterance.

‘I did her wrong——

I will forget my nature—so kind a father.’

This internal conflict goes on in none without disturbing the circulation, creating fullness and oppression about the heart, which is relieved by sighs. This general derangement of the circulation creates, for the most part, indefinable sensations in the head, precursors of approaching madness. The sufferers, long before insanity breaks out, have presentiments of their fate. It is now that Lear exclaims,

‘Oh, let me not be mad! not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper—I would not be mad.’

Nor when the physical malady becomes more intense—after he finds his messenger has been put into the stocks by Regan ‘the daughter left, who he was sure was kind’—does the poet fail to note the corporeal effects—

‘O how this mother swells up towards my heart!

Hysterica passio—Down, thou climbing sorrow,

Thy element’s below——’

The mind takes alarm, as it discovers itself more and more under the tyranny of corporeal sway. Shakspeare, therefore, no longer paints Lear as giving way to unrestrained passion, but, conscious of the increased hold of the malady, he makes him endeavour to be calm. The alternate play of passion and forced resignation is wrought up to the sublime. A burst of rage succeeds when Lear is informed that Regan and her husband send excuses for not receiving him; but this he endeavours to subdue:—

‘Lear. Oh me, my heart—my rising heart—but down,

Regan. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason.

I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,

I would divorce me from thy mother’s tomb,

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O

Sepulchring

Sepulchring an adulteress.——Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality.——O Regan!

In the midst of this scene Goneril enters, to taunt her father; and the conflict between a mind saddened by griefs and a choleric temperament goaded into a phrensy of passion, hastens the catastrophe:—

'Return with *her*?

Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom.

Gon.

At your choice, sir.

Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad;

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:

We'll no more meet—no more see one another.'

The poet well knew, that such a conflict, made up of the highest excitement and the deepest depression, must end in death or insanity. The king, when he finds Regan as ungrateful as her sister, feels it too. Those mysterious sensations which render the mind vaguely cognizant, we know not how, of some fearful alteration, alarm Lear; and lamentations, which he in vain endeavours to suppress, now suggest the idea of instant, impending madness; from the thought of which he flies with breathless horror. Driven to the heath, where all nature seems to him leagued 'against a head so old and white as this,' he perceives anew the approach of the enemy:—

'My wits begin to turn!'

But the morbid thoughts and feelings, which have already absorbed all nature into their vortex, keep possession of his mind; and the old man, in the workings of the elements, sees nothing but the ingratitude of his 'pelican daughters':—

'—— Pour on; I will endure—

In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—

Your kind old father, whose frank heart gave you all,—

O, that way madness lies: let me shun that:

No more of that!

At this juncture, Shakspeare has made him conscious of that marked sign of overwhelming mental agitation—insensibility to bodily privation and suffering. When Kent urges Lear to take shelter, he receives for answer:—

'—— The tempest in my mind

Doth from my senses take all feeling else,

Save what beats here,—filial ingratitude!'

Up to this point, the poet has depicted the effects of impassioned

sioned grief, which has unhinged the mind :—he now plunges Lear into a paroxysm of incoherent delirium, by an incident which shows how deeply he had studied the human heart. We have seen, that as the disorder increased, so all external nature appeared to his mind tinged by the predominating hues of his malady. The elements were ‘———Servile ministers,

That have with two pernicious daughters joined !’

But even the associations thus afforded do not come sufficiently home, to tear up reason from its seat. Accordingly, it is only when Lear sees Edgar disguised as a madman, that the presentation of such wretchedness appears as an embodied reflex of his own, and causes his mind to give way. Every sympathy is torn open ; and the filial ingratitude which had been diffused over nature, now appears concentrated in one crawling victim before him :—

‘*Lear.* What ! have his daughters wrought him to this pass ?

Couldst thou save nothing ? Didst thou give them all ?

Here, on the open heath, and unsheltered from the storm, the old king, in imitation of the madman, for whom he conceives a violent and sudden attachment, flings off his clothes, begins to rave of the noble Athenian, the learned Theban before him ; and thus gives token to Kent, ‘that all power of his wit has given way to his impatience.’

Shakspeare now depicts another step of the disorder of the mind, and Lear is made to be unconscious of the identity of those about him—to mistake inanimate objects for persons.

‘*Kent.* How do you, sir ? Stand you not so amaz’d ;

Will you lie down at rest upon the cushions ?

Lear. I’ll see their trial first. Bring in the evidence.

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place ;

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,

Bench by his side :—You are of the commission,

Sit you, too.

Arraign her first ; ’tis Goneril. I here

Take my oath before this honourable assembly,

She kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress : is your name Goneril ?

Lear. She cannot deny it !

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here’s another, whose warped looks proclaim

What store the heart is made of.—Stop her there !

Arms, arms, sword, fire !—Corruption in the place !

False justicer, why hast thou let her ’scape ?’

The very phantasms of his imagination re-act the realities of his story, escape from his grasp, and leave him so desolate, that the

deep canker of ingratitude appears to him to have extended even to his household dogs—

‘Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.’

After the king has been removed to Dover to meet Cordelia, the poet, true to nature, paints the regular course of the mental malady as marked by lucid intervals, in which, for ‘burning shame, he will not see his child—

‘*Kent.* Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear is i’ th’ town,
Who sometime in his better tune remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.’

The following scenes depict that utmost degradation of madness which we have already noticed, but relieved with some touches of exquisite pathos—and equal truth. The conditions of the cure are now stated, and here too Shakspeare has been guided by the practice of the physicians of the day, who received their notions from the ancient schools. The king is lulled into repose by ‘many simples operative, whose power will close the eye of anguish.’ He is to be awakened by soft strains of music which shall not jar the disturbed senses, and then a powerful moral impression is to be produced by the presentation of Cordelia when he first wakes—

‘*Phy.* Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. He wakes—speak to him.

Phy. Madam, do you—’tis fittest.’

The thoughts which are incessantly passing in rapid succession through the heated imagination of the insane when waking, rarely subside in their sleep. The overwrought brain still labours in dreams. The potency of the drugs has, however, lulled the mind of Lear; and though the organ of thought has not altogether resumed the tranquil activity of health—though dreams too vivid and too painful have occupied the brain, still the poet indicates with beautiful art their calmer tenor. The visions in his sleep appear to have been accompanied by some soothing feelings—Lear had found that rest in the grave which was denied him on earth. His first exclamation on waking is—

‘You do me wrong to take me out of the grave.
Thou’rt a soul in bliss.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit *I know*; when did you die?

Phy. He’s scarce awake!’

The struggle between reason and insanity is exquisitely drawn. At first Lear is not assured of his condition—doubts if he be indeed alive—questions his sanity. The perceptions strengthening,

ing, stir the memory feebly—and Kent and Cordelia are hesitatingly recalled—

‘Methinks I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtful.’

As the memory becomes confirmed, the affections claim their full sway, and the presence of his child is made to dispel the gloom of madness—

‘Do not laugh at me ;
But as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.’

The next scene presents Lear rushing with the dead body of Cordelia, as if by a species of instinct, to the spot where most are congregated—

‘Howl! howl! howl!—O ye are men of stones! . . .
She is as dead as earth—Lend me a looking-glass.’

Still clinging to the least glimpse of hope, he tries whether the lingering breath may not obscure a mirror or stir a feather. ‘The quick and expectant fancy deceives him, and for a moment the father imagines he hears ‘that voice—soft, gentle, low.’ Shakspeare closes the painful scene by tracing the steps of Lear’s death as minutely as he had those of his madness. At length assured that his child is dead, a flush of exultation at having himself revenged her, lights up for an instant the sinking mind—but only for an instant. The tough frame has yielded to this last blow—the sight becomes dimmed—the brain giddy—and turning to Kent, who had never quitted his master, Lear asks—

—— ‘Who are you ?
Mine eyes are none of the best.’

Scarcely have the spectators of this anguish had time to mark and to express to each other their conviction of the extinction of his mind, when some sudden physical alteration, made dreadfully visible, urges Albany to cry out, ‘O see, see!’ The intense excitement which Lear has undergone, and which lent for a time a supposititious life to his enfeebled frame, gives place to the exhaustion of despair—

‘No, no, no life ;
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all ? O thou wilt come no more !
Never—never—never—never—never.
Pray you undo this button. Thank you, sir.
Do you see this ? Look on her—look—her lips—
Look there—look there !’ (*Dies.*)

Even here, where any other mind would have confined itself to the single passion of parental despair, Shakspeare contrives to indicate by a gesture the very train of internal physical changes which

which are causing death. The blood gathering about the heart can no longer be propelled by its enfeebled impulse. Lear, too weak to relieve the impediments of his dress, which he imagines cause the sense of suffocation, asks a bystander to 'undo this button.' *

ART. X.—1. *The Church and its Endowments; a Charge.* By W. Dealtry, D.D., F.R.S. 1831.

2. *On the Use and Abuse of Literary and Ecclesiastical Endowments.* By Thomas Chalmers, D.D. 1827.

IN the cheers with which the announcement of the ministers' propositions for the confiscation of a portion of the church property in Ireland was received by both sides of the House, one member, and one for whose talent, character, and honest bearing, we have a respect—one, moreover, whom we believe to be a friend to the church in his heart—professed to discover a testimony to the moderation of the reformed House of Commons. The remark, we conclude, was directed chiefly to the opposition benches, where many were found to applaud who might have been expected to resent. We confess, that we were compelled to put a different construction upon those cheers; more particularly when we coupled them with the heartless merriment which had

* The small portion of Sir Henry Halford's volume which is in a dead language, appears to us equally creditable to him as his English Essays. We suspect there are few mere scholars of these days who could produce anything more elegant, as a specimen of Latinity, than the following passage respecting the late Dr. Matthew Baillie. In substance the tribute is honourable to the dead and to the living.

'In hoc dilecto nomine fas sit mihi commemorari paulum, et dolere, quod huic excellenti viro, tot annos in eadem nostrâ illâ laboriosissimâ vitæ ratione comiti, socio, amico, singulari in hanc domum pietate, hisce comitiis celebrioribus, huic solemnitati, huic illustrissimorum et nobilissimorum Hospitum cœtui non licuerit interesse; quamquam eum famæ satis diu vixisse scio, æternæ felicitati, quod humillimè spero, bene satis. Et enim, patre usus pio, à primâ usque adolescentiâ in explorando corpore humano fuerat versatissimus; et ex hac studiorem ratione sapientiam et potentiam Dei maximâ admiratione, summâ veneratione contemplatus est. Postea verò cum ad medicinam exercendam se accinxisset, faciliè sensit, quantulum corpori, morbis et ægrâ valetudine laboranti, subventurus esset Medicus, nisi qui animi quoque motus, vires, affectus, perciperet: animi, scilicet, unius et ejusdem cum corpore, tamen diversi,—consociati cum illo, sed distincti,—in ejus compagibus inclusi et involuti, nihilominus tamen liberi—immortale quid perpetuo præsentientia atque præmonentis, et illud futurum cupientis, tamen et metuentis. Ab his contemplationibus potentie ac majestatis divinæ ad debitum nomini cultum præstandum incitatus est, ad fidem in Deo habendam, et ad totum se ei submitendum. Hinc pia illa vivendi regula, hinc spectata integritas. Hinc illi omnia graviter, humaniter, amabiliter mos erat cogitare;—hinc, quod cogitaverat, planissimè ac verissimè dicere;—hinc nihil alteri facere, quod sibi faciendum nollet;—hinc candor, caritas:—sed me reprimò; quamquam haud vereor, Optimates, ne vobis in præstantissimi hujus viri laudibus longior fuisse videar; quippe vestrum quamplurimi sanitatem ejus judicio et consiliis acceptam refertis. Nec timeo, ne mihi succenseatis, Socii, quod eum his saltèm accumulaverim donis, qui tantum sibi vestrum omnium amorem vivus conciliaverit; qui industrie, benevolentie, sanctitatis, innocentie exemplum (quod omnes utinam imitemur!) reliquerit.—'

p. 148-150.

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been shortly before awakened in the same assembly by the history of a forlorn clergyman, one of the many who had been hunted from his house and home by a ruthless mob, for no fault of his beyond that of desiring to live by his own ; by his own, to which his right was as good as that of any honourable member, who enjoyed the joke, to the property which qualified him for partaking of it in that place.—And still further, were we disposed to dissent from the inference, when we observed the apathy with which Sir Robert Peel's appeal in behalf of the suffering clergy of Ireland was entertained, and the still silence in which it fell dead upon his hearers. For ourselves (in sorrow of heart we acknowledge it), we considered those ill-timed cheers as in part proceeding from men who raised the shout of triumph over the fall of an enemy ; and, in part, from men who knew not what they did. To the former we have nothing to say ; we shall not stoop to reason with those who would reply to us by force ; but to the latter—to those who are themselves shaking the church, or consenting thereto in others, and lending them their arm, in mere ignorance, we will offer a few words of warning ; being thoroughly persuaded that the land-owners of this country are not aware of the suicidal act they are committing in contributing to the reduction of the church, nor of the unobtrusive but most important services it renders them, in their respective neighbourhoods, by preserving to them, to the extent it does, the cordial allegiance of their tenants, great and small.

However lightly the land-owners, and particularly the great land-owners, may think of the sound judgment or comprehensive views of the clergy—of this they may be assured, that they are an integral part of society that could be ill spared :—that their extinction, as an establishment, would create a much greater gap in our system, occasion a much greater *falling in* of its parts, than many of them imagine ; and that, like the mainspring of an engine, which often lies buried in a mass of masonry, wholly out of sight, they minister to the machinery of life, in this country, more effectually than many more conspicuous parts of a higher polish. We offer our remarks, which will be very few, not so much in direct reference to the Irish Church Bill, though to this we may have occasion to allude, as with a reference to the general temper of the times, which has shown itself adverse to the church, in quarters where other things might have been anticipated ; and where other feelings, we are sure, would have prevailed, had the parties been in full possession of the case, as it affected *themselves*. We offer them, however, not as apologists for men whose craft is in danger ; for if the church is to fall, we have that opinion of its clergy, that they will not cry for quarter from any personal considerations, nor yet succumb to misfortune

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in any abject spirit ; howbeit, they may be permitted to grieve, for the sake of the nation, and indeed of Christendom, that so goodly a fabric should be so rashly dissolved ; and calling to mind the agony of its construction, repeat with the monkish versifier,—

‘ *Tantus labor non sit cassus !* ’

The clergyman of a parish, constructed as the church now is, stands in a position the most favourable that can be imagined for bracing the upper and lower orders of society together : he has usually, from the situation he occupies, even more than from any merit of his own, the confidence of his people : and the relation in which the different classes in his own district stand to one another is known to him far more intimately than to any other man in it. His domiciliary visits actually bring him into the closest possible acquaintance with the practical operation of the system upon which an estate is managed : neither the landlord nor the agent can see the consequences of their own acts, the developement of their own principles, at all so accurately, so widely, and in such full detail, as the parish priest. They are treated, however calculated may be their characters to inspire trust, with a certain degree of reserve by all the dependants of an estate ; by the poorest, with that degree of it which must prevent them from knowing, with any tolerable certainty, how they are regarded by them. They may be lynx-eyed as you please, but they are not favourably placed for a good sight ; and we, therefore, caution the great landlords not to be too sure that they know how they stand in their own neighbourhoods, whether they gather their knowledge from their own observation, or, what is still less to be depended upon, from their agents’ reports. Were any civil commotion to arise, so that all prudential restraints upon the conduct were withdrawn, they would find themselves, we are persuaded, very often mistaken in their men ; and that some, whom a nearer observer could have pointed out long before, would be the persons to cast at them the first stone—the very individuals who recommended themselves to *their* notice by more than common vociferations—when their healths were drunk, as liberal politicians and friends of the people.

We believe that few landlords, especially where the property is large, are aware of the real feelings with which a tenant accedes to a change of farm ; or resigns a portion of it for an accommodation ; or listens to a suggestion of an improvement in his system of cultivation ; or marks, though he says nothing at the time, the influence of the landlord, direct or indirect, at a vestry ; or submits to a hint about his vote ; or watches the devastation occasioned by game ; or with which he waits for the necessary repairs of his house, or, if it be a small tenant, of his cottage—the rain perhaps driving through his thatch, whilst he sees ten
times

times the amount of his wants lavished on what he considers a whim. We believe that few landlords are conscious of the murmurs to which their rate of rent, however moderate, gives rise, particularly amongst the small occupants; or how far the subject of tithe is from being the only one of the kind upon which such persons sit in judgment. We believe that few landlords know with accuracy the respective consideration for each other entertained by the farmer and labourer; or the many ways in which the eye of the resident clergyman operates as a check upon the conduct of either towards the other—insomuch that let *him* be removed, and in a few years the vestry shall disclose a system of oppressive jobbing and insolent insubordination, till *Swing* steps in to settle the difference. We believe that few landlords are acquainted with the precise estimation in which their agents are held by the farmers; or the underlings of those agents (officers, of all others, to be most carefully selected by landlords who have a regard for their own characters), by the peasantry. Few of them suspect the unreasonable as well as reasonable grounds of hardship which these latter are apt to take up, and muse upon;—their speculations upon the inequality of men's lots in life—their shrewd, but seldom over-charitable, attempts to account for inconsistencies in their betters that puzzle them—their keen sense of inconveniences which accrue to themselves from such and such regulations, which may be all very good, but which they do not think so.

Now all this multifarious local knowledge obtrudes itself upon a clergyman; he cannot escape it if he wished it, which indeed is very often the case. The complaints of his parishioners, positive or imaginary, are forced into his ears in spite of himself—they feel that they are safe with him—they are not afraid that he will betray them—they are willing to think he may have it in his power to plead their cause and procure them redress. He is the last man to desire to be made the depository of their secrets, much less to encourage them to communicate; for he cannot but often be embarrassed by the situation in which it places him—that of a responsible lion's-mouth; but he cannot do his duty in his parish, and be exempt. The merest accident that may occur during a call furnishes an opportunity for the disclosure—more especially in seasons of sickness, which are those when the clergyman has the closest intercourse with his people; for then comes, with the poor at least, the tug of life; and whatever dregs there may be in their cup are then sure to be cast up—to say nothing that at such moments the heart naturally opens more than at other times. *Then* the fire kindles, and at the last they speak with their tongue—but it is in accents very different from those they would have addressed to their landlord, of whom they stand in some fear—or to his agent, of whom they stand in much greater; to them they do not un-

bosom

bosom themselves—before them they are in some degree spell-bound—a power is on them.

Let the landlord act with what kindness he may to the people on his estate, let his agent do the same, still it will be found in the practical economy of life, that untoward matters will, from time to time, turn up, which it is well to assuage, to remedy, to explain; such matters as, but for the genial interference of some healing hand in season, will fester and irritate. The clergyman steps in—his personal respect and regard for the landlord would, even under other circumstances, lead him to set his character and conduct right with the people, if possible; he probably knows him well—is aware of his private feelings, real intentions towards his neighbours and dependants—is sure, from what he does know, his meaning is of the best, whatever may be the interpretation put upon him, or whatever may be the mistakes in the execution of his purposes—has heard him, perhaps, express a dozen times over the object at which he is driving in his measures—a humane object—a benefit in the event to the parties who are at present the loudest to complain. Even if the squire should be of a less disinterested kind, still the bias of the established clergyman of the parish is to make the best of him with his people. Independently of the obligations or courtesies by which he may have been in some measure won—and which it would be false and foolish pride to reject, or not to remember—he is by habit, as an episcopalian minister, no less than for conscience's sake, disposed to maintain respect for rank, upon principle—honour to whom honour is due—upon principle which the party aggrieved, or thinking himself so, feels that the clergyman is in his vocation when he urges, and would despise him if he forbore to urge. Any clergyman would be conscious that he was acting not only an unrighteous but an unwise and dishonourable part, were he to foster the querulous disposition of the people committed to him—he would be conscious that he was placing himself in a false position; and he would know that, independently of all higher considerations, his influence with them would soon decline were he to aggravate instead of dispersing their ill humours. His line is clear and precise—a line which we honestly believe the clergy of the established church almost universally follow—to plead for the landlord with the tenants, and for the tenants with the landlord—and so to encourage the one to be content and the other to be considerate.

Nor is it only by rectifying mistakes, removing prejudices, and mitigating grievances, real or imaginary, that the clergyman interposes between the landlord and tenant, with so much advantage to the former, however little it may be appreciated; but

but also by directing his favourable notice to examples, which otherwise might be overlooked by him, of silent suffering, of frugal housewifery, of prudent self-restraint, of filial or parental devotedness, which the occupants of his property present to the eye of one whose calling leads him to enter amongst them freely, and follow them to their fire-sides. Many are the scenes going on upon every estate, which the owner of it knows little about—heroic sacrifices, though upon a small scale and amongst humble peasants—struggles of delicacy, though under a homely garb—chivalrous honour, where the arms are no better than ‘the mattock and the spade :’—

‘ Gods ! what lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say, all’s savage but at court :

Experience ! O thou disprov’st report.’

Now it is good for the proprietor of an estate to know that such things are, and at his own doors. He might have guessed indeed, as a general truth, even whilst moving in his own exclusive sphere, that many a story of intense interest might be supplied by the annals of his parish. Crabbe would have taught him thus much, had he been a reader of that most sagacious of observers, most searching of moral anatomists, most graphic of poets ; and we reverence this great writer not less for his genius than for his patriotism, in bravely lifting up the veil which is spread between the upper classes and the working-day world, and letting one half of mankind know what the other is about. This effect alone gives a dignity to his poetry, which poems constructed after a more Arcadian model would never have in our eyes, however pleasingly they may babble of green fields. But such wholesome incidents reach the ears of the landlord in his own particular case most commonly through the clergyman—they fall rather within his department than another’s—they lie upon his beat—through *his* representations the sympathies of the landlord are profitably drawn out, and judiciously directed to the individual—and another thread is added to those cords of a man, by which the owner and occupant of the soil are knit together, and society is interlaced.

Nor is this all. The children born upon an estate are to be brought up with some sentiments or other, loyal or liberal. As it is, they fall under the eye of the ‘clergyman—he, directly or through his family, takes a labouring oar at the parochial and Sunday schools—the various duties resulting from the various relations in life come under his handling ; on these occasions he may take, if he will, an opportunity of strengthening in their early years the notions of subordination and devotion to the lords of the soil—and he rejoices to do so ; not from any base and time-serving spirit, but from a feudal as well as religious feeling, which

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stirs in himself, and which he would impart to those about him. Other seasons, too, there often are, which may be improved to the reception and propagation of such sentiments in the young, and of which the clergyman is apt to take advantage: an heir is born at the Hall—a son attains his majority—a daughter is made a bride—an honour has graced the house—a feat of arms has been achieved by some gallant member of it. He knows little of human nature who does not know that much good-will to the landlord may be planted throughout a parish by the cheap hospitality which the parsonage finds a pleasure in furnishing to the children of the poor inhabitants on occasions like these. Neither is this done under any low-thoughted desire of paying court to a patron, but upon principle—upon the principle of renewing the kindly bond between high and low, which idle refinement, on the one hand, and over-much depression on the other, have impaired.

We may be exposing ourselves to a scoff, we are aware, whilst we enter into these very minute and unambitious details, but for that we care not. It is, and long has been, the curse of the times, that men in responsible situations will not give themselves the trouble to examine the manifold bearings of a subject before they decide upon it:—a man of comprehensive views, in the jargon of the day, meaning a man who casts his eye over the broad surface of an intricate question, concludes upon it by intuition, and sneers at the painstaking dunce who calls for documents. Without such details we cannot properly *insense* (the word is Shakspeare's) the owners of the soil, that the clergy of the established church go before them, as men bearing a shield; and with them we can only do it imperfectly, for we miss after all far more to the purpose than we summon.

We put it then to the land-owners of the country, to say whether they can afford to part with men who are the best outworks they have; especially at a moment when the eyes of the Philistines are upon them, and their hands itch for the spoil. And we put it to them further, whether the position these same men occupy is not altogether the consequence of an established national church.—We say, it is this which places the minister in the auspicious relation to the landlord we have described—it does so both by its discipline and by its revenues:—By its *discipline*—for he who is for a bishop at the head of a church, is for a king at the head of a country, and a lord at the head of a manor; his ideas of ecclesiastical and civil discipline run habitually side by side: so again, he who is for a popular form of government of the church, naturally leans to the same in the state, and in every fraction of the state:—The primary theory of the one or the many,
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the *εὐς βασιλεὺς* or the *πολυκώρανι*, tints the views a man takes of the system of society throughout—exalting or abasing the monarch, defending or abandoning the squire. By its *revenues*—for by this means it is that the mediating party is rendered independent of either, and therefore above suspicion in his interference; by this means it is that he is of such a station in society as to be brought into familiar and friendly contact with the superior, whilst he is of such a calling in it as to be brought into no less friendly and familiar communion with those below. The agent, who is as eyes to the proprietor, it must be at once perceived is not so favourably placed for seeing the whole game; nor, if he could see it, is he in a condition to supply the place of the clergyman in the social system. We press this point the more, because the clergyman is now almost the only conductor that remains between the upper and lower ranks. The tendency of capital to accumulate in masses has annihilated that middle class of landed proprietors which existed in former times amongst us; and, with the single exception we have mentioned, all the rounds of the social ladder are out between the bottom and the top. But we must pursue this question of church revenue a little further:—we have said, that it is the nature of our ecclesiastical endowments which enables the clergy to stand where they do amongst their fellow-citizens. For, suppose the free-trade principles to be adopted in religion as in other matters—and to this point things have been tending for some time, and with the blind approval of many who ought to have known better—what would the effect be upon the structure of society, and more particularly upon that part of it to which our remarks have been chiefly directed? No doubt we are arguing this great question unworthily, and higher ground would be the true ground to take; but our present business is with the landlords and large proprietors, whom we would caution to take care of themselves in what they are doing to the church—they are stirring their own foundations, or laying bare at least their own defence, far more fearfully than they seem to imagine. Now, in matters of merchandise, free trade may possibly be all very well—it is no part of our present business to decide whether it is so or not—the demand *may* create the supply: but in the concerns of religion it is different. We apprehend it is not found on experience, that those who stand in most want of religion are the most anxious to procure it. The more hungry a man is, the louder will be his cry for food; but the more ungodly he is, will he be the more clamorous for a church? Would it were so!—for by this time we should have our great towns amply provided with church-room.

The two states of Connecticut and Rhode Island had been planted by

by colonies from the same nation, lie in the same climate, and are in fact merely separated by a meridional line ; but we know, on the authority of Dr. Dwight, whom Dr. Dealtry quotes in the excellent Charge named at the head of our paper—(the authority, be it remembered, of one who was neither an episcopalian nor an Englishman)—that the one state presented, down to a recent period, a mere contrast to the other in its religious aspect. The Rhode-islanders resisted the support of the public worship of God by law, leaving it to be regulated entirely by the demand for it. The people of Connecticut, on the contrary, like the rest of the New Englanders, enforced it; and, accordingly, whilst the latter state was, for a long time, duly provided with means for keeping alive the knowledge of God, the former, with the exception of the large towns, had scarcely a well-educated minister throughout it—clowns and mechanics, too idle to drive a plough or a nail, taking refuge in a pulpit; and the inhabitants of that district, in this as in other respects, the reverse of their neighbours—low, licentious, and ignorant. And, if it be said, in reply, it is not contemplated to go the lengths of the people of Rhode Island—public worship is to be maintained by the law of the land, but by tax and not by glebe or tithe—it may be answered, that not only does this provision violate the principles of free-trade as much as the other, and more; but also, as we may learn from the continuation of this chapter of American history on which we have touched, is a perishable provision after all. Connecticut did well in compelling its citizens to maintain a church;—What would you have more? We reply,—we would have an ecclesiastical revenue which did not arise from the people at all, whether exacted or spontaneous, but from endowments, as our own does; for Dr. Dwight is scarcely cold in his grave before Connecticut itself throws the tax off as onerous, and leaves it at the option of every individual to belong to a congregation or not, only requiring him, if he does so, to pay his dues. And in New Hampshire, the compulsory payment has in like manner been abandoned; and with this effect, says Dr. Chalmers, ‘that when a chapel has been vacant by the death of the incumbent, his place has not been supplied; and the district which enjoyed his services, now left without any sabbath ministrations whatever, gives melancholy attestations to the native listlessness and unconcern of its families.’ So that the process going on has been, first, the rejection of the glebe and tithe system; then, the adoption in its stead of a compulsory tax; and, finally, the relinquishment of the tax and the consignment of the immortal interests of men’s souls to the tender mercies of a trading populace. It is all very fine to talk of the increased stimulus which would thus be communicated to the ministers of religion, by
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reason of which their energy and zeal would secure for themselves support and encouragement. No ministers, however virtuous, would be able to maintain their hold upon a people for any great length of time, in opposition to the annual struggle of avarice at the period of the annual vote of supply. There is no doubt, we fear, that by degrees a great portion of this country would in the end be deserted of all ecclesiastical superintendence whatsoever, were the payment of the clergy made to depend upon the pious benefactions of the people.

If it be contended that the dissenters have spread themselves over the whole face of England, enlarging themselves to its remotest borders, in spite of their system having been such as we reprobate;—we answer, let the established church disappear, and see what will the dissenters do then. They, unconsciously, derive the means of their own continuance from the continuance of an establishment which, in their blindness, they would pull down. They proceed with it, in some sort, *pari passu*. The articles, the liturgy, the great divines of the church, though they profess no obligation to such things, afford them a gauge for their own opinions, and save them from running riot.—Again, the parochial minister, his parsonage, his glebe, his tithes, his personal rank and carriage, secure to their preachers from their flocks the beneficial fruits of a jealous rivalry, which would willingly fix a conventicle wherever there is a church, and a teacher wherever there is a clergyman. Let the Church of England fall, and the cause of dissent, instead of rising on its ruins, which is the hope, will wax feeble. Congregations will split, polypus-like, into little knots of select Christians, from want of that great rival, which had before held its course steadily on, and which could not fail of imparting by the way a certain degree of uniformity to the doctrines and discipline of the dissenters themselves;—whilst the dissenting congregations, no longer having before their eyes, in the clergy of the church, a standard of reference whereby to measure the point of elevation in society to which they should uphold a minister of God, would pare him down more and more, till he became little better than a religious mendicant.

Meanwhile, upon whom would the clergy, such as they were, and such as did remain in the land, be dependent, but upon the broad public? The fierce democracy would be their patrons—from that they would receive their daily bread. We leave it to the land-owners themselves to say what would be the position of these reformed pastors with respect to them—for to this point we are desirous of bringing our argument round. Would the land-owners find in *these* men, we would wish to know, advocates or adversaries? Would *these* be the men to stand up in
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their defence, not in any servile spirit indeed, or with any intention of bolstering up the wrong-doer—that be far from any man calling himself a minister of God!)—but in a spirit favourably disposed towards them as an order, willing rather to screen than expose them—rather to explain than to aggravate their mistakes—rather to soothe than to excite their impugners; in a spirit that would tarry till it found opportunity to speak a word to them in season on the subject of complaint when it was reasonable, so that the remedy might drop gracefully, as if unsolicited, from their own hands, on the head of the sufferer, and all heartburnings be removed? Would these be the men to sow the seeds of feudal allegiance in the hearts of the rising generation on an estate; whilst all their own sympathies of blood, of connexion, of society, of livelihood would be wholly popular? They would be no such persons—rather would they stand in natural opposition to the landlord; who would find upon his domain in the character of a clergyman, no longer a friend, but a little *tribune of the people* jealous of the rights of man; and however he may think that his elevation of rank would set him above all concern as to what so mean a person might do or say respecting him, he would soon discover himself to be surrounded by more petty embarrassments and mortifications than he had reckoned upon, though he might be for a while at a loss to divine the cause. It would be with him as with the natural body, when the insensible perspiration happens to be impeded—a sense not of pain but of annoyance would be experienced; he would be surprised that, for some reason or other, things did not go so smoothly on his property as they had been used to do—that there were more misunderstandings between him and his dependants than of old—more dark looks and ambiguous sentences—that their carriage towards him was less fair and cordial than it once was; and then perhaps there might come across him the thought, that the Church Establishment, at whose incipient downfall he had shouted for joy on the benches of St. Stephen's, as boys do at the first crash of a noble tree which is about to break their own heads in its descent, had more good in it than he had believed, and that the old rector or vicar had his use.

What if he did see but a little way before him? What if he was prejudiced and bigoted, an enemy to things new, as thinking old things better? What if he was unversed in the genuine principles of political economy? What if he did hold, for instance, cheap gin to be an evil, under a mistaken idea that it was better to have smuggling on the coasts, than to saturate the whole country with poison; that it was of less consequence to protect the extremities than the vitals? What if he did consider beer-houses to be bad—because he saw them breaking the hearts of the wives and mothers of his own insignificant parish—when more enlightened economists knew that
they

they increased the consumption of malt? What if he did look upon Sunday newspapers with an unfriendly eye, fountains as they were of knowledge; and pretend that the Word of God was a more improving study on a Sabbath evening for a cottager or mechanic by his own fire-side, than high-seasoned police reports and seditious speeches at a public-house? What if he did contribute with all his might to make that day what is called a day of gloom—in other words, of religious observance and domestic quiet—when real philanthropists were for making it a day of cheerfulness; that is, for devoting it, as our intelligent French neighbours do, to waltzing and quadrilles, or as the Swiss do, to practising with the rifle? He should have been forgiven this wrong—he should have been indulged in these humours—for the sake of the substantial benefits he conferred upon society nevertheless. Allowance should have been made for habits which necessarily produced in him narrow views. He had no opportunity of mixing in the saloons of the metropolis—he repaired to no watering-places—he sailed in no yachts—he was steward of no races—he frequented no operas and ballets—he lounged in no club-rooms; in short, he was not in the way of hiving wisdom or keeping pace with the intelligence of the times; but dwelt amongst his people, strewing where he gathered, looking therefore at objects too near; and applied himself to his books as though they were not old almanacks.

Next it may occur to him, (we are still pursuing the retrospective soliloquies of the repentant landlord,) that he should have taken time to sift that grand argument of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, by which the seizure of church property was justified, before he had given it his vociferous assent—that he should have guarded himself against the fascination of that noble lord's eloquence, and not have pronounced an opinion upon so great and difficult a subject whilst he was under the wand of the enchanter—that he should not have allowed the merits of the orator to blind him to the merits of the question. 'The state,' said Lord Althorp, 'was justified in appropriating to itself any increase in value which might accrue to the property of the church, when that increase was created by an act of the state!!' Therefore the state would be justified in seizing the increase in value of a house, when that increase was created by a license to sell ale and spirits, which the state had granted it; the state would be justified in seizing upon any increase in value of a district of waste land, when that increase followed upon an act of inclosure which the state had passed; the state would have an incontestable claim (hear it, Mr. Attwood!) to any increased value accruing to property in the funds from a legislative 'action on the currency;'—indeed, the state would be justified in making free with any man's private property, of any kind, to any extent, seeing that its entire

value to the individual was derived from his secure possession—a security which he owed altogether to the state!!! Truly might Mr. O'Connell return his thanks to ministers for stirring a principle upon this occasion that reached further than appeared at first sight. It is worth more to a Chancellor of the Exchequer, under any fiscal embarrassment, than ever was Jew's eye of old.

Then the livings were to be taxed for the payment of church-rates. Here he will accuse himself (we are still thinking of the penitent land-owner) for having approved this part of the measure before he had satisfied himself of the justice of it. The clergyman, he will by this time have recollected, paid his full share of taxes to the state, like another man; where then, he will *now* say to himself, was the fairness of saddling him with a second, a heavy, and an exclusive impost? If it was expected of him to provide for the repairs of the church, why was it not expected of the judges to provide for the repairs of the courts of law? A clergyman might perhaps be disposed to sacrifice a portion of his income for the benefit of a small living and a poor brother, but he would naturally feel some indignation at being called upon singly and alone to give up ten pounds out of a living of two hundred, merely to relieve the parish (many of its inhabitants being probably much more opulent than himself) from a payment which they took upon themselves to consider disagreeable. Lastly, he will remember, that the moment when the measure of spoliation was announced, ought to have struck him as pregnant with suspicion:—That whilst property and life, by the very confession of ministers a few days later, were utterly without defence in Ireland; murder and rapine stalking unpunished through the land; peaceable men crying aloud to them for instant help; that this moment was the precise time chosen for reforming the church, to be sure; as if the church, and not the conspiracy, claimed the earliest attention of the legislature; as if the Protestants were to be first put down, and then the assassins.—How could such an order of proceedings be explained but in one way; namely, that the government were prepared to fling the church to the fierce dog that scared them, in the hope that, whilst he was engaged in despatching the prey, they should be able to clap a chain about his neck.—Vain hope! he would feed on what they threw to him, and rise up with hunger unabated, but with strength refreshed, to burst their bonds,

‘And bark and bully for another meal.’

But alas! these reflections are now too late. He gave his voice in an evil hour for the plunder of the property of the church, not knowing where it might stop; and though he would now restore it if he could, it is as water spilt on the ground, that cannot be gathered up.

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Let not the great land-owners deceive themselves; they may be Whigs, and they may have found that the church opposed them, though we believe that by far the majority of the clergy, and those the most influential, took no active part in the late elections, and it is well known that the dissenters, as a body, gave them their support. Had they been radicals, these latter would have served them still better; but let them be assured of this, that sooner or later, their cause and that of the establishment must be the same;—that in breaking that establishment up, they may gain a short-lived, a very short-lived, triumph; and that when they awake from their paroxysm they will discover the staff of their strength to be gone; that whilst they remember they are Whigs, they forget, what circumstances will soon restore to their memory, that they are lords and squires too. Would that the class to whom we have been offering these remarks were as much alive to the support they derive from the establishment as are those who wish *them* worst! Imperfections it may have; what earthly thing is without them?—It is not, however, its imperfections but its virtues that now mark it out for the spoiler, whatever *he* may pretend. It *maintains order*; this is its offence, not to be forgiven—and it must fall—*delenda est Carthago*. Let the friends of order only learn their lesson from its foes; conclude, that what is worth an assault so furious, is worth a defence as obstinate—and the church is safe.

We cannot close this paper without expressing a hope that our observations will not be misconstrued. We should not come forward to recommend the Established Church to the care and protection of influential persons amongst us, merely on the score of its services to rank and property, if that were all. Its claims are of a far higher nature than this. It has succeeded in spreading abroad much genuine, but unobtrusive piety. It has stimulated the discharge of those numberless duties of imperfect obligation, which, though beyond the reach of the law, are to the social system as the very breath of its nostrils. It has upheld both against false philosophy and wild fanaticism, for these many ages, the faith as it was delivered unto the saints. It has combined sound learning with pastoral activity. It has gathered what was good from Papist and from Puritan, and cast away what was bad in both. It has secured for religion an effectual hearing in the palace as well as in the peasant's hut. It has been a fountain of alms to the people—of light to the colonies. And it has furnished a multitude of saints, after whose blessed example we may safely live and die. But still it is true, that whilst it has directly ministered to these high and holy purposes, it has promoted other ends, subordinate indeed,—yet *considerable*.

- ART. XI.—1. *Reports on the Navigation of the Euphrates.* Submitted to Government by Captain Chesney, of the Royal Artillery. London. 1833.
2. *An Account of Steam-Vessels, and of Proceedings connected with Steam-Navigation in British India.* Compiled by G. A. Prinsep. Calcutta. 1830.
3. *Eastern and Egyptian Scenery, Ruins, &c., illustrative of a Journey from India to Europe; with Remarks on the Advantages and Practicability of Steam-Navigation from England to India.* By Captain C. F. Head.

ALTHOUGH the steam-engine be now perhaps as perfect as it ever can be, the management and application of steam to mechanical purposes are still capable of very great improvement. The whole machinery of a steam-vessel, for instance, is as yet rude, cumbersome, and expensive, liable to constant derangement and frequent accidents, both within the ship and without—that is to say, in the engines and boilers, and in the paddle-wheels. Nor is there much hope that, while steam is employed as the moving power, any very considerable improvement in these respects will be effected—any important diminution of space, or of coals, or of expenses for wear and tear.

The late Sir Humphry Davy, and, since his time, Mr. Faraday, and still more recently Mr. Brunel, made several experiments with the view of applying carbonic acid gas as a mechanical agent, in place of steam, by the alternate condensation of the gaseous into the liquid state, and *vice versâ*. Mr. Brunel contrived a very beautiful apparatus, so constructed as to prevent the danger which was always dreaded from experiments with this gas; but after a laborious investigation of some years, the sanguine hopes he had entertained of success ended in disappointment. The transmutation was easily effected, but he had the mortification to discover that this gas assumed an intermediate form between the liquid and the gaseous state, in which all its energy seemed to be neutralized. Had it succeeded, the application of its power would have been one of the most important discoveries of the age. In propelling steam-vessels, it would have been invaluable, by effecting a saving of more than two-thirds of the space at present occupied in the vessel, two-thirds of the expense of the steam-engine, and nearly the whole of the fuel.*

We

* The Americans, in their river-navigation, have far surpassed us, at least in speed, having, by their own statements, gone sixteen to eighteen miles an hour fairly through the water, and *certainly* not less than thirteen on the Hudson; but their machinery is infinitely inferior to ours, and the loss of life, resulting from its imperfect workmanship and the employment of the high-pressure engines, has been enormous. But the Americans are not satisfied with superiority in point of speed, to which they are fairly

We may here notice an incidental discovery, of very recent date, and of great importance to *canal* navigation. Desirable as it was to obtain speed, it was soon found that steam was inapplicable for that purpose on canals, as the paddle-wheels, however fitted to work above or below the surface, raised a wave which destroyed the banks: the same injurious effect, though in a less degree, took place if the speed of the tracking-horse was accelerated to five miles an hour; the pace is therefore usually kept down to four miles, or under, and even then a wave accumulates at the bow of the vessel, to the height of from one to two feet, and the resistance thereby occasioned is found to distress the horses in their endeavours to overcome it. The undulation occasioned by this wave is stated to be perceptible at a mile's distance a-head of a slow-going coal barge. A gentleman of the name of Houstoun, neither theorist nor engineer, discovered, by mere accident, a complete remedy, not only for this obstruction to the speed of the canal-boats, but against the injury done to the banks. He happened to whip his horse, attached to a gig-built boat on the Paisley canal, to a speed of eight or ten miles an hour, at first starting, and observed that the animal was able to sustain that speed without difficulty; that the water continued smooth; that no wave rose up at the bow—no ripple on the banks.

This experiment, contrary as it was to the theory of the resistance which bodies floating in fluids meet with, and which every engineer believed to be in the ratio of the square of the velocity, was not lost on the proprietors of the Paisley canal. Their long and narrow boats, with spoon-shaped bottoms, and light draught of water, capable each of carrying a hundred passengers, with their baggage and other small parcels, have for the last two years passed several times a day between Glasgow and Paisley, a distance of twelve miles, in one hour and a quarter, with ease to the horses, the passengers paying a fare at the rate of three farthings a mile, just half the rate of travelling in the Liverpool rail-road coaches. The proprietors of English canals have at length, somewhat tardily, taken it up, and we understand it either is, or will

fairly entitled; they have the modesty to stretch their pretensions even to the *invention* of the steam-boat. Their Fulton, of whom they so much boast, received his notions on the subject from Lord Stanhope in England, and Miller and Symington in Scotland. The merit, however, of the *discovery* is due to none of them, but to an humble individual of the name of Jonathan Hulls. The late Mr. John Rennie said—'Don't talk of Fulton, or Miller of Dalswinton, or Lord Stanhope, as the inventors of the steam-vessel: Jonathan Hulls, and he only, was the inventor. Look at the print in his little book, published in 1737, entitled "Description and Draught of a new-invented Machine for carrying Vessels or Ships out of or into any Harbour, Port, or River, against Wind and Tide, or in a Calm," and in it recognise at once the *steam-boat*, by its paddle-wheels, its smoking chimney, and the tow-rope from her stern, to the two-decker she is dragging.'

soon be, in full operation on the Grand Junction Canal, to the great dismay of the projectors of the London and Birmingham rail-road.

But to our present purpose—the communication with our Indian establishments by means of steam-navigation. It is a subject which, like many others hastily taken up, and without due investigation, is calculated to raise sanguine and unreasonable expectations, especially among those who are interested in its success, and who hope to reap the benefit without contributing to its expense. It appears indeed, from the newspapers, that a considerable clamour has been raised against the directors of the East India Company, the Board of Control, and the Admiralty, by certain merchants of London and Liverpool, for their tardiness or unwillingness to establish at once a regular steam-conveyance to and from our possessions in India. What the Admiralty has to do with it, we have yet to be informed; and this vituperation, under the present uncertain circumstances of the East India Company, is, at all events, premature.

But the truth is, that neither the India Board nor the Company have been unwilling or tardy to take into consideration, and to direct the necessary inquiries into, the practicability of establishing the communication in question: the latter have been in correspondence on the subject with the Indian authorities since the year 1829, and encouraged experiments in India, as appears from Mr. Prinsep's book, so far back as the year 1824. The estimates, however, which they have received from India, of the expense required for opening and keeping up a communication of this kind, are alarming.

'We are not insensible,' they say in a letter to the Governor at Bombay, 'to the advantages of a rapid communication with India, and of the importance of encouraging the application of steam to that purpose. We are also disposed to believe that a steam-communication by the Red Sea—and still more, if it should be found practicable, by the Persian Gulf and the River Euphrates—would open the way to other improvements, and would ultimately redound to the benefit of this country, as well as of India; and if our finances were in a flourishing state, we might possibly feel it a duty to incur even the enormous outlay specified. But in the present condition of our resources, we cannot think the probable difference of time, in the mere transmission of letters, a sufficient justification of this. At the same time, we deem the subject too important to be lost sight of or hastily dismissed; we shall therefore not fail to carry on inquiries into the practicability of effecting the end in view, at a reasonable expense. We desire that you will also do so, &c.'

We too have directed our attention to this important subject, and hope to be able to give to the Directors some more correct information

information than they appear as yet to possess, with regard to the comparative facilities and expenses of the two routes they here allude to ; and we shall begin with that by the Euphrates, as being the least known, and because we have now before us everything necessary for our purpose, detailed in the able and minute survey of that river by Captain Chesney, who, at a considerable hazard of life, persevered in accomplishing his object, and has happily returned home to communicate the result of his labours in a report.

Captain Chesney sets out by observing that 'the great river' of Scripture, linked as it is with the earliest times and the greatest events in the history of the world, and the ancient channel of extensive commercial intercourse, 'is not likely to disappoint any moderate expectations which may have been formed of its importance and utility.' In the upper part of its course, it struggles in a tortuous channel through high hills, forcing its way over a pebbly or rocky bed, at the rate of two to four and a half miles an hour, according to the season of the year and the different localities, carrying with it a considerable body of water, but without any cataracts, though the stream meets with frequent obstructions (above and a little below Anna) by a rocky bottom, and is shallow enough in places to allow camels to pass in the autumn, the water then rising to their bellies, or about four feet and a half. This portion of the river is compared with the scenery on the Rhine below Schaffhausen ; its bank is covered thickly with high brushwood, interspersed with timber of moderate size. It is here studded with a succession of long narrow islands, some of them thickly wooded, and others cultivated ; and on several of these are moderate-sized towns or villages. The banks of the river are well peopled, not only with Bedouin Arabs in tents, of whom there are many thousands, but also with permanent residents in houses of brick, mud, stone, and reeds. The following passage carries us back to a remote antiquity, when a civilized society crowded the banks of the Euphrates.

'The scenery above Hit (in itself very picturesque) is greatly heightened, as one is carried along the current, by the frequent recurrence at very short intervals of ancient irrigating aqueducts, which, owing to the windings, appear in every variety of position, from the foreground to the distant part of the landscape ; these beautiful specimens of art and durability are attributed by the Arabs to the times of the ignorant, meaning the Persians when fire-work-shippers. They literally cover both banks, and prove that the borders of the Euphrates were once thickly inhabited by a people far advanced in the application of hydraulics. These speaking monuments have, as may be supposed, suffered in various degrees, and the greater portion are now in ruins ; but some have been repaired, and kept
up

up for use, either to grind corn or to irrigate, having a modern wheel attached on the ancient, simple, and most efficient model; the whole being in some instances sufficiently well preserved to show clearly the original application of the machinery.

'The aqueducts are of stone, firmly cemented, narrowing to about two feet at top, placed at right angles to the current, and carried various distances towards the interior, from two hundred to twelve hundred yards; their height being regulated by the level of the spot to be irrigated: the shorter distances have one row of arches, and the longer ones two, one above the other, and both extremely pointed—in fact, almost forming a triangle from the key-stone to the spring of the arch. At the one extremity of the structure, which is some little distance in the river, the building makes a turn parallel to the stream, and there widens sufficiently to contain one, two, three, occasionally four wheels, parallel to each other, and revolving with the current, each of about thirty-three feet diameter, and having a number of earthen vessels placed around the exterior rim, which, dipping a few inches into the water, are filled, and forced round by the current in succession, the open end foremost, until each in turn reaches the top, and there discharges its contents into a trough.'

—p. 2.

These wheels differ little from those used in Persia, and are precisely the same in principle and construction as the bamboo wheels of China. Captain Chesney states that, just above each aqueduct, there is a parapet wall crossing the stream from side to side, leaving only an opening in the centre for boats to pass; the object of these subaqueous walls being to raise the water to a sufficient height at low seasons, so as to give it an impetus, and to afford an increased supply to the wheels: and that they are not, and never were intended to be means of defence, which Alexander mistook them for. Such stone-barriers existed also in the Tigris, in the time of the Macedonian conqueror; and it is not doubted that many, now visible in both rivers, rest on the bases of the ancient fabrics.

About ten miles below Hit, all these things disappear; the hills gradually diminish, and the surface becomes comparatively flat. A few trees are scattered along the banks, but there is little brushwood: the current becomes duller and deeper, with an appearance approaching that of the Danube between Widdin and Silistria; but, in the captain's view, much more animated—'the banks being covered with Arab villages of mats or tents, almost touching each other; with numerous flocks of goats, sheep, and some cattle, feeding near them; also beautiful mares, clothed and piqueted close to the tents, their masters strolling about, and the slaves busily employed in raising water by means of pullies.' This, too, is a common machine throughout the eastern world. Some-
times

times the water is raised from the river to the high banks by bullocks traversing up and down an inclined plane. 'They appear to have been known,' says Captain Chesney, 'and used, in Mesopotamia, from the earliest times; and the river's bank is quite covered with them, all at work, and producing all the fertility of Egypt, as far inwards as irrigation is extended; beyond which the country is, generally speaking, a desert.'

From Hit to Hilla or Babylon, little is seen but the black tents of the Bedouins; the land mostly desert, with the date-tree showing itself in occasional clusters: but, on approaching Babylon, cuts and canals, for the purposes of irrigation, became more frequent. Two streams, one above, the other below, the ruins of Babylon, take the common eastern name of Nile. For about thirty miles below Hilla, both banks are crowded with mud villages, embedded in date-trees; and to these may be added a multitude of huts, formed of and supported by bundles of reeds placed slanting, at four or six feet apart, and covered with matting of the same material; villages of this kind are hereabouts exceedingly numerous, and generally built around a sort of mud fortress, with semicircular towers and battlements, inclosing a space sufficiently large to secure all the grain from depredation.

Lower down, towards Lemlun, the country being level, and the banks little raised above the river, irrigation is carried on by the simple operation of a lever, moveable on a pole, having a leather bucket at one extremity and a basket of stones at the other, being the same that is used in Egypt and Spain; and, we may add, in the garden-grounds beyond Hammersmith. The banks are here covered with cultivation, fringed with a double and nearly continuous belt of luxuriant date-trees, extending down to the Persian Gulf; 'and attaining,' says Captain Chesney, 'a degree of perfection, with a variety of productiveness, *far beyond those of the Nile.*'

At Lemlun, the Euphrates throws off its branches, forming a delta, which is said by Captain Chesney to resemble that of *Damietta*; and here, when the river is swollen, the country is inundated, to the extent of sixty miles in width, covering the fertile rice-fields known by the name of the Lemlun Marshes. Here, as in Egypt, the huts of the peasantry are surrounded by water; and it is no uncommon occurrence to see a whole village afloat, and the people following on foot, or in their canoes, to arrest the materials of their dwellings, which are erected on the same spots, and exposed to the same disaster, the following year.

At fifty miles below Lemlun, the marshes terminate; and here the river is greatly increased in depth and width, by a junction of a branch of the Tigris, called the *Hie*—taking a breadth of about three

three hundred yards as far as Shuge Shug, inundating the country on the left bank, when swollen, and, at the same time, irrigating the right one. At Korna, about three hundred and fifty miles below Hilla, the main branch of the Tigris joins the Euphrates, where it takes the name of Shut ul Arab, which it keeps down to the sea, varying in breadth from five hundred to nine hundred yards, with a depth from three to five fathoms; both banks covered with villages, the land smiling with cultivation, and the scenery, as our traveller says, 'wearing an imposing and majestic appearance.'

The whole distance, by the course of the river, from Bir to Bussora, is calculated, by Chesney, at 1143 miles; and, throughout this distance, he is of opinion that, from the time the Euphrates begins to rise to that when it has reached almost its lowest point, no insuperable impediments are offered to its navigation by steam. In January, there is usually a temporary and moderate rise; but the great and regular rise begins towards the end of March, when the rains set in—and the river attains its greatest height from the 21st to the 28th of May. Its lowest state is in November. Captain Chesney is not very clear in this part of his statement, which is of great importance in deciding the point as to a constant and uninterrupted navigation of the Euphrates, more especially as, in its low state, he enumerates no fewer than thirty-nine obstructions, by rocks and shallows, between Diget-us-Laik and Bushloubford—a distance of about five hundred miles,—nearly half the length of the navigation, between Bir and Bussora.—As these obstructions are stated to occur only at or about the lowest state of the river, and the greater part, if not all of them, it is said, may be passed by a steamer, properly constructed, it will not be necessary for us to notice them in detail.

Captain Chesney gives a plan of a steam-boat, which we do not much admire; this is obviously not his *forte*; we dare say, however, that a steam-boat like those we have alluded to on the Paisley canal, long and narrow, not drawing more than eighteen inches water, the bottom spoon-shaped, and constructed either of light wood or thin iron plates, might attempt, and perhaps succeed, to navigate the Euphrates from Bir, if thought expedient to commence so high, at all or most times of the year, but would always be liable to damage and uncertainty on account of the rocks and shoals. With regard to the supplies of provisions and fuel, we consider Captain Chesney's statements to be satisfactory. Bir contains about two thousand houses, and would supply rice, flour, poultry, &c.; of Giabar, we may say the same. Deir, the ancient Thapsacus, contains fifteen hundred houses, and would supply
 plenty

plenty of provisions. Anna has eighteen hundred houses ; its picturesque islands are covered with date-trees, and the surrounding country is rich. Hit, with its fifteen hundred houses, affords plenty of butcher's meat. Hilla or Babylon covers a large tract of ground with an inadequate population, not exceeding ten thousand souls, inhabiting about two thousand seven hundred houses ; but the bazaars are good and well supplied with meat, fish, rice, and even luxuries ; the government regular, and well disposed towards strangers. Dewania, with its fifteen hundred houses, can furnish ordinary supplies. In short, throughout the whole navigation of the river, plenty of meal and grain may be had at intervals of fifteen or twenty miles, and the Euphrates throughout abounds in fish, an excellent species of which is taken in such quantities, that Captain Chesney's boatmen purchased thirty-nine pounds in weight for 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.

As to fuel—wood, charcoal, bitumen, petroleum or naphtha, are to be had along the whole line of the Euphrates. At Giabar, a little below Bir, at Gasar Sadi, at Hit, and several other places, are abundant sources of this bitumen, under different states—in some places liquid, in others solid ;—and from Bir to Bussora wood and charcoal may be had in any quantity. So abundant is the supply of bitumen, says Captain Chesney, 'that one of the ancient fountains close to Hit gives the necessary quantity for all of the extensive demands along the lower Euphrates and Bagdad.' How singular it is, that for ages past, the duration of which is hidden from man, this substance has continued to flow, inexhaustible, as it would seem ! The 'slime,' which the descendants of Noah made use of 'instead of mortar,' is admitted by all the commentators to have been the liquid naphtha ; we know from Herodotus that it was used in the stupendous buildings of Babylon, and the historians of Alexander testify to the fact ; nay, it is still visible in the ruins of this ancient city. The dry hard flakes are sold at the rate of about 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per cwt. ; and the naphtha, when reduced to a thick liquid, at about 11d. per cwt.—in either state much cheaper than coal in England. Small wood for fuel is not more than 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per cwt. When these materials are mixed, they burn with a brilliant flame and give out a strong heat ; and Captain Chesney seems to think, that they would be found as cheap and equally efficient, for the sea steamer to and from Bombay, as coal.

There is another point, however, connected with the navigation of the Euphrates deserving of serious consideration : we allude to the danger to which the lives of those employed on it would be exposed. At present there is no dependence to be placed on many of the Arab tribes bordering on the river, and on the desert
between

between it and the Mediterranean, which must necessarily be crossed to complete the communication. The Pasha of Egypt, however, is likely to become the quiet possessor of all Syria, and that part of Arabia through which the Euphrates flows—in consequence thereof, an improved condition of the wandering and marauding tribes may probably be brought about; but a long time will be required to fix men like these to any permanent abode. ‘The marked support of the Pasha,’ [of Bagdad?] Captain Chesney tells us, ‘ensures safety wherever he is obeyed or even has influence; but by far the greater part of the inhabitants near the river are subject to no control; there is in reality no way that I know of at present to pass these hostile, ill-disposed tribes without contests, and perhaps bloodshed occasionally.’ He was himself several times attacked in the course of his route.

If the state of the population and the impediments in the river were the only difficulties, means might probably be found to surmount them; but there is another of so serious a nature as, in our opinion, to render this route to India wholly impracticable for all useful purposes. We allude to the desert above mentioned, which is interposed between the Mediterranean and the Euphrates, and which must be passed either from Scanderoun or the mouth of the Orontes, or from Lattakia to Aleppo, and from thence to Bir or Beles, which is lower down and much shorter. The best of these passages would require fifty or sixty hours, and subject the passengers to the depredations and ill-treatment of Arabs ever on the watch. To wait for the irregular caravans, and after all obtain only a doubtful protection, would defeat the whole object. Captain Chesney suggests that a canal might be cut from the nearest approach of the Orontes to the Euphrates, which is opposite Beles, a distance of sixty-seven miles; but who is to be at the expense of making such a canal? and if made, would not the effect be merely to attract the robbers to one fixed point, where they would be sure of falling in with their prey? The Orontes, besides, has a shallow bar at its mouth, and that which was once the ancient port of Seleucia is now filled up, and to clear it out would entail an enormous expense.

Let us, however, suppose all these difficulties to be got over:—it remains to sum up the distances—and the time which the communication between England and Bombay by this route would probably take. And first let us look at Captain Chesney’s estimate:—

‘ From

	Miles.	Days.
'From Falmouth to Malta	2300	15
Malta to Scanderoun	800	4
Scanderoun to Bussora	1349	12
Bussora to Bombay	1587	8
Delay for fuel and change of steamers		3½
	<hr/> 6036	<hr/> 42½

The return by the same route at the lowest state of the Euphrates 48½.'

Our calculation differs not very materially :—

	Miles.	Days.
Falmouth to Malta, stopping at Cadiz or Gibraltar	2040	16
Malta to Scanderoun	1100	7
Through Aleppo to the Euphrates, among tribes of half-savage Arabs	190	5
Sheek Giaber or Beles (up the river 12 days)	900	7
Bussora to Muskat	800	6
Muskat to Bombay	750	5
	<hr/> 5780	<hr/> 46

And back from Bombay 51

And allowing for incidental delays and stoppages, we should say fifty-six days or two months.

It must be obvious that, by this route, there can be no certainty as to time, especially from Bombay to England, as the adverse stream of the Euphrates, in addition to the other obstructions, must render that portion of the passage, for a great part of the year, if not always, precarious. That we might improve and reduce more to a certainty the navigation of the Euphrates—that the ancient town and harbour of Scanderoun might be rendered more healthy by draining the contiguous marsh—that the port of Seleucia and the mouth of the Orontes might be made secure and available for steam-vessels—that a canal of sixty-seven miles might be dug from the Orontes to the Euphrates, and another of nineteen miles from this river to the renowned city of Bagdad—and that the rocks which obstruct the navigation of the river itself might be removed—all these things, and many more, we are quite ready to admit with Captain Chesney, are possible—and perhaps not difficult to be accomplished; but for what purpose, we may ask, should these great works be undertaken by England, at the cost perhaps of a million of money? Is it for the more speedy conveyance of a few passengers and (very often unimportant) despatches to and from India? Can it be thought worth while to incur such an expense, while another route presents itself, which is perfectly secure and equally speedy, without incurring any

any such outlay, or exposure to savage tribes? Alexander may, as we are told, have passed his legions on the Euphrates and Tigris on rafts—Julian may have constructed fleets and built castles there—and Napoleon's proposed pivot of operations against Bussora and India may have been at Marash, near which Trajan's fleet was constructed from the forest of Nisibis—in these undertakings there was one object—conquest; but England has no views of this kind,—a peaceable transit is all that she aims at.

Captain Chesney says that the scheme 'is well worthy of trial, not so much for the sake of eventual civilization (of the Arabs), as the more important advantages to us of producing something like strength in the Pashalic, against the time when it will be invaded by some enemy or other.' The enemy, we answer, is already there—in the shape of a revolted subject; but it matters little to England, as far as the navigation of the Euphrates is concerned, whether the Porte or a rival Mussulman holds dominion over this long-oppressed country.

But there is a power towards which England may perhaps have some cause to look with jealousy; and with reference to that power it may be asked, would it be wise on the part of England, leaving expense out of the question, to improve the navigation of a river, whose embouchure faces directly a vulnerable part of our Indian dominions, and is at no great distance from them, and whose sources are within a few days' march of the frontier of an autocrat—not less ambitious perhaps than any of those we have mentioned, and who could more easily avail himself of the Euphrates than any former, however enterprising, adventurer had the means of doing? Whether he may feel himself sufficiently confident of his strength, and, madly ambitious, attempt to annex India to his already overgrown territories, it is impossible to say; but the free navigation of this river, with the command of the inexhaustible forests of Mount Taurus, would enable him to waft down his legions, on rudely constructed rafts, with great ease to the Persian gulf; and though he might not be able to advance further, and probably not easily to retreat, yet his presence in that neighbourhood could not fail to create an alarm or disturbance among the natives of India and the intermediate country, and make it necessary, for the tranquillity if not the security of our possessions, to assemble a larger force on the western frontier than might conveniently be spared from other services. If then any weight is to be attached to this view of the subject, it is not for England to smooth the way, and by a large expenditure of money, even though the commercial advantages pointed out by Captain Chesney were tenfold what his estimate presents.

Let us then turn our attention to the route by Egypt, which
has

has this advantage over the other, that it has actually been put to the test of experience, and found to be safe, certain, and comparatively easy. The first point to be ascertained is the part of the coast of Egypt to which the steamer from England should be directed? The decision of this question must depend in some measure on the difficulties or the facilities of entering one of the mouths of the Nile, so as to approach by water-conveyance the nearest spot from whence the overland journey is to be performed either to Suez or Cosseir on the Red Sea. Across all the mouths of the Nile there are bars of sand that very frequently shift their positions; and when the northerly or sea winds blow, which are strongest from midsummer to the equinox, and, by directly opposing the current of the river, raise a heavy surf across the channels, all entrance is precluded, even against the boats of the country, which are often swamped in the attempt. In southerly winds, the water on the bars is smoother, but is then most shallow, seldom exceeding four or five feet in depth, so that no sea-steamer could attempt to enter.

The only certain and practicable mode, therefore, of communicating with the Red Sea will be by the harbour of Alexandria, which is accessible at all times. From hence a noble canal, constructed by the present pasha, extends about forty-five miles, where it comes close to, but does not actually join, the Nile, as it might easily be made to do by means of a lock. By attaching horses to the passage-boats, and putting them to their speed, these forty-five miles might be accomplished in six hours, and the Nile boats from thence would reach Cairo, which is about seventy-five miles farther, in two days,—say three in all from Alexandria. At Cairo, any number of camels or dromedaries can be had, at a very trifling expense, to convey the baggage over the isthmus to Suez; and this part of the land journey would occupy two days more. The only objection to Suez is that, from the shallowness of the water, the steamer could not approach the shore within four or five miles; but this is a very serious one, as regards the taking in coals, and must occasion considerable delay, unless indeed a coal-lighter were moored out in deep water. Cosseir would no doubt on this account be a more convenient port to embark at on the Red Sea steamer, but it would occasion much delay in ascending the Nile to Keneh, which is opposite to it, and there would still remain the intervening desert to be crossed. Captain Chesney states it would take from nine to twelve days to enable passengers, with their baggage, to reach Alexandria from Cosseir, and more in going the contrary way.

The navigation of the Red Sea is considered to be dangerous, but little is *known* of it except from the chart of Sir Home Popham, whose

whose route was confined to the middle of this narrow sea. Sir John Malcolm and his party, in the *Hugh Lindsay* steamer, found no difficulty nor danger in navigating along the eastern coast, as far up as Juddah, nor from thence to Cosseir; and the passage along this coast has the great advantage of allowing the vessels to pass with facility during both monsoons.*

Captain Chesney seems to think that, if the cut drawn by the French from the lake Menzaleh to the sea-coast opposite Tineh, but now closed up, were re-opened, it would offer the easiest and shortest route to Suez. He also suggests facilities that might be afforded by canals and openings, and removal of bars, but at the same time against all such costly projects he offers an objection which appears to us to be fatal:—‘I have some reason to believe,’ he says, ‘that the pasha, whilst he may avowedly consent, and promise assistance, would secretly make difficulties, and use intrigues, to counteract the steam-communication through his territories; as it is natural he should not desire to make Egypt the channel of such an important intercourse as must draw the attention of Europe to that part of the world.’ This we consider as conclusive. The pasha is too wise and too cautious a ruler to allow of inlets to be made into his dominions for the easy admission of foreigners, but he has none whatever to give his best assistance to an intercourse through Alexandria and Cairo.

Assuming, therefore, the port of Alexandria on this, and Suez on the other side of the isthmus, to be the points of rendezvous for the steamers—the distances, and probable length of time in performing each, will stand as under:—

	Miles.	Days.
Falmouth to Malta (as before)	2040	16
Malta to Alexandria	860	5
Alexandria to Suez		6
Suez to Babelmandel	1200	7
Babelmandel to Socotra	600	4
Socotra to Bombay	1200	7
	<hr/>	<hr/>
		45

As there are not at present any conveniences for the supply and care of coals, boats, &c., at Babelmandel and Socotra, Mocha, being the same distance to Suez, may be substituted for the former, and Maculla, on the coast of Arabia, for the latter. As we have here taken the rate of the steamer at about seven miles an hour, which she could not maintain against a north-east monsoon and a head sea, we may extend the average time from England to Bombay, and also the reverse, and consider it to vary from

* We understand that a complete survey of this sea has recently been made by the vessels of the East India Company's marine, but the details of it have not yet been received.

forty-five to fifty days. The *Hugh Lindsay*, which pursued a somewhat different and perhaps a better route, left Bombay on the 5th December, stopped for coals at Maculla two days, and again at Judda the same time for the same purpose, and arrived at Cosseir on the 27th of the same month, that is, she was twenty-two days on the voyage, from which deduct four, and add two from Cosseir to Suez, and we have twenty days from Bombay to Suez.

We now come to the important article of expense, the only one which is likely to stand in the way of the measure being carried into effect. In the estimate of *four* steamers, as supplied from India to the Court of Directors, the communication is contemplated as monthly. This might be effected by employing two steamers on this side, and two on the other side of the isthmus of Suez, provided the steam-machinery could be ensured not to fail for a certain period—which however is wholly out of the question, it being constantly liable to accidents. Instead of engines of ninety-horse power, on which the estimate is made, we should say those of sixty are sufficiently powerful for propelling, at the rate of seven to eight miles an hour, steam-vessels of capacities large and commodious enough for every purpose. Taking the passage from Suez to Bombay at twenty days at sea, the time it was done by the *Hugh Lindsay*, and which will also be about the average time from England to Alexandria, we may estimate as follows:—

Suppose the first steamer from England and the first from Bombay were to start from their respective destinations on the 1st January, and allowing the passage across the isthmus, and to and from Suez and Alexandria, to be six days, the passengers to and from India would arrive in England and at Bombay about the same day, namely, on the 15th February; and each steamer would have thirteen days in this month, and fifteen or sixteen in all other months, to make good its defects—which in ordinary cases would be sufficient, though not so when any accident has happened to the machinery.

Now, as each steamer would complete six voyages in the year, the number of days that each would be at sea, or have the steam up, would be 240 days; and as a steam-vessel, with two sixty-horse-power engines, if properly managed, will not require more than ten tons of coals in twenty-four hours, the quantity consumed by the two steamers on each side, in the six voyages each, or the whole year, will be 4800 tons;—9600 tons for the whole four vessels. The coals best adapted for steamers are admittedly the Llangennech in South Wales, which may be had at the pit's mouth, or even at the port of Llanelly, for seven to eight shillings the ton—at Portsmouth or Plymouth for twenty shillings—at Gibraltar,

Malta, or Alexandria, at thirty shillings. Taking the average at twenty-five shillings per ton, the annual expense, in the article of fuel, for the 4800 tons consumed on this side the isthmus, will be 6000*l.*; what it will be on the Indian side is not so easy to estimate; but as it is a fact that coals are and can be delivered at Bombay, taken thither from England as ballast, at thirty shillings a ton, the additional price over that of Europe will be confined to those delivered about the mouth of, or in, the Red Sea. It is supposed the East India Company would find no difficulty in providing the whole, including Bombay, at about sixty shillings the ton; and at this rate, the expense of fuel only for the two steamers on the Indian side would amount to 12,000*l.* a year—and for the whole four to 18,000*l.**

We believe, however, there is not the slightest intention, either of the government or the East India Company, that the communication should be *monthly*, as neither political nor commercial interests could be benefited thereby to such an extent as would justify so large an expenditure. However great the emergency may be, the minister must send his reinforcements, and the merchant his cargoes, round the Cape of Good Hope; and on whomsoever the government of India devolves, the executive on the spot must be allowed to act, as it always has acted, on the spur of the occasion, and not wait for orders from home. We shall, therefore, assume that steamers are to be despatched every two months; the cost of coals would thus be reduced to 9000*l.* a year.*

We may now state the expense of establishing and keeping up four steamers as given by the Directors.

FIRST COST.

A teak-built Bombay Steam-vessel, with Engines and Stores complete, 160-horse power, with an additional Boiler, and twice repaired		£ 35,600
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ANNUAL EXPENSE.

Capital sunk for fifteen years in Vessel and Boilers	2,369
Interest on Capital at 6 per cent.	2,012
Insurance 133 <i>5</i> l., Establishment 3603 <i>l.</i>	4,938
Stores, Provisions, and Repairs	1,485
	<hr/>
	£ 10,804
Coals, Insurance, and Landing	15,996
	<hr/>
Annual Expense of One	£ 26,800

* In point of fact, if monthly communications were determined on, *three* steamers, instead of two, would be absolutely necessary; one always in reserve to supply the place of either of the two that might sustain heavy damage, which must always be reckoned upon where steamers have to encounter boisterous weather, head seas, and a long continuance of the steam up, occasioning a constant wear and tear in the machinery and burning out the boilers.

Then,

Then, first outlay of four Steamers	142,400
Annual Expense of four Steamers at 26,800 <i>l.</i>	107,200
Annual Expense of one Steamer for fifteen years	26,800
And for four Steamers for fifteen years, including the first outlay;—after this period the original outlay would recur	£ 1,608,000

This, to be sure, is a terrific expenditure for conveying a few letters and despatches, and now and then three or four passengers. We shall, however, offer an estimate on the same principles, which we think will come nearer the truth.

FIRST OUTLAY.

An English-built Steam-vessel of 120-horse power complete, with Stores, Engines, and Boilers, with an additional Boiler, will cost about £ 16,800

ANNUAL EXPENSE.

Capital sunk for fifteen years	1,120
Interest on Capital at 6 per cent.	1,008
Officers, Engineers, &c., and Insurance	3,000
Occasional Stores and Annual Repairs	1,100
	6,228
Coals, by our estimate 18,000 <i>l.</i> for four, 4,500 <i>l.</i> for one	4,500
Annual Expense of one Steamer	10,728
First outlay of four Steamers	67,200
Annual Expense of four Steamers	42,912
Expense of four Steamers for fifteen years	£ 643,680

Thus, if our estimate should be an approximation only to the required expenditure, that of the East India Company will exceed it by considerably more than one-half, both in the amount of the original outlay and the annual charges. But if the communication be limited to once every two months, and we think this ought to be considered sufficient, the annual cost, by the diminution of half the cost of the coals, will be for each steamer 8,478*l.*, and for the four 33,912*l.* It will be observed, that no allowance is made for extra labour in loading, unloading, and carrying coals to the steamer, which, on this side the isthmus, will be done by the vessel's crew, nor is any additional cost inserted for the land journey; but if we add the gross sum of 6000*l.*, and, instead of 34,000*l.*, take the annual expense to amount to 40,000*l.*—or, if the communication be monthly, to 48,912*l.*,—we shall still be considerably below one-half the estimate of the Directors.

The question then will resolve itself into the consideration, whether, in a political or commercial point of view, the conveyance of a few passengers and letters monthly or two-monthly to and from Bombay, is worth the annual expense of 40,000*l.* or 50,000*l.* *? It has been thrown out that the monthly government steam-packets to Malta might be made available to that extent, and that one additional packet only would be required to run between Malta and Alexandria; but then, as this would produce a degree of uncertainty, both as to time and accommodation for passengers, the whole plan might be deranged and the object of it defeated. From what is stated in Mr. Prinsep's book, it is not at all probable that such an undertaking will be attempted by private individuals, liberal and public-spirited as the merchants resident in India have almost on all occasions shown themselves to be; and unless a very strong case should be made out, we doubt whether the government or the East India Company will be willing to sacrifice so large an expenditure for such an object.

ART. XII.—1. *Recollections of a Chaperon*; edited by Lady Dacre. 3 vols. London. 1833.

2. *Aims and Ends*: and *Oonagh Lynch*. By the Author of 'Carwell.' Ditto. Ditto. Ditto.

THE ladies have always some pretty little manufacture in hand: twenty years ago they were shoe-makers—then came the æra of bookbinding; at present authorship is the thing. To have contributed to an Annual or a 'Court Journal' is no distinction at all. Even a volume of lyrical poems is thought hardly more of, than an embroidered cushion or night-cap was in the days of their great-grandmothers. There are probably present at every drawing-room of Queen Adelaide's half-a-score beauties, or *ci-devant* beauties, whose names have been blazoned on the title-page of a three-tomed novel, or at least in the advertisements of its publisher; and, to crown all, we have a monthly magazine avowedly edited by a young and lovely member of one of our noble families.

* We have seen, since writing the above, an extract of the annual *profits* to be derived from a monthly communication by steam, which, as Jonathau would say, is important if true, and ought to shame the Directors for their tardiness: it is, however, of Indian manufacture. The cost of the establishment being taken at 37,314*l.* we are told that the following receipts may be relied on:—

300,000 letters at an average of 3 <i>s.</i>	£ 45,000
Newspapers, law papers, bills of exchange, &c.	40,000
Passage money	4,800
	<hr/> £89,800

Leaving a balance of *profits*

See 'Steam Navigation from England to India,' by Captain Head, 1833.

Of

Of all these feminine *novels* of the last three or four seasons, there is but one (*Carwell*) that shows the power to grapple with deep passions, and develope a really lofty character. The rest fail wherever anything of so high a class is attempted; the best of them hazard no such attempts. They have, however, exhibited, in many instances, great cleverness in the management of humbler materials—skill, sometimes really exquisite skill, in the delineation of follies and foibles—lively specimens of narrative—light and graceful snatches of dialogue—admirably graphic pictures of the surface of society. Above all, several of these fair hands have depicted with success the *ennui* which paralyzes the palled sense of so many of fortune's spoiled children—the whims, caprices, extravagances, which so often mark the stages from listless weariness of heart and spirit, to the short-lived phrenzy of guilty passion—the harbinger in almost every case of a middle life devoted to reckless vice. Believing, therefore, as we do, that society in this country is about to undergo some great change, we cannot doubt that these books will be referred to, occasionally, for very unfair purposes, long after the daintiest of their authoresses have stooped to woollen. They will be quoted as furnishing evidence that we deserved our fate—that an aristocracy so lost in voluptuousness, and middle ranks so debased by envy and small ambitions, called aloud for the besom of revolution.

It ought, however, to be remembered, that they, one and all, deal with only a few sections of the upper society of England—that they are all town-made or villa-made; that the life which they represent is not the actual life of any class among us, excepting a single gaudy circle revolving round Almack's, and a wider and duller one, embracing within its range that thoroughly artificial maze of little *parks*, and *places*, and *cottages* with double coach-houses, which are indicated by green dots, as thick set as currants in a cake, on the pocket-chart of our outlying suburb—the chosen province of the fund-holders and the colonial Absentees. It is here that vanity and selfishness, nowhere else leading characteristics of English character and manners, thrive and bloom as in a hot-bed. In these paradise paddocks the great are not surrounded by their natural dependants and neighbours—and the pomp of their luxury is presented, alike apart from the stimulating utility of masses of wealth, and from the civilizing influence of a centre of elegance. Those of moderate fortunes, in place of being country gentlemen, each the natural pattern of some parish and guardian of some village, are apt to spend their whole lifetime in the interchange of formal dinners, and a foppish parodying of the manners of the isolated magnates, whose annual breakfast or ball is their social blue-ribbon.

Now

Now that the novel has come to stand virtually, with regard to the painting of living manners, in the room at once of the Addisonian essay and the genteel comedy, how greatly is it to be regretted that the varied talents employed in this branch of popular literature should confine themselves to so narrow a field of the domain which has fallen to their lot; that, after all the hundreds of clever books of this class to which our time has given birth, it should still be impossible to single out *one*, in which English life is portrayed from a serene point of view, and with the boldness and gentleness of a mind equally above flattery and uncharitableness. Mrs. Sheridan could bring the passion—and the books now on our table show that either she or Mrs. Sullivan could bring the satire; a dozen inferior hands might be relied on for a smart filling up of petty details; but to what quarter shall we look for the construction of a really artist-like plot—a sufficiently comprehensive canvass—the influence and collisions of masculine intellects—a candid and philosophical sympathy with man and woman, in strength and in weakness—and the ennobling ambition to make ‘fairy fiction’ the vehicle of wholesome lessons at once to the rich and to the poor?

As it is, we have before us a whole bundle of rods for the backs of that busy little world of snugness and pretension, which we have alluded to as cut by the Thames, from Hampton to somewhere about Blackheath, and extending an easy stage into Surrey on the one side, into Herts on the other. These fair writers sometimes talk about Yorkshire, Cumberland, even Cornwall; but it is obvious, that their sphere of observation, as far as English life is concerned, has been circumscribed by the twelve miles map. Every one who has lived in the real country, no matter where, must feel that they introduce him to a world quite unlike his own. Every one who has had his head-quarters in London, must recognise the fidelity with which they represent the *tracasseries* of The Environs. Two-thirds of these novels are, in short, occupied with the cravings of little people for the notice of the great—the civil contempt with which the objects of this adoration reward their worshippers—and, last not least, the miseries and mock miseries which haunt, through the course of life, those persons of essentially feeble character who, under the influence either of youthful passion, or of caprice, or pique, or vanity, are rash enough to forget the distinctions of *caste* in the formation of a matrimonial alliance. This last subject appears indeed to be a special favourite. Hardly has *The Contrast* been forgotten, before we have precisely the same theme taken up in ‘Milly and Lucy,’ and in ‘Aims and Ends.’

These authoresses are at great pains in rummaging Cowley,
and

and Beaumont and Fletcher, and Collins, and Thomson's Seasons, for sentimental mottos to their books and chapters; but the true key-note of their strain is at hand in Moore's 'Epitaph on a Tuft-hunter.'

'Lament, lament, Sir Isaac Heard!
Put mourning round thy page, Debrett!
For here lies one who ne'er preferred
A Viscount to a Marquis yet.
Heaven grant him now some noble nook,
For, rest his soul! he'd rather be
Genteelly damned beside a duke,
Than saved in vulgar company.'

The title-page first on our list, 'Recollections of a Chaperon—edited by *Lady Dacre*,' conveyed to us the impression that one whose dramas, both tragic and comic, have been much and justly admired, had condescended to the fashion of the time, and tried her hand at the novel. Lady Dacre, however, it is now known, brought not the book, but only the ingenious writer of the book, into the world—her editorship has been confined to a preface;—but we are bound to say, that, even if the work had been written by her Ladyship, the greater part of it would have done no dishonour to her elegant reputation.

The collection consists of five pieces—'Warrenne,' which we think confused, feeble, and absurd; 'The Single Woman of a Certain Age'—and of nearly equal dullness; 'An Old Story often told,'—the flimsy story of a sentimental *divorcée*, who is exceedingly unhappy because no ladies visit her except a few near relations and political connexions;—and two novels of greater length, which appear to us to merit a more formal notice:—tales which of themselves would go far to raise the standard by which productions of this school have of late years been judged.

The first of these is 'Milly and Lucy,'—the history of the lovely daughter of a retired East Indian, evidently settled somewhere between Barnet and The Hoo, who, from the besetting sin of modern heroines, is induced to quit her natural sphere of life, and figure in St. James's Square, a villa at Richmond, an abbey in some midland county, and a castle on the Welsh coast, as the wife of a worn out *roué*, old enough to be her father—the Marquis of Montreville. This is Lord Mulgrave's story over again—but the original inequality of condition being less, the details require a more delicate style of handling. The sketch is in all respects filled up far better than his Lordship's; and the gentleness of the catastrophe shows a taste and feeling a world above the melodramatic horrors of the third volume of 'The Contrast.' The character of *Milly*, however,—a nurse meant to personify all the virtues in their homely garb, and relieve at every turn

turn the pomps and vanities of Lucy the Marchioness—is rather mawkish; and by expunging this Goody altogether the story would be improved.

The Marquis had been, as ‘the handsome but half-ruined Lord Arthur Stanfield,’ one of the most distinguished sinners in London; but on succeeding, when within sight of fifty, to the honours and fortune of his house, he has perceived the propriety of procuring a wife and an heir: and resolved, in consequence of his past experience of ‘style, manner, vivacity, grace,’ &c., to choose ‘some young unsophisticated creature, as unlike as possible to all those with whom he had had any former connexion.’

‘He was accidentally introduced to Lucy, and she appeared to him precisely the thing of which he was in search. She was decidedly very pretty, and lacked nothing but what a week’s tuition would give, to have *un air distingué*. Her head was small—it was naturally well put on. Her figure was slender, her foot was not large; and, though her hands were a little red, they were well-shaped. Some almond-paste, the best shoe-maker, and Mademoiselle Hyacinthe would set all quite right. He thought he should not alter the style of her coiffure. The back of her head was so Grecian in its contour, she might venture upon her own simple twist and long ringlets. Having thus made up his mind, he proceeded to ingratiate himself with the family. There was a public ball at the concert-rooms, and thither he went. He never danced: he knew he was too old, and he never affected youth. But, when Lucy was dancing, she often found his large, intelligent, expressive eyes fixed on her from beneath the very dark eyebrows which shaded them, without giving them any look of harshness. She felt flattered, without being distressed.’—vol. i. pp. 160, 161.

The coolness of the whole procedure on the part of the noble lord is admirable.

‘He handed Mrs. Heckfield to supper, and sat between her and Lucy, who found her partner quite dull and stupid, in comparison with this very agreeable new acquaintance. He did not talk much; he said nothing which she could afterwards remember as being either clever or amusing. But he had a manner of listening with a deferential air, his eyes fixed with attention on the speaker, while his countenance seemed to say, the remark made was new and luminous, something which had never struck him before, so that people believed themselves delighted with him, while, in truth, they were delighted with themselves.’

We forget what accident had induced Lord Montreville to sojourn for a little in this part of the country; but it may easily be foreseen that Mrs. Heckfield would, after this ball and supper, induce her husband to give a dinner at ‘Rose-Hill Lodge.’ The cabinet council in which the party is arranged for this great occasion is very well done:—

“Let us have the Thompsons, my dear,” said the Colonel. “La! Colonel

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Colonel Heckfield! Mrs. Thompson! so fat and vulgar, and Mr. Thompson, so silent, unless you talk of stocks or consols." "Well, then, Colonel Danby and his daughter." "They will do pretty well; but I was thinking of Mrs. Haughtville, who, you know, has always lived in the first circles." "What! that deaf old woman?" "Why, my dear, it won't do to ask just commonplace country neighbours. We must get somebody Lord Montreville is likely to know." "Very true! And then my friend Danby, he knows everybody, and can talk thirteen to the dozen." "He knows everybody who has been in India, but I very much suspect he does not know anybody that Lord Montreville would think anybody," answered the lady, who never could endure her husband's jolly friend, who certainly did eat, drink, talk, and laugh, thirteen to the dozen, but who, she not unwisely thought, would be a very bad ingredient in this refined party; "Surely Sir James Ashgrove, the member for the county, would be a better person; we can give him a bed you know." "Very well—Ashgrove is a good fellow, and a sensible fellow, but he never gives you much of his conversation, unless you talk of the last division in parliament, and then he will tell you which way every member voted, and the reasons of his vote into the bargain." "But he is a man of good birth and good connexions, and quite a friend of the family besides; James's godfather and all." "Then, if we ask our good parson and his two daughters, we shall have quite enough. I don't like a great let-off; it is much best to take matters quietly."

"Good heavens! Colonel Heckfield! you cannot be in earnest. What! that old proser, who makes a comma between every word, and a full stop nowhere! and those two Misses, one as old as the hills, and the other as giggling a girl as ever I saw. Besides, Lucy and she will get laughing and gossiping together, and Lucy never appears to advantage when Bell Stopford is with her." "Whom had we best have then, my love?" responded the Colonel. "Why, first of all, Mrs. Haughtville," answered Mrs. Heckfield, who had long ago prepared her list in her mind, "and Sir James Ashgrove, (as you wish,) and young Mr. Lyon, Lord Petersfield's nephew, and Sir Alan Byway, the great traveller, and Miss Pennefeather, who wrote those sweet novels; people of fashion like to meet a genius; and then, my dear, I thought of asking Lord and Lady Bodlington." "Mercy upon us, wife! why I don't know them by sight." "But I do, Colonel Heckfield, and a sweet woman she is. I was introduced to her at the ball the other night."—p. 163-166.

The dinner takes place accordingly, and very poorly does it go off, until the drawing-room is gratified with some music by the *lionness*, in her sketch of whose performance we fear Mrs. Sullivan makes very free with some of her own fair sister manufacturers:—

"If Miss Pennefeather would favour us!" humbly suggested Mrs. Heckfield: "one of your own unique compositions, my dear Miss Pennefeather. Miss Pennefeather composes words, and music, and

and all, Mrs. Haughtville, and they are the sweetest things!" This account excited a slight emotion of curiosity in Mrs. Haughtville's mind, and she accordingly begged Miss Pennfeather to grant their request. Lady Bodlington was very anxious indeed; and the poetess, whose pride, though easily wounded, was, through the medium of her vanity, as easily soothed, found the two fine ladies were more intellectual, and consequently more worthy of the efforts of her genius, than she had at first imagined.

'After a little bashful reluctance, she seated herself upon the round stool. She was short and thick, with a very small waist and a very full gown, and she sat extremely stiff and upright. Her arms were short, and when she meant to play *staccato*, she caught up her hands as high as her shoulders, and then she pounced down again on the affrighted notes as a kite upon a brood of chickens. The "sweet thing" she selected for the occasion was in a German style—a love-lorn damsel who sold herself to the spirit of darkness, that she might rejoin her murdered lover's ghost in another, but not a better, world. Miss Pennfeather's nose was small, and somewhat *retroussé*, her eyes were large, black, and round, (they were her beauty,) her mouth would not have been ugly, but that it was difficult to decide where her chin ended and her throat began, so that, during the vehement and energetic passages which the nature of the subject called forth, when the head was thrown back, and the black eyes were darting their beams towards the ceiling, the double chin protruded rather beyond the natural and original one.'—

Surely, whoever may have been the poet of this song, the music must have been from the Chevalier Neukomm!

'Lord Montreville now became a frequent visitor at Rosehill Lodge, and his manner gradually assumed more the tone of gallantry. Reports arose. Lucy was rallied by her young friends, and began to look into her feelings. She had seen his beautiful equipage—his four blood bays; she had seen engravings of his magnificent seat in Staffordshire; of his lovely villa near London; of his ancient castle in Wales. She was proof against the splendour of Ashdale Park, and the elegances of Beausejour, but the castle had a decided effect upon her heart. The walls were nine feet thick; there was a donjon keep at the top of a tower nine hundred and forty-one years old; and Lord Montreville's teeth were extremely good—almost as good as Captain Langley's.'

—A donjon keep at the top of a tower! We had always understood that a keep was a *tower*, and that the dungeon was usually placed at the bottom of it.—

'From the vaults under the Caërwhwyddwth Castle subterraneous passages, to the end of which no one within the memory of man had penetrated, were supposed to extend to the ruined monastery of Caërmerwhysteddwhstgen; and then Lord Montreville was quite thin—not the least inclined to corpulency. He was older than Sir Charles Selcourt, but he was much more agreeable,—he was certainly a great deal

deal older than Captain Langley, but then Captain Langley was not the least clever. All their tastes agreed exactly. He was enthusiastic upon the self-same subjects,—puppies, donkeys, goslings, and Lord Byron. She went to sleep, and dreamed she was the Marchioness of Montreville, chaperoning her sister Emma to Almack's. People cannot prevent their dreams.

'The next morning she jokingly repeated her dream to Emma. "Oh, Lucy!" exclaimed Emma, "what a charming dream! And you know mamma says, if you marry, I may come out at seventeen, and, if you don't, I must stay in this poky school-room till I am eighteen. You never can refuse Lord Montreville."—p. 204.

Certainly not.—Lucy is put, in the next chapter, into lawful possession of the Montreville diamonds; and the honeymoon of Ashdale park has not quite expired before her miseries begin. Lord Montreville no longer sympathizes with her either as to donkeys, or goslings, or the Giaour. In fact, it comes out that he cares very little about any of that author's works, except 'Don Juan.' On his Lordship's part, all the innocent *naïvetés* that had seemed so delightful at Rosehill lodge, are now viewed with fear and suspicion, as likely to hazard the dignity of the strawberry-leaf; and Lucy is obliged to confess to herself that she never feels so much at ease as when the elderly, and once more sobered peer—is out of the room. He determines to have a dinner party of 'nobodies'—that is to say, of the rural gentry in the vicinity of Ashdale, before venturing to produce the bride among any of his own proper 'set,' and gives Lucy painfully minute directions as to the honours of her table, some of which the lady finds it hard to put into practice. The giving of the signal for retiring to the drawing-room is one great difficulty:—

'The half hour—more than the half hour must have elapsed! She answered with an absent air, still glancing uneasy glances, till at length Miss Brown nudged Mrs. Johnson, and Mrs. Johnson looked up, and Lucy hastily rose from her chair, in the middle of Major Smith's sentence.

'Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Delafield made a great ceremony at the door, during which time the gentlemen stood bolt upright, with their napkins in their hands, waiting with exemplary patience while the ladies gave each other *le pas*. At length they marched out arm-in-arm, with a slight laugh to carry off their uncertainties. Lady Montreville, in her shyness, slipped her arm within Miss Brown's, and thanked her for making Mrs. Johnson look round. "Why could I not catch her eye before?" "Oh, don't you know? She is only the wife of a younger son of a baronet, and Mrs. Delafield is the wife of the eldest son of a knight, so you know she was afraid of putting herself forward." This was a new light to Lucy, who had never before been aware of these niceties,'—pp. 250, 251.

A few

A few pages lower down we find the Marquess encouraged to take another grand step.

‘He now thought he might venture to gather some of his own friends and relations around him, and before Christmas there arrived a large party, all people of the very highest fashion, pleasing and agreeable. They, like their host, seemed in their conversation to have adopted the motto of “*Glissez mortels, mais n’appuyez pas :*” and though the hours might fly swiftly in their society, there was nothing about them sufficiently original or individual to deserve recording.

‘Lucy behaved exceedingly well; she had been properly drilled before their arrival: she was in an interesting state, which, assisted by the lectures of the apothecary, and the constant solicitude of Lord Montreville, and the ennui occasioned by being headed, as a sportsman would term it, whenever she attempted to stir hand or foot, gave to her whole carriage and deportment a most excellent languor. She no longer felt any flutter when she made the signal after dinner, and, upon the whole, Lord Montreville thought the result all he could wish, except that he would fain have had her join a little more in general conversation, if he could have been quite sure of no exuberance of spirits.

‘Was she happy in the midst of her splendour? Her husband exceedingly attentive, and the most agreeable society collected around her. No. She was bored—from morning till night constantly suffering from ennui. She was grateful for her husband’s attentions, but they invariably prevented her doing the thing she wished to do; and she sometimes wondered how so many little chubby children, who were not heirs to titles and properties, were running about the village in health and safety.

‘The society of her husband’s friends did not amuse her; they were all the intimates of one clique; and, notwithstanding their habitual good-breeding, she could not help often being unable to understand, or, at all events, to join in their conversation. A slight tone of persiflage and of quizzing, in their mode of treating all subjects, also made her feel less at her ease, than she would otherwise have done after ten days’ residence under the same roof; and she often longed for a hearty laugh with Bell Stopford—a long scrambling walk with Emma and Mary.’

The next paragraph is better still:—

‘Lucy occasionally suggested how glad she should be to see her parents; but the house was always filled with a succession of visitors. The Duke and Duchess of Altonworth announced their intention of taking Ashdale Park in their way to London, and Lord Montreville inadvertently exclaimed, “Whom shall we get to meet them, for this party disperses on Wednesday?” “Oh, then, now we can have papa and mamma, and Emma and Mary!—that will be nice!” Lord Montreville’s countenance fell—he looked blank and dismayed. Lucy saw she was wrong, but she could not’ (as yet!) ‘imagine that papa and mamma were not fit company for any duke or duchess in the land; so she

she awaited the result, blank and dismayed in her turn, but wholly at a loss to guess what was the matter. Lord Montreville soon rallied; "I do not think that would quite do, my dear Lucy: a family party is always a dull thing, and the Duchess is very clever, and altogether—My dear Lucy, I am sure you perfectly understand me." This time, however, Lucy could not and would not understand. "But it will not be a family party to the Duchess, and I am sure mamma is clever too: some people call her blue." "Very true, my love; but the Duchess is clever, and not blue, and she is a person who is very exclusive; she has retired habits, and does not like new acquaintances; and, in short, we must either get somebody whom she would decidedly like to meet, or we had better have nobody."—p. 264-268.

We cannot quote more of this history. Lucy, in vol. 2, becomes, through a not very adroitly managed accident, aware of an improper connection of her fastidious lord's; and runs imminent hazard of following his example—as is shown in a scene of admirable skill and effect, but too long for citation. An explanation, however, occurs in time to save her—the parties understand each other—and 'Lord and Lady Montreville,' like many other unloving couples, 'have now lived many years in comfort and good fellowship.' The merit of 'Lucy and Milly' lies in detached sketches of manners, of which we have given sufficient specimens, and in a style of dialogue superior, we think, to what has been reached by any of the Chaperon's recent rivals. The most formidable of these, Mrs. Sheridan, very rarely allows her narratives to run into dialogue at all.

The subject of the Chaperon's last tale, 'Helen Wareham,' carries her over some delicate enough ground. The heroine is one of a half-pay officer's family, in another Hertfordshire town, the state of whose resources and temper may be gathered from the following little scene:—

" 'Why on earth do you not send away the breakfast things? Nothing shortens the day so much as letting the breakfast remain late upon the table—this is another thing I can never teach you!' "I thought you might wish to drink your tea, papa," answered Caroline, timidly. "I do not want any more; it is so horridly bad!" he replied. "And now, I suppose, we must have the weekly bills, and I must give you some money!" Caroline's spirit sank within her. The first Monday in every month was to her a weary day; and she anticipated that this would indeed be black Monday, as papa did not seem to be quite well.

'The apparatus for the morning repast was removed. Caroline brought the household book, and the bills, and presented them, one by one, to her father, who was horrified at the amount of each.—"Why, here is beef again!—there is no occasion to feed the whole family on beef! If the servants have their beef on Sunday, surely that is enough. You know, Caroline, I can scarcely afford to live as I do, and yet it seems

seems you become every day more expensive in your housekeeping." "I am very sorry, papa, but you told me to have some luncheon in case the Jenkinsons called last Wednesday; and you have often said you hated cold mutton, and that it was painful to you that any one should imagine you were inhospitable; and I thought it did not make much difference, and there would be the cold beef, which always looks handsome." "So, I suppose you mean to imply it is my fault that the bills are high. I am sure no man can spend less upon himself than I do! I wish you would tell me where to get the money, that is all!" The entrance of Miss Patterson, a prim, middle-aged lady, who came for a few hours every day to superintend Matilda's education, put an end to the discussion. Captain Wareham paid the money without another word, took his hat and stick, and sallied forth to avoid the infliction of Miss Patterson, the music, &c.—vol. iii. pp. 7, 8.

Ellen, the handsomest of this testy captain's daughters, too happy to escape from Miss Patterson and the cold mutton, is married at seventeen to a wealthy broker in the city, who is extremely, though quite causelessly, jealous of her. Mr. Cressford is a brute. In 1803, shortly after the birth of a second child, he happens to visit Paris on business—and hard fate numbers him among the *detenus*. It annoys him most abominably to be shut up so far away from his prosperous shop in Lombard Street, and, above all, from his beautiful and much-admired wife in Bedford Row; and, after many other projects of escape, he at length contrives to go through, to all appearance, the ceremonies of dying, and being buried at Verdun, to have his *exit* announced in all the newspapers, and then to get clear across the Rhine in a peasant's dress. He is, however, taken up as a spy, in one of the small German states, is clapped into a Baron-Trenckish dungeon accordingly, and therein frets so horribly as actually to lose his wits. Meanwhile, Ellen receives, *of course*, no private intelligence, and believing that her husband is no more, goes through her mourning and twelvemonths of seclusion with the utmost propriety, and then opens her heart to the addresses of a gentleman, moving in a much higher sphere of life than she had hitherto approached, and possessing personal qualities worthy of all the love and respect possible. She becomes the wife of this Mr. Algernon Hamilton, described as a man of ancient family, ample fortune, and occupying a first-rate station both in parliament, and in the most fashionable society of the time. Mrs. Hamilton presents him with a boy—their happiness is perfect. A year has elapsed—when there drops in a letter blurred all over with foreign post-marks; in short, Mr. Cressford has managed to get out of his strait-jacket and his dungeon; and in a few weeks he arrives safely in *propria personâ*, to discover that a junior partner has long since taken his desk in the counting-house, and that the celebrated

M.P.

M.P. for some borough in schedule A, had been hardly less prompt about filling his place in the home department.

The broker is much to be pitied ; but who is to blame in this case ? The moment Ellen was aware of his revival, she had separated herself from Hamilton, and was now, under the resumed name of Cressford, and with her two little Cressfords, living in profound retirement in her old father's cottage. But it is not worth while to speculate as to what would have been a sane man's conduct under such circumstances. No explanation—no submission—no sacrifices, have the slightest effect in softening the insulted bosom of our half-crazy *revenant*. The lady is too honest to conceal her preference of Hamilton, though she is willing, if Cressford pleases, to resume her station in Bedford Row ; and he at length works himself up into such a blind rage of jealous indignation, that nothing will serve him but first to fight Hamilton—who determinedly declines his challenge—and then to prosecute Ellen for bigamy ; which purpose, as he is not now mad enough to be shut up, she has no means to prevent him from fulfilling. When we add that the revengeful Cressford has taken his children from their mother, it must be admitted that the poor lady's situation is about as miserable as any person, perfectly innocent, could well be placed in by the imagination of a novelist.

Mrs. Sullivan has the art, however, to heighten this apparently superlative distress, by some additional touches of extraordinary merit. There is a terrible chapter in which all the circumstances of the lady's being arrested by a constable, on the absurd but nevertheless most painful and humiliating charge we have mentioned, and obliged to prepare for waiting on a magistrate, to offer bail, are worked up so as to drive the interest to a truly harrowing extreme. But when all these horrors have been gone through—when the agony of wounded honour, the bitter shame of exposure, everything *ex facie* incidental to the feelings of a lovely and virtuous woman thus scandalously outraged, have been exhausted—there still remains one last drop of bitterness to make the cup of anguish overflow.

‘ Captain Wareham kept no carriage. The *hack chaise* came to the door. The lovely, the graceful Ellen, who, as the wife of Mr. Cressford, had been used to all the luxuries of life, and, as the wife of Algernon Hamilton to all its refinements, ascended the *jingling steps*, and, *rustling through the straw*, seated herself at the farther corner of the *narrow seat*, while the constable of the parish mounted on the bar before.’—*Chaperon*, vol. iii., p. 218.

Ellen's bail is accepted ; and she returns in the hack-chaise to make preparations for the trial, which it is certain must come on the next assizes. The trial scene which ensues is of course
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the *acmé* of all these sorrows ; but the authoress was too considerate of our feelings to repeat again the crowning pang of the arrest. No.—Ellen's sufferings are indeed excruciating—

'Visions of the hulks, of foreign lands, of being associated with criminals, a thousand half-defined, ill-understood horrors would visit her. In her dreams she fancied herself torn from her remaining child, a stranger and an outcast at Botany Bay ;' &c. &c.

But there is balm in Gilead !

'Lord Besville offered his carriage to conduct her to the court, when the awful day arrived, and his offer was accepted with thankfulness.'—p. 240.

The reader will easily anticipate the sequel of the story. The prisoner could not but be found guilty, but the judge (Mr. Justice Park, senior, we think) is much interested and affected by her grace and beauty, and the other circumstances of the case, and she is merely fined a shilling. She rides home to Captain Wareham's in Lord Besville's well-hung coach. Mr. Cressford's disappointment at the result of the trial at Hertford brings back the worst symptoms of his old malady. He dies very shortly ; and after giving 'a month, a little month,' to the decorum of an inky suit, Mrs. Charles Cressford becomes once more Mrs. Algernon Hamilton, and is restored to all the sweets of Belhanger Park, near Dorking, Surrey, which is thus prettily described :—

'Belhanger was in the Elizabethan style. A spacious hall, in which was an immense fire-place, surmounted by the antlers of some patriarchal stag, communicated with a large low oak dining-room, and, through some smaller apartments, with a drawing-room, which was hung with tapestry, and adorned with beautiful oak carving ; the crossings of the beams in the ceiling were ornamented with wooden rosettes, in the most antique taste, while the rest of the room was provided with all the essentials requisite for modern comfort. A broad and massive staircase of black oak led, as is usual with buildings of that period, to a gallery on the upper floor, which extended the whole length of the south front, and which, with its two fire-places, and its innumerable windows of all shapes and sizes, admitting every ray of sun, was one of the most delightful winter apartments imaginable. The exterior of the mansion was as irregular as the most ardent lover of the picturesque could desire. It was built of grey-stone, and composed of gable-ends of every possible angle.'—p. 67.

Mr. Hamilton whispers, 'The clouds of our early life are dispersed ! All before us is light and serene ;'—and so ends the Chaperon.—We have quoted chiefly from the comical and satirical parts of 'Ellen Wareham ;' but the novel really includes several scenes of very graceful pathos ; and the interest, in spite of the improbability of the fable, is maintained throughout.

Mrs

Mrs. Thomas Sheridan, having proved, in a true romance, her capacity of dealing with tender hearts and real sorrows, has apparently had no end or aim in her new story, 'Aims and Ends,' but to exhibit herself as equally skilful in the delineation of creatures, so petrified with vanity and worldliness, that neither loves, nor hatreds, nor afflictions, can with them be more than skin deep. As a novel, therefore, this is a sad falling off. The heroine has no character but that of coquetry and sheer selfishness—and, this being the case, the talents and graces with which the author invests her, render it only the more impossible to feel any sympathy with or interest about her. The minor personages are little better; though the novelist shows her observation and sense, in reversing the usual order of things, and making the loves of her gentlemen, such as these are, stronger than those of her ladies. The serious passions of men are to those of women as their physical frames. Very juvenile readers will, therefore, find little to captivate them in 'Aims and Ends;' but we are mistaken, nevertheless, if it be not a favourite with people who look back with tolerable philosophy—

'To their hot youth when Georgè the Third was king.'

Its narrative is written in a style of singular lightness—and so interspersed with terse, pithy remarks, bright fragments of description, and here and there a fierce satire condensed into a paragraph, that we confess to having gone through it twice, and liked it better the second time than the first. We shall give a few specimens:—

'Lord Portbury gave constantly two or three large dinners every week, eating and seeing eat being the principal pursuit of his life; the intermediate days, if he did not dine out, he had two or three men at his table: and in this way his society was very various, for he cared more about what was on the table than who were round it. He had attained the *acmé* of his ambition when he learned that an experienced gourmand had said, "that no man had such a cook as Portbury," or that his claret was the best in London. He took the same interest in Lady Portbury's appearance that he had in his gilt plate. A handsome woman at one end of his table bore the same relation to the *coup d'œil* as the plateau in the middle. In conversation he was a lavish proser, though talking principally at dinner, which he looked upon rather as a duty in a host.

'Lady Portbury was several years younger than her Lord, very pretty and very vain; she had shed a few tears when her friends first advised her to marry Lord P., but ardently wishing to be rich and great, she at last made up her mind, and was afterwards agreeably surprised to find that being rich, and great, and handsome, were enough for her happiness: her business was to dress; her amusement to be admired. She was too young to wish for an admirer, to prove that she was still admirable; but she liked to occupy a good

deal of time and attention, and to receive a certain portion of flattery, from those young men whose approbation was most prized at the time; but they were treated rather as courtiers than lovers, and came not "near enough to be denied." In her female friends she only required rank and fashion, and did not dislike them for being her inferiors in moral conduct, if they *acknowledged it by a tribute of submissive flattery.*'—vol. i., p. 12-14.

A young beauty, transplanted at once from a Welsh cottage to the London mansion of this amiable couple, finds not a little to puzzle and embarrass her:—

'Perhaps nothing is more surprising to a novice in this world's ways than the inscrutable equality with which a well-bred hostess receives a large company, the members of which are of equal rank, but differing in degree of *agrément*; while to a company where the guests differ in rank there is a permitted and slight, but detectable, difference of reception and manner: and to execute this difference adroitly and gracefully is the most rare accomplishment of a distinguished hostess. At this moment I can recollect but four who reached the utmost point of address in this game.'—p. 21.

'Another embarrassment was the mysterious cousinhood and proximity that exist in the best society; everybody being related to everybody, and branching off, and interweaving, like a flourishing bed of camomile. This, with the difficulties presented by the difference of names and titles, formed a science of such recondite profundity, that she was almost driven to the desperate expedient of committing the whole of Debrett's Peerage to memory.'—p. 33.

The rapidity with which a pretty damsel, even of the humblest ranks and habits, may, under proper tuition, be transformed into a passable fine lady, was first, we believe, portrayed in that episode of *Peregrine Pickle*, which recounts the history of the beggar girl, bought of her worthy mother, at a hedge side, for a crown, and forthwith conveyed to the Garrison of Hatchway behind the uneasy saddle of Tom Pipes. The same truth had also been illustrated in the biography of Miss Effie Deans, before it engaged the attention of his Excellency the present Governor of Jamaica; but by none of Smollett's imitators has the idea been worked out more happily than in '*Aims and Ends.*' Its heroine, this unsophisticated Olinda, soon knows her Debrett—she makes a sensation in Mayfair, is easily induced to gulp down something like a true love, and, following the precept and example of Lady Portbury, finds herself, at the end of the season, the wife of a musical idiot, Lord Sedley, evidently no descendant of Sir Charles. In the course of nature she spends next November at Brighton, and being by this time heartily sick of her Lord's talk and fiddle, engages in an intensely platonic friendship with a younger son of a ducal house, the star of all the Lord Fredericks.

At Brighton, balls and dinners, that would be spurned in London,

don, find favour with the finest people : nowhere does wealth tell with more direct brute force ; and, this season, one of the most successful of the plebeian Amphytrions was the head of the well-known house of Trenchard and Co., Cornhill.

‘ Mr. Trenchard was a plain unaffected man of business ; his wife was comely, noisy, loud, vulgar, overbearing ; the daughter, a mass of affectation and conceit. As Mrs. Trenchard was aware that her strength was in metal, she never omitted an opportunity of recalling the company to the recollection of the *price* of everything, and was a walking tariff. To those who had wealth and titles, she was invariably good-natured and obliging ; to those who did not possess either of these qualifications, she was equally rude and disobliging,—not so much from ill-humour, as from the prudent consideration that she should gain nothing by the opposite conduct, and from the agreeable novelty of finding that she had those whom she might treat as inferiors, and be rude to with impunity.

‘ Mrs. Trenchard was shrewd, and soon saw that a great intimacy subsisted between the Sedley family and Lord Frederick ; and caring less for the consequences of promoting it, than she did for the reputation of having “ the pleasantest dinners in the world,” (which eulogy she was sure to have from those who met there, whom they considered as the pleasantest people,) she never failed to ask Lord Frederick Danesford to meet Lady Sedley. They were amused ; the dinner was gay ; Lord Frederick danced at the balls with Miss Trenchard, and spent all the time in their house that he did not spend at Lord Sedley’s.

‘ Mrs. Trenchard vindicated the delicacy of her sense of propriety by saying, when she dispatched invitations to both, “ I suppose, as I ask Lady Sedley, I *must* ask Lord Frederick : *well*, if I was Lord Sedley, I know what I would do :”—or to those females with whom she was intimate, she observed, “ I never saw anything like it in my life !—such a flirtation, quite shocking !—poor thing ! what a pity somebody does not *advise* her !” She had the recompense of her courtesy and forbearance, in hearing the sea-breeze on the Chain Pier and Marine Parade bring to her ear the murmur of her passing acquaintance, “ Why, Lord Frederick Danesford never leaves the Trenchards !—he *must* mean to marry the daughter.”

‘ This, however, was said by those who had been friends of the Trenchards years before—who, not being initiated into the deeper mysteries of fashion, were forced to content themselves with hearing of an attachment, when the parties were in Doctors’ Commons—of a duel, when it appeared headed by “ affair of honour” in the Morning Post. Such persons are always more eager than any others to obtain some insight into the affairs of their superiors. Much to be pitied as these “ fond inquirers” are, it would soothe their pains to know that there is a grade still lower in the scale of worldlings—people who absolutely “ burst in ignorance,” who, from being unacquainted with persons, confuse and misapply names, and in telling a story, buckle

the sins of a young spendthrift on some pious old peer's back, and relate divisions between couples who are known to live like avadavats on the same perch.'

We hope these civilities will not be lost on the devourers of 'novels of fashionable life'!—Mrs. Trenchard, 'Having gradually travelled through these two stages of know-nothingness, was quite aware of the blessing it must prove to her to know precisely how much Lord E—— lost at Newmarket,—to see, with her own eyes, from beneath a scarlet *berêt* (shadowed with two heron plumes, and lighted with diamonds of unequalled size and lustre) how often Lord B—— danced with Lady Julia M——.'

The affair of Lord Frederick getting rather too bad—that is to say, being considered in this view by poor Lord Sedley's sharp and domineering sister, Olinda is visited with the severe and merited indignation of her husband—she is ordered to have a 'bad cold,' and relegated to the villa at Fulham, while his lordship enters into a negotiation with his Majesty's ministers, the result of which is his appointment to one of those embassies or governments, which at present reward the talents and accomplishments of so many aspirants of his class. The desolation of the heroine is extreme:—

'Lord Sedley spent that day at Fulham, and, in spite of his indignation, sang several duets with his wife, and the next morning returned to town—

'Behold Lady Sedley alone in that villa where she had beheld as many visitors as flowers! had seen two hundred nymphs dance in hats fashioned by Herbault and Maradan—two hundred swains, whose evenings usually closed at Crockford's, who would have "stopped the nose at banks of violets," and scorned the heavy perfume of the magnolias, and the light shade of the acacias, but were willing to drink Champagne and Sauterne beneath the pink and white calico tents which Gunter provides for the rurally disposed Londoners. Here she had also seen a hundred and fifty chaperons—cold in spite of shawls, pale in spite of rouge, sleeping in spite of noise—as they stood or sat round the last quadrille or gallopade at midnight, after a *breakfast*!

'Now, for the first time, she beheld her villa without beaux, belles, chaperons—without tents, Gunter's men, Champagne, and plovers' eggs—a gay desert—a green wilderness! Though the geraniums presented the greatest contrast with the past, yet Nature had made them look gay; green rails and china roses (which a great lady once pronounced as constituting the only beauty of English landscape) had lent their aid to decorate the grounds; but the house, though splendidly furnished, had that peculiarly formal and forlorn appearance which belongs to every house which is not constantly inhabited, and that by females: the very chairs and tables seem sleepy and immoveable; the pictures look prim; the books stick to each other; there are two or three

three tall china drawers filled with pot pourri, but none of the bright-looking pink, blue, and yellow odds and ends with which the softer sex cover their tables.

'The drawing-room looked so large!—and it is very melancholy to see the cues lying on the billiard-table, the balls in the pockets, and nobody playing.'—vol. ii. pp. 6-8.

Fulham, when one must be 'not at home,' is bad enough; but there is worse behind. During Lord Sedley's residence abroad, Olinda—who has, just on the eve of his departure, figured in a scene of scandalous mark—is banished from Fulham to a large dreary pile of red brick, styled Treganna, on the coast of Cornwall—where, it seems, there is a great scarcity of stone; and here this irreclaimable coquette, having only one gentleman within her reach, namely the curate of the parish, makes it the object of her anxious endeavours to turn his head—which, the curate being a man of lively passions, and, although an eloquent preacher, an infidel at bottom, and long since tired of his own pretty silly nobody of a wife, the right honourable flirt has the satisfaction to accomplish. They spend their mornings in long rambles on the shore—they sigh together over the Irish melodies—Olinda weaves him a blue silk purse—&c. &c. &c. The enamoured young clergyman suddenly and unexpectedly becomes master of a good estate in Yorkshire, and proposes to the deserted peeress to elope with him, with the view to divorce, and a real love-wedding thereafter. Lady Sedley, however, has no disposition to carry her tenderness to such lengths as these. She pens a three-cornered note to the Rev. Paul Scudamore, informing him that she had always entertained a fervent respect for his talents, and been delighted with his society, but that *love* was out of the question—'pleasant, but wrong.' The apostolic Paul commits suicide; and this tragical incident does at last cure Olinda of her habit of flirtation. Her remorse is fearful—indeed it survives Lord Sedley's return from his Baratania. From that time—

'She paid so much attention to his interests, so much complaisance to his will, that he was often heard to declare, that she was an excellent woman, though rather dull and grave. He proved a civil though inconstant husband; and Olinda's conscience was too just, her remorse too profound, to require more than good humour and forbearance. She lived as much in retirement as she could do, consistently with the duties of her situation as Lord Sedley's wife.'—p. 201.

Her remorse was so *profound*, as to require only *good-humour*! We presume she now, when in town, gave only dinners and assemblies—never ventured on a dancing breakfast; and, when in the country, abstained from archery meetings—except, indeed, when Lord Sedley's electioneering concerns required her to do violence to her rueful feelings. Nor is this all—

'When

'When Lord Sedley repairs to the North in the shooting season, Olinda spends two months at Treganna—a penance in memory of her fault!'—p. 103.

Her fault!—The quiet sarcasm of this conclusion appears to us perfect. We are not surprised to hear that the ladies in general abuse '*Aims and Ends.*' Which of them (as Lord Byron asks) ever liked '*De Grammont?*'

The tale of '*Oonagh Lynch,*' which occupies the third of Mrs. Sheridan's volumes, is much less to our taste. Indeed, we do not understand what it is meant to illustrate. The scene is laid alternately in a dismal castle on the shore of Connaught, and in the as dismal court of James II. at St. Germain-en-l'aye. There is enough of dark priests—Italian spies—concealments, disguises, a German of the Dousterswivel race—in short, all the *materies* of the Minerva-press; but so little either of intelligible character, or of probable incident, that we suspect Mrs. Sheridan has had little more to do with '*Oonagh Lynch,*' than Mrs. Sullivan with '*Warrene.*' What interest there is, depends on the heroine's losing her father's estate, in consequence of his Jacobite intrigues; which, as he died before trial, could have had no such effect. A lady should consult her solicitor before she makes her novel turn on a point of law.

There occur, however, some very beautiful passages on the devotion of the Jacobite exiles to their unhappy master; and we shall conclude with quoting a paragraph on James II., which deserves equal praise:—

'It is strange that James, whose errors, though great, were only those of opinion, (for none can question the sincerity of one who proved it by such signal sacrifices,) of all monarchs, seems to obtain the least sympathy from those who read the details of his history; while many more faulty characters are eulogized and bewailed. Yet he possessed many good qualities. Turenne rated his valour so high, as to observe, "If ever man was born without fear it is the Duke of York;" and the most remarkable proof of the constant and effectual operation of his religious belief was, that his naturally harsh and severe disposition became entirely changed in the latter years of his life, to a mildness wholly unusual at an age, and in a situation, so much more likely to irritate and embitter it. He sacrificed his all (and the stake was not mean) to bring his people to the faith he considered necessary to salvation: if he failed, we may blame his judgment, but we must respect his intention,—a homage due to all, whatever their conduct may be, who are not guided in it by any selfish consideration, or hope of personal advantage.

'While the lute, the poetry, the grace and loveliness of the beautiful Mary of Scotland, are accepted as claims for forgiveness for her violent and changeful passions, thirst of vengeance, and entire absence

of

of principle, even by those generations who never could hear her gracious greeting, and on whom her matchless face has only faintly smiled in fading canvass; the harsh reserve, unbending determination, and ungraceful coldness of James the Second, have failed to obtain a pardon for his licentious youth, his bigoted maturity, and even for his devoted and truly religious age. Perhaps there never were produced two more striking examples of the impression derived from personal qualities, having so long survived their possessors!—vol. iii. pp. 128-9.

The passages which we have extracted will, we hope, form our best apology for again returning, at such length, to the Novels of Fashionable Life. In our opinion Mrs. Sullivan has produced *two* really brilliant tales, full of proofs that she inherits much of the dramatic talent of her richly gifted mother, and affording every promise of her ultimately obtaining a classical reputation—either as a writer of novels, or of comedies, according to her choice—or of both. Nor can we doubt that if Mrs. Sheridan should combine in one romance, both her tragic passion, and the caustic of her satire, she also might assume a high and permanent rank in this department of the English Library. Miss Austen is gone—Miss Edgeworth appears to be determined on silence—and Miss Ferrier wisely adheres to Scotland: the press groans under the burthen of weak, and clumsy, and fantastic trash;—it is therefore no trifle to have to announce the appearance of two new female novelists, really capable of tracing with taste and discrimination the more delicate features of English manners.

ART. XIII.—*Piozziana; or, Recollections of the late Mrs. Piozzi. With Remarks.* By a Friend. 8vo. London. 1833.

THIS little work has disappointed us. It is known that Mrs. Piozzi kept a diary of the greater portion of her life; and of her early and better days, when, as Mrs. Thrale, she lived in the society of Murphy, Cumberland, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Johnson, and Burke, such a record might be entertaining and interesting:—when we saw *Piozziana* announced, we hoped it might be this diary—but 'tis no such thing. The volume consists chiefly of extracts from a couple of dozen of letters written during her last residence in Bath, between the years 1817 and 1820, to the editor, who, at the conclusion of each extract, has added a kind of commentary on the several topics alluded to by his correspondent—the topics being in general temporary and trifling, but the commentary still more so. As the lady was seventy-six or seventy-seven when this correspondence commenced, and was living the trivial routine of a Bath life, we have no right to complain that her notes to a neighbour are very unimportant, but we are really not

not a little surprised that the neighbour should have thought such chit-chat worth publication, and it would be very unjust to Mrs. Piozzi's memory to visit upon her the absurdities of her friend. We do not hesitate to say, that a tolerably judicious selection from the *Morning Post*, for the period in question, would have been not only more amusing, but of greater value; and the editor's commentary would have been quite as usefully bestowed on such a collection. We select a few specimens. Mrs. Piozzi complains that her correspondent had not said

'a word concerning the Liverpool lady, who reads printed books by the tips of her fingers—Miss M'Evoy; and discerns colours, though stone blind, and although a glass is put between her and them! I never heard such wonders: and well attested (as Autolycus's ballad of the fish—forty thousand fathoms above water) by seven justices, and a Doctor Bostock! Why Carraboo was nobody to this Miss Mc. Ivor, or Mc. Evoy.'—p. 57.

Then follows the commentary, in which the editor confesses that he knows nothing about the principal person in question, but, *en revanche*, he treats us with extracts from an old newspaper, about the other impostor.

'Miss Mc. Evoy was, it is presumed, one of those common cheats, who succeed with the common world, because no-body could suppose that any-body could be so astonishingly impudent, &c.! We help to delude ourselves; and that was the case in the affair of the female rogue, Carraboo, to whom she alludes. An almost incredible instance of knavery on one part, and dupism on the other. The pitiful jade who performed the character of "Carraboo, princess of Javasú," was an infamous female of low condition, who passed herself on the Bath and Bristol public for an Indian princess, &c., and when detected, which she speedily was, proved to be a certain Mary Baker, who had been in jail, and suffered whipping for theft. Among the victims of the deceit she practised was (but for a day or two only) a Bath physician, &c. &c.'—p. 58.

Again, Mrs. Piozzi writes:—

'Poor, old Mr. L. Doctor G. attends them, I know; but what can even dear Doctor G. do, when a man's hand is turned black with mortification, I suppose; or with palsy, which immediately precedes it? They can only try to keep him ignorant of his own danger, in which attempt I see neither friendship nor good sense; and beg earnestly that you, dear Mr. —, will never practise such deception on your H. L. P.'—pp. 147, 148.

On this the editor gravely remarks:—

'Mrs. Piozzi's opinion as to the cruelty of keeping the sick in ignorance of their danger may be disputed. For my part, I should say that, generally speaking, it is the bounden duty of a discreet and tender friend to encourage the invalid to the final moment; and to leave him, if

if possible, at least the consolation of hope. In her own case, I certainly should not have complied with her injunctions, had I been so unfortunate as to have witnessed her dying hour; but I escaped the misery which such a scene as that of her departure would have caused, by the accident of leaving Bath, just at the time of her being taken ill at Clifton.—pp. 149, 150.

Half the volume is taken up with this kind of very ordinary twaddle; but it is occasionally diversified, if not enlivened, by very extraordinary blunders; most of which, we confess, we are inclined to attribute to the inaccuracy of the editor, though some are undoubtedly those of the lady—*quas incuria fudit* in the levity of familiar conversation, or hasty notes.

“So you liked,” she writes, “the scenery in my wild counties of Merioneth and Caernarvon? It is very bold and very grand; and looking back upon those mountains from Gwindie in old Mona, Mr. Piozzi said, was finer than Chamouny; inasmuch as the ocean contributed to its superiority.”

Upon this the commentator, though he had lately visited the scene, makes no remark, and we therefore conclude that he concurs in Signor Piozzi's opinion, that the addition of the ocean makes the prospect from Gwindie ‘finer than Chamouny.’ Now, if we recollect right, Gwindie is a little inn in the flattest and most desolate part of Anglesea, with hardly a tree in sight, and the mountains thus exalted above the Alps are at most about three thousand feet high, and must be near twenty miles distant; and not only is the ‘ocean’ NOT visible, but even the little strait that separates Anglesea from Carnarvonshire is as much out of sight from poor dreary Gwindie, as it is from Chamouny itself.

The editor descants largely on Mrs. Piozzi's ‘erudition,’ and tells us that she ‘not only read and wrote *Hebrew, Greek and Latin*, but had for sixty years constantly and ardently studied the *Scriptures* and the works of commentators in the *original languages*.’ (p. 7.) And he gives us the following proof of her scholarship, in which the reader will observe that *she* speaks with more modesty and truth of her classical acquirements:—

‘Dear Sir,—This is how the epigram stands in my book:—

“Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro,

Et poterat formâ vincere uterque Deos.

Blande puer! lumen quod habes concede sorori,

Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.”

‘Quære, would not the epigram have gained in value, had a mother and son been represented as each of them one-eyed? It would certainly have been more classical to have substituted the word PARENTI for SORORI; but I am never sure of my prosody. One could then have translated it thus—

Leonilla

Leonilla said—lend me that eye—to her son,
Perceiving the boy, like herself, had but one;
For then we may manage the matter between us,
And you'll be blind Cupid, whilst I shall be Venus.

'The writer of this epigram was Cornelius Amaltheus, who printed a collection of poems at Amsterdam, in 1685. A Protestant, I believe, though born in Italy; and who parodied, in Latin verse, the Catechism of the Council of Trent.'—pp. 105, 106.

All this was very well in a hasty answer to an accidental inquiry, and is even more erudite than we could have expected from Mrs. Piozzi; but a person who assumes the dignity of a commentator should at least consult some Biographical Dictionary. Amaltheus could not have printed his poems at Amsterdam in 1685, as he had then been near an hundred years dead. But that is a trifle—the editor also acquiesces in the statement that he was 'a Protestant who parodied the Catechism of the Council of Trent.' Indeed! we had always understood that Cornelius Amaltheus was a papist, so renowned for orthodoxy as to have been employed with Manucius by one of the Popes to latinize (not by way of *parody* our readers will believe) the Roman Catechism, which was printed, with extraordinary magnificence, at the *papal press* in the *said Pope's palace*, in 1566. But after all, it was not Cornelius who wrote the epigram in question, but his brother Girolamo (Jerome) Amaltheo. And, finally, as to the proposed alteration of *sorori* into *parenti*, we are sorry to be obliged to inform the editor that he will find this important reading already established in that recondite and very learned work commonly called the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xv., p. 327.

The modern lore imputed by the editor to his friend seems equally accurate and important!—

'LOUIS XIV. AND CORNEILLE.—The King knew he had killed *Corneille* with unkindness: the poet had presumed on his Majesty's attentions, and wished to give political advice, which Louis would not endure.'—p. 189.

This we suspect to be a verbal misnomer of the editor's own. Mrs. Piozzi must have known that it is of *Racine* that this anecdote is told; that it occurred about 1697, many years after the death of *Corneille*; and that although no doubt the king's rebuke may have very much affected Racine, he was killed, not by unkindness, but by an abscess of the liver, after a long illness. Again:—

'OBSCURITY.—Burke *said* it was a source of the sublime.'—p. 198. We have a kind of confused idea that Burke *wrote* something to the same effect, and we cannot but suspect that Mrs. Piozzi may have

have seen *that* work, although she had evidently not seen Manu-
 cius's catechism.

The following anecdote, entitled *Bosworth Field*, looks like a
 ridicule on the kind of nonsense that is talked by the housekeepers
 who show old country-houses—

'Passing an evening with her (Mrs. Piozzi) in October, 1816, she
 entertained her company with several stories, and among them told
 the following. She said, that in the family of Mostyn, in Denbigh-
 shire, with whom she was connected, she had frequently seen a golden
 cup, the history of which was repeated to her by the present possessor.
 King Henry VII., when Earl of Richmond, and on his way to fight
 Richard the Third at Bosworth, stopped for a day at Mostyn Hall;
 and, on leaving, told Lady Mostyn, that should he be victorious, as
 he hoped to be, he would, when the battle was over, send her his
 sword by a special messenger, whom he should despatch from the
 field. He won the day, and sent the sword, as he promised; and for
 ages it hung in the armoury at Mostyn. But a good old lady of the
 family at length observing that the hilt was of pure gold, and exclaim-
 ing that it was a pity metal of such value should lie useless, had the
 handle melted down, and converted into a caudle-cup. The blade was
 lost.'—pp. 31, 32.

Far be it from us to dispute the commentator's recollections
 concerning a sword, of which the handle was melted and the blade
 lost—the remainder of the weapon may be, for aught we know,
 still to be seen at Mostyn Hall; but Mostyn Hall is situated
 on the very farthest point of the north coast of Wales, in the
 nook formed between the Irish Sea and the estuary of the Dee,
 and we cannot guess how Richmond should have passed there
 'on his way to Bosworth;' nor even in his preceding march from
 Milford to Shrewsbury. The following anecdote of Wilkes and
 Dr. Johnson is new in the mode of telling it:—

'This led her to remark that she knew the famous John Wilkes
 well, and had often enjoyed his fine "conversation talents." She
 recalled the droll retort of Wilkes, when he one day overheard
 Johnson enlarging on the subject of human freedom, and cried out,
 "What is the man saying?—Liberty sounds as oddly in his mouth,
 as religion would in mine!"'—p. 35.

As the editor professes to have read Boswell, we wonder that
 he should think it worth while to repeat a story already told there,
 even with such variations as he, on his recollection of Mrs. Piozzi's
 chit-chat, has thought proper to make. Mrs. Piozzi was not pre-
 sent at the scene she is thus represented as 'recalling,'—for no such
 scene ever passed. The story is told by Boswell, as it occurred
 (Croker's Boswell, vol. iv. p. 79); namely—that he, Boswell, in
 conversation with Wilkes, quoted something said the day before
 in another company by Johnson, in favour of liberty, and that
 Wilkes

Wilkes then made *to Boswell* the remark in question; so that there was neither dispute nor *retort*, and Mr. Wilkes was not guilty of the personal rudeness thus imputed to him.

But amidst many pages of such trash, there are interspersed a few particulars which we are glad to know. One of these is Mrs. Piozzi's age—a matter left by the lady in her earlier publications so much in doubt, that Mr. Croker was, we remember, blamed by some critic, because, in his edition of *Boswell*, he was unable to ascertain it within two or three years; but the editor of this work speaks confidently on that point.

'In this letter of January 15, 1817, she marks her birth-day, and her advanced age, seventy-seven; and much about that time, I recollect her showing me a valuable china bowl, in the inside of which was pasted a slip of paper, and on it written, "With this bowl, Hester Lynch Salusbury was baptized, 1740." She was born on the 16th, or, as according to the change of style, we should now reckon, the 27th of January, 1741.'—p. 167.

Yet the real date is still not quite clear; if she was seventy-seven in 1817, she would have been born in 1740, and not 1741; but this is merely an error in the editor's mode of stating the fact, for Mrs. Piozzi herself says that she had accomplished her seventy-sixth year in January, 1817—though, as she continued to keep her birth-day on the 16th of January, it seems strange that she should adhere to the *old* style for the *day*, and adopt the *new* style for the *year*. A note, preceding by two days the one in which she states the 16th of January, 1817, to be her 'seventy-sixth anniversary,' is dated, *Thursday, 13th January, 1817*. Now the 13th of January happened on a Monday in 1817; and there is, therefore, some mistake in these dates. The evidence of the inscription on the bowl seems to us very strong; first, because it seems improbable that it should have been affixed before the change of style (1751); but, again, because it was not,—for many years before the old style was legally abolished,—the custom to employ it in the ordinary intercourse of life; even the magazines began the year with the month of January, twenty years before the style was changed by act of parliament, and ten years before Mrs. Piozzi was born. She indeed appears to fix her own birth to 1741, but as she or the editor have *certainly* made *two* errors in the matter, we suspect her also of a third, which is of the nature that ladies are most apt to fall into. We therefore conclude, that she was born on the 16th January, 1740, new style; though Johnson's celebrated verses to her on her being *thirty-five*, adopting, no doubt, her own computation, were probably written in 1776. Enough, at all events, is ascertained to prove that Mrs. Thrale was past forty when she made that match with Piozzi which so much

much afflicted her friends. The editor is angry, it seems, that Mr. Croker (whom he admits to have been in other respects just towards the lady) should have called it a *lamentable* marriage; but we confess we think, all the circumstances considered, that it was the very lightest epithet which could be used. The worthy editor founds his approbation on the happiness which *Mrs. Piozzi* assured him that this alliance produced—but does he not see that the indignation and outcry, which it had created, naturally piqued the lady, in self-justification, to say all that was possible, and probably more than was just, in defence of her extravagant and indecent folly?—to which same obvious cause we must needs attribute an extravagance even worse than the marriage itself—her bringing over from Italy Piozzi's nephew, and conferring on him her name, and the estate of her ancestors, to the exclusion not merely of her relations, but even of her own children—this is the gentleman, we suppose, who figures in this volume under the name and title of Sir J. P. Salusbury.

Another point which this work ascertains, is the following:—

'Dr. Johnson says of Pope, "He has a few double rhymes; but always, I think, unsuccessfully, except once in the Rape of the Lock."

"The meeting points the fatal lock dis sever,

From the fair head—for ever and for ever—"

was the couplet Johnson meant, for I asked him. H. L. P.'—p. 209.

We have also a list of the prices which the Streatham collection of portraits, by Sir Joshua, brought at auction in May 1816, and which, the editor says, differs from that which was published in the newspapers of the time. We therefore extract it.

' Lord Sandys .	£36 15 0	Lady Downshire ; his heir.
Lord Lyttelton .	43 1 0	Mr. Lyttelton ; his son.
Mrs. Piozzi . .	81 18 0	S. Boddington, Esq., a rich merchant.
Goldsmith . .	133 7 0	Duke of Bedford.
Sir J. Reynolds	128 2 0	R. Sharp, Esq. of Park-lane.
Sir R. Chambers	84 0 0	Lady Chambers ; his widow.
David Garrick .	183 15 0	Dr. Charles Burney, Greenwich.
Baretti . . .	31 10 0	— Stewart, Esq. : I know not who.
Dr. Burney . .	84 0 0	Dr. C. Burney of Greenwich, his son.
Edmund Burke	252 0 0	R. Sharp, Esq.
Dr. Johnson .	378 0 0	Watson Taylor, Esq., by whom, for Mr. Murphy, was offered 102 <i>l.</i> 18 <i>s.</i> but I bought it in.—H. L. P.'

Dr. Johnson's—ininitely the finest of these portraits, as a work of art, and second not even to Mr. Burke's as an object of national interest, passed at Mr. Watson Taylor's late sale into the hands of Sir Robert Peel. We cannot but rejoice that this admirable portrait of this admirable man has found at last, what we hope to be, a permanent asylum.

As the *Diary* to which we referred at the commencement of this article must be an object of some curiosity, we extract the editor's record of what he knows about it:—

'I called on her one day, and at an early hour, by her desire; when she showed me a heap of what are termed pocket-books, and said she was sorely embarrassed on a point, upon which she condescended to say she would take my advice. "You see in that collection," she continued, "a diary of mine of more than *fifty* years of my life: I have scarcely omitted *any* thing which occurred to me during the time I have mentioned; my books contain the conversation of every person of almost every class with whom I have held intercourse; my remarks on what was said; downright facts, and scandalous *on dits*; personal portraits, and anecdotes of the characters concerned; criticisms on the publications and authors of the day, &c. Now I am approaching the grave, and agitated by doubts as to what I shall do—whether burn my manuscripts, or leave them to futurity! Thus far, my decision is to *destroy* my papers; shall I, or shall I not?"

'I took the freedom of saying, "By no means do an act which done cannot be amended; keep your papers safe from prying eyes; and, at last, trust them to the discretion of survivors." Her answer was, that, at least for the present, they were rescued from the flames; and so saying, she replaced the numerous volumes in her cabinet. I did not not see the inside of one of them, and, of course, can say nothing from my own knowledge of the contents; but cannot doubt that they were, in all respects, most interesting. I am led to think this from recollecting the character of her mind; the eagerness with which she sought the society of the distinguished in her day; the elevated circles in which she was privileged to move; the closeness of observation with which she viewed life and manners, and her wondrous strength of memory. To wish that the reading world should be put in possession of *all* she had gathered might be extravagant; but undoubtedly many portions of her *Diaries* would have admitted of publication, and been perused with avidity."—p. 45.

In this we very much agree, and we trust the possessor of the manuscript may adopt the suggestion thus offered.

Johnson's 'lively lady' had by nature a very quick perception; she had seen much of the world; had lived familiarly with some of the greatest men the world has ever produced; and, old as she was, her observations on passing events are now and then rather sharp. In proof of this, we shall conclude by quoting the following hints on the first slight attack of the Reform mania, in 1819, which we think will appear to our readers equally curious and just:—

'I thought London was to have run mad last week; but the fever of Reform is not yet hot enough. You will see that the *great men* who

who think they are making Hunt and Co. their tools to pull down one set of ministers, and put up another set which they can command, will themselves at length be used as *tools by the multitude*, who are honest in the avowal of their meaning, however absurd. They mean, like the wise men of Gotham, to pull the pins out of London-bridge, and oil them. And I remember wondering, when a baby, why that was thought so very foolish a project; for I doubted not but they wanted *something*, as we say, *to be done* to them! Indeed, a later adventure showed me how cautiously a work of reformation must be conducted: an old wall we wished to repair, down in Denbighshire, was all overgrown with ivy: "Cut it away," said we; "But," replied an experienced workman, "it has grasped the stones it loosened at the beginning; and if we cut it away, the whole will drop to pieces: the ivy now helps to support that wall to which it once clung for support itself." So, I recollected the more serious allegory of the corn and tares, and let the business rest.—pp. 141, 142.

And again:—

'With regard to the conspicuous miseries of the land we live in, let us thank God that the times we see are not like the times we read of. A Regent there, in history I mean, would take advantage of the mob's delusion, cajole the populace, rival Mr. Hunt; suffer him, however, and his adherents to destroy the Peers and Commons as an intermediate state; pronounce against their corruption, declare his resolution to reign in the hearts of his beloved people; take, with their assistance, money from the aristocracy of the realm, and rule, without a parliament, despotic! The bulk of mankind always like *that form* of government best; the mob can suffer one man's sway willingly; they hate that of five hundred, half of them uninformed as themselves, and risen from the ranks.'—pp. 146, 147.

A year, nay two months, ago his majesty's ministers would have thought these the reveries of a doating old woman; we suspect they are now very much of Mrs. Piozzi's opinion:—our readers, at least, will have read these latter extracts with a painful conviction of their truth, and will believe that the world is not a worse school of politics than an hermitage.

ART. XIV.—*The Present and Last Parliaments. Containing Authentic Results of the Various Polls.* Ridgway. London, 1833.

THE most common observation that we hear in every society and read in every journal is, that the Reform Bill has disappointed everybody. Yet we believe that the truth is, that the Reform Bill has disappointed nobody. Sure we are it has not disappointed us—the new parliament is composed and is working exactly as all the leaders of the Conservative party, and as we—
humble

humble followers in that honourable train—predicted ; and the avowed partisans of the Bill, who so loudly complain that they have been disappointed, make the slight mistake of confounding their promises with their purposes. It has certainly flagrantly contradicted all their prognostics—it has not produced a parliament enjoying the respect, or ministering to the wants of the people ; but we are satisfied that no thinking man amongst them ever thought that it would. The Whigs or Ministerialists, with purblind selfishness, believed that it would enable them to plunder the Tories of political power, and to continue themselves in office for a session or two—and *they* have not been disappointed ; the longer-sighted Radicals saw that, by playing the temporary game of the Whigs, they were laying the foundations of their own not distant supremacy, and that the first step towards a complete democratical revolution was, to have a House of Commons which should bring itself into contempt, and all old and constituted authorities into odium and peril—and have *they* been disappointed ?

We think it highly important to establish this distinction between the disappointment of predictions and the disappointment of expectations, because we foresee that the general murmurs which are already heard as to the failure of the Bill will soon become a storm of indignation ; and in the awful crisis which that storm must produce, it may be essential to the very existence of civilized society in this land, to discriminate between the principle of the Bill, which will have been the real cause of our ruin, and those clumsy, inconsistent, and absurd details, on which the radical mob will be inclined to lay the whole blame, and in the amendment—that is, the democratic extension—of which, they will affect to see the only remedy. *The Bill has disappointed nobody*—it has worked, as the ministers calculated, a Whig predominance ; and is now working, as the Tories feared and as the Radicals hoped, an ultimate but certain revolution.

Let us now endeavour to trace the steps by which these calculations, these fears, and these hopes have been, or are in process of being, verified.

The ministers, under the pretence of advancing the *public* interests, devised in secrecy and fraud the exaltation of their own party:—‘The better representation of the people in parliament’ was their pretence ; the transfer of power from the Tories to the Whigs was their real object. The destruction of *all nomination* boroughs was their profession—the overthrow of *Tory* nomination, and the maintenance and extension of *Whig* nomination their intention ! But such a design was too monstrous to be openly avowed—some *show* of fairness and justice was necessary to the success of their scheme ;

scheme; the commonest swindler that attempts to defraud a tradesman assumes a decent appearance—he arrives in a respectable equipage, and offers vouchers for his character—he talks liberally and plausibly—affects a careless indifference to set suspicion asleep, and is even sometimes forward to pay ready money for a few trifling articles, in order to obtain credit for the larger plunder which he meditates. So the ministers drew a certain line and produced a certain standard, by the application of which each case would be, they asserted, fairly, impartially, and, as it were, by lot decided; but the lot was as fair and impartial as the *pea-and-thimble* at a country fair. The *honest* line of their first bill was so drawn, and their *equitable* standard so applied, that, while the county towns of Appleby, Buckingham, Bodmin, Cockermouth, Huntingdon, Guildford, and Dorchester, were to be wholly or partially disfranchised; my Lord Radnor's borough of Downton—my Lord Lansdowne's Calne—the Duke of Devon's Knaresborough—the Duke of Norfolk's Horsham and Arundel—Lord Carlisle's Morpeth—the Duke of Bedford's Tavistock—and Lord Fitzwilliam's Malton and Peterborough—were to be wholly or partially preserved. We beg of our readers to keep these names in their minds, and to recollect also that Lords Lansdowne and Carlisle were cabinet ministers—that Lord John Russell, the proposer of the Bill, is the son of the Duke of Bedford—that the Duke of Devonshire was Lord Chamberlain—and that the proprietors of Horsham and Arundel, and Downton, and Malton, and Peterborough, were close allies and vehement supporters of the ministry. *This was too bad*—the Bill was rejected in the House of Lords; and the ministers, though they had forced it, with all its atrocities, through the House of Commons, were obliged, in a new Bill, to confess either their ignorance or their artifice, and to adopt a different honest line and a new impartial standard.

Now let us see how the second chance of the *pea-and-thimble* was to operate. Downton was given up; but, lest that should look like a concession to justice, we were told that it was so at the *private* request of Lord Radnor; and to balance it, the Tory borough of St. Germain's was, without any other reason or motive, also disfranchised. Calne too, and Horsham, lost one member; and there ended, we believe, the Whig sacrifices of the second bill: but if one Cabinet Minister lost one member in Calne, another gained a member in Morpeth, to which the new standard adjudged two; and Westbury, from which, in the interval, a Tory had been ejected and a Whig substituted, was reinvested with its entire franchise; and, in fine, not to trouble our readers with too much detail, the number of *Whig Nominations* was, in the second and amended Bill, increased, and

of *Tory* Nominations still further decreased. Nominations did we say? oh, no! the Whigs assured us that no Nominations would survive—many places formerly under Whig, and a few under *Tory* influence, would, they confessed, still return members, but the new constituency, they averred, was so arranged, that nothing like either Whig or *Tory* Nomination could exist; and this Bill, which contradicted and stultified, in so many flagrant instances, the Bill which had so lately passed by such overwhelming majorities, was now passed by majorities still more enormous, and, as we shall see, equally infallible. But again, this Bill too was lost: and the ministers who had vouched, and the House of Commons which had voted, that the two former standards were fair and just, now discovered that they were neither; and a third and *different* standard was therefore proposed, which, after so much doubt and contradiction, was to be, after all, the real *Simon Pure*.

The Bill, founded on this new, and at last pure, standard, passed; and we shall now proceed to show, by the unerring test of the elections, how truly it has executed its promised purpose of extinguishing Whig Nomination. Early in the session Mr. Hume moved for some returns to show the practical operation of the Reform Act, but they do not appear to have been yet made, though we should have supposed that one week would have been sufficient to collect them, for, as we understood his motion, the materials were all ready, and only required being copied out; but—as we have not these more exact materials—we must content ourselves with the information supplied by the little volume whose title stands at the head of this article, and which furnishes us with the account of what places were not contested, and of the actual polls at all the contests which occurred. With this guide, for want of a better, we must examine the composition of the new House of Commons.

It is not easy to define exactly the degree of influence that may amount to *Nomination*; but at least it will be admitted, that in such a state of excitement as existed at the late general election, and with new constituencies created in every town in the empire, the return, *without contest*, of the relations or connexions of the great man, who *formerly* nominated for the borough, may be taken as *prima facie* evidence that *his* influence has not been much impaired; so again, where the contest between the old and the new interest has been decided in favour of the former by a large and irresistible majority. There are 187 boroughs in England, (exclusive of the two universities): of these 140 were contested, and in 47 there was no opposition—the proportion therefore of contested to uncontested places was three to one. Now, let us examine by this proportion the places contained

contained in schedule B, which, as our readers well know, was the principal scene of all the shifts and changes which were made in the progress of *the Bills*. Of the 30 boroughs included in schedule B, we might have expected to have 20 contested and 10 not contested; but what was the fact? only 13 were contested and 17 uncontested; affording a pretty strong presumption that schedule B is, in spite of all the promises and assertions of ministers, still strongly tainted with Nomination; and when we see that Arundel, Ashburton, Calne, Droitwich, Midhurst, Morpeth, Thirsk, Westbury, and Woodstock, have returned, without contest, the same persons—all reformers—that they did in the days of avowed Nomination; and that Hythe, St. Ives, and Wareham have returned, though with contests, the old Whig members; while, on the other hand, the old Tory influence has succeeded but in five or at most six places—it will be admitted that the *line* drawn by the Whigs, and which has given them more than a *double* share of what once were, and still appear to be, *Nomination* boroughs, was either a miraculous chance or an infamous fraud. So much for Schedule B.

But let us see by what a fortunate arrangement certain boroughs were permitted to retain both their members, and survive, unmutated, that disastrous field. The first of these that attracted attention in the House of Commons was *Malton*, which, by a lucky *chance*, just turned the corner of *all* the plans. We all know that Malton was the close borough of Earl Fitzwilliam, and we all remember the zealous, but no doubt honest and disinterested, support that the present Lord Fitzwilliam gave to the Reform Bill, and the pious horror of nomination which seemed to pervade all his speeches. The Fitzwilliam family had three close boroughs—Higham Ferrars—for the annihilation of which—(indeed it only returned *one* member)—Lord Fitzwilliam voted with Spartan generosity, while with equal generosity he supported the plan that left Malton and Peterborough *two* members each; but in which we were told that, with a new and reformed constituency, he could have no possible interest. Now, mark. Malton and Peterborough have each returned, without a contest—not Lord Fitzwilliam's *nominees*—no, to be sure! *nominees* are no more—but three of the self-same gentlemen who were his father's avowed nominees in the unreformed House; and the fourth, and only new member, *happens* to be his Lordship's son! Patriotism, like any other virtue, is sure to be eventually rewarded; and the lucky accident of having his *four* friends—the *ex-nominees* and *his son*—returned to the reformed parliament, must console his Lordship for the loss of the *solitary* seat at Higham Ferrars. But the Bill had also other consolation in store for him. Lord Dundas possessed the nomination of two members for the close borough of

Richmond. Now, Lord Dundas married the late Lord Fitzwilliam's sister, and Lord Dundas's daughter married her cousin, the present Lord Fitzwilliam—but this, to the credit of his Lordship and his friends the ministers, did not prevent Richmond being placed in Schedule B of the first Bill; but by another lucky *chance*, the new and impartial standard applied to the latter Bills relieved Richmond from this temporary jeopardy, and restored it to its full and undiminished franchise—and what has followed? Why, Richmond has returned to the reformed House the identical two gentlemen who happened to be Lord Dundas's *nominees* in the former parliaments. Wonderful as the good luck of these and many other Whig boroughs was, truth obliges us to say that two or three Tory boroughs were still more fortunate, for, happening to be in the same neighbourhood, and absolutely in the same circumstances, it was found impossible—without a degree of risk which no true reformer could have wished the ministers to run, or indeed without great danger to the Whig boroughs themselves—to immolate the one while they were sparing the others. Northallerton, with its one member, may therefore bless its proximity to Malton, Richmond, and Thirsk; and Chippenham must be grateful for the protection of Westbury, Midhurst, and Calne. It is better that ten guilty should escape than one innocent perish. But the compassion of ministers was put to no such extremity of trial—for they had only to say, better that one Tory should escape than that three Whigs should perish.

But there was another case which created, during the progress of the Bills, particular interest, both from its own importance, and from several accessory facts. Tavistock was in the nomination of the Russell family—a small place and a close borough. When the scythe passed over that neighbourhood, and bowed down higher heads to the earth, some wondered that Tavistock should have still stood erect. Mr. Baring, generally a shrewd and sensible man, was absurd enough to exclaim, during the first debate, 'that he wondered that when the noble mover of the Bill, Lord John Russell, had travelled down to Callington, he had not stopped at Tavistock.'—'*He wondered!*' Why, did he not know that the noble mover, and his brother themselves, were members for Tavistock, and that the borough was their father's? Wonder, indeed! But Mr. Baring's very simple wonder gave great offence—it conveyed a most unfounded and injurious insinuation against the noble, and not more noble than patriotic house of Russell. Balaam's ass once spoke on less provocation, and the dumb son of Croesus found utterance to defend his father. Lord Tavistock found the following words (which we copy from the parliamentary debate) to repel Mr. Baring's insinuation:—

'The

'The Marquis of Tavistock said, that after what had fallen from Mr. Baring, he could not avoid taking the first opportunity that presented itself of saying a few words. Mr. Baring seemed to cast a reflection on his Majesty's ministers for not having included *Tavistock* as well as *Callington* amongst those boroughs which were to be disfranchised. Now, in reply, he would say, that if the Honourable Member would bring forward a motion to have Tavistock included, *it should have his cordial support.*'

This conditional promise did not risk much; for how could Mr. Baring, the enemy of all disfranchisements, propose to disfranchise Tavistock? But if such a motion would have had the Noble Lord's *cordial support*, why did he not make it himself, or persuade his brother, Lord John, to do it spontaneously? But what followed is still more amusing:—

'But,' continued his Lordship, 'if Mr. Baring abstain from making such a motion, greatly did he (Lord Tavistock) mistake the character of (his father) the Duke of Bedford, if that nobleman could ever *influence his tenants in that place as to the manner in which they should give their votes.* Mr. Baring had said that "If he (Lord Tavistock) would give him half-a-crown he would ensure the return of the two members for Tavistock." Now, if the Honourable Member would give him half-a-crown, he would return twenty half-crowns *IF EVER the Duke of Bedford made the attempt.*'—*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, March 3, 1831.

And his Lordship then added,—

'that he might also state that the town of *Bedford* would be *also left* to itself, as far as respected *any* influence of the Duke of Bedford.'

Tolerably clear, and very explicit! Tavistock (perhaps by the effect of this very solemn assurance) preserves its two members—and *who* are the two members returned?—Lord Russell, the nephew of Lord John Russell, the grandson of the Duke of Bedford, the son of Lord Tavistock himself;—and Colonel Fox, the son of Lord Holland, who had, and could have, no other recommendation to that constituency than the *influence* of the Duke of Bedford! And as if to render this case still more astonishing, Colonel Jones has lately published a letter, in which he repudiates the friendship of Mr. Hume, and alleges as one of the chief grievances against that gentleman, that he had instigated Sir Charles Knowles to oppose the Duke of Bedford's friends *at Tavistock*: and Lord Tavistock himself has gone to the House of Peers; and his brother, Lord Charles James Fox Russell, has taken his place in the county of Bedford; and in the *town of Bedford*, in which Lord Tavistock volunteered a promise that the Duke of Bedford would also refrain from exerting any influence, two gentlemen have been returned—the one the very same nephew of Lord Grey who sat under the old system, and the other also a *friend*, as it is stated, of

of the self-denying Duke. It seems impossible, after all this, to add a touch to such a picture—yet we think what follows will be the crowning wonder.

It will be recollected that places were avowedly selected for utter disfranchisement, or for *half* or *whole* representation, by the proportion of electors which they were likely to furnish. Three hundred was the minimum, which a place must have to retain *one* member, and the travelling commissioners were directed to carve and parcel out the several boroughs accordingly; and Mr. O'Connell, who generously undertook the defence of Tavistock, said, that 'the Bill threw open that borough, and created 1000 electors, when there at present were but 24.'—(*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, March 8, 1831.) Mr. O'Connell here made a slight mistake: Tavistock was a close borough, but not so close as he represented it; he probably thought it was a corporation when he assigned to it 24 electors, but it was in fact one in which freeholders voted, and we find in the Parliamentary Registers that the old constituency had sometimes amounted to 115. But, thanks to Mr. Hume and his *envoyé* Sir C. Knowles, we have positive proof of the number of electors in the emancipated borough:—a *thousand* as Mr. O'Connell promised? Oh, no! What, only five hundred? Guess again! No doubt they at least amounted to *three hundred and eighty*, the number calculated by the commissioners? Not quite! Well, to be sure, they at least exceed Lord John's own *minimum* of three hundred? No such thing! there polled at the reformed election for Tavistock—

For Lord Russell	159
For Colonel Fox	119
For Sir C. F. Knowles	64

So that, supposing every elector who voted for Sir Charles Knowles to have given him a plumper, the total number of electors cannot exceed the amount who voted for him and Colonel Fox, namely *one hundred and eighty-three*!* So the Reform Bill appears to have increased the constituency of Tavistock neither by 1000, nor even by 300, but by 68; and Tavistock retains its two members, and these members are the nominees of the Duke of Bedford—

* In those places where there were two candidates, it is impossible (on account of *plumpers* and *split* votes) to determine, from the number of *votes*, the exact number of electors; but we have, all through this paper, added the votes of the lowest successful and of the highest unsuccessful candidate, and calculated that the result approximates to the real number of electors. In the few instances in which we happened to know the exact numbers, we find that this mode of calculation gives a number greater than the real one; so that if there be any error, it probably is against our argument, and in favour of the bill. Where there was but one Member to be elected, the sum of the votes given must be the total number of electors.

——— ‘The dext’rous art is shown

Amidst a kingdom’s wreck to save *one’s own*!’

Can impudence go farther? Yes, a great deal! There is scarcely one of the mutilated towns in Schedule B which has not produced a greater constituency than Tavistock. There is hardly an annihilated borough in Schedule A which might not have produced as many. Buckingham, which was in Schedule A of the first bill, polled (calculating the numbers on the same principle as Tavistock) 295. Warham, also totally disfranchised by the first bill, 315; and a long list of places, restricted to *one* member, have polled double the number that Tavistock has produced! The result of all is, that this self-denying, self-immolating House of Russell, which had, in the parliament of 1830, *one* vote in the House of Lords, and *four* in the Commons, *viz.*—*two* for Tavistock, one for Bedfordshire, and one for Bedford Town—appears now to have obtained *two* in the Lords, and *five* in the Commons—*viz.*, one for Devonshire, two for Tavistock, one for Bedfordshire, and two for Bedford.

This case of Tavistock leads us to make a few observations on the effect of the bill in other less favoured places; and, as a proof of the fairness and equity with which it has operated, we subjoin a list of the number of electors polled at ten places which send but *one* member, contrasted with the numbers which in ten others return *two* :—

Sending One Member.		Sending Two Members.	
Clitheroe	279	Bodmin	217
Grimsby	456	Chippenham	172
Hythe	415	Cockermouth	227
Monmouth	746	Devizes	260
Northallerton	365	Harwich	183
Rye	290	Knaresborough	207
St. Ives	609	Lyme Regis	183
Shaftesbury	428	Marlborough	163
Wareham	315	Tavistock	193
Wallingford	367	Totness	193

Electors of *ten* members . 4270 Electors of *twenty* members 1978!!

We do not wish to embarrass our present discussion with too many details; but in trying the Reform Bill by the evidence of facts, the two last names—*Wallingford* and *Totness*—offer a very curious consideration. The third bill, as presented and printed, placed Totness in Schedule B, and Wallingford was left with its two members; but when Lieutenant Drummond’s celebrated calculations came to be applied, it appeared that, by them, Wallingford was to be reduced to Schedule B, and Totness promoted beyond the break. On the discussion of Schedule B in the committee

mittee, this was observed upon; it was insisted that Wallingford appeared to be the superior place,—and these very cases were adduced as proofs of the fallacy of the Drummond standard. The ministers replied—not by arguments, but by a majority of 210 to 112—that the Drummond calculation was the true measure of electoral importance between Totness and Wallingford; and Wallingford was accordingly placed in Schedule B. The late election has brought this disputed point to the test: Wallingford polled for its one member, 367—while Totness, for two, exhibited little more than half as many, 193. Did Lord John Russell, then, foresee that, as the renowned *Tavistock* was to have two members for 193 voters, it was desirable that Totness, with 193 voters, should also have two members to keep it in countenance. But this is not a singular instance: in fact, experience has shown that the Drummond scale was not in *any one single case* correct. As this scale was the foundation of the Reform Bill as it passed, we think our readers will be glad to see its fairness tried by the following lists of *all the places which have been contested*,—arranged, first, in the order of Lieutenant Drummond's scale; and, secondly, in the order in which they stand by the number of electors which the places have actually produced: this latter being the object for the ascertaining of which the ministers had first employed the Drummond scale:—

Mr. Drummond's Order. 7

Petersfield.
Wareham.
Hythe.
Lyme.
Launceston.
Shaftesbury.
Horsham.
Grimsby.
St. Ives.
Rye.
Clitheroe.
Northallerton.
Wallingford.
Totness.
Bodmin.
Chippenham.
Buckingham.
Cockermouth.
Harwich.
Tavistock.
Lymington.
Honiton.
Marlborough.

SCHEDULE B.

Order by No. of Electors.

Marlborough.
Chippenham.
Lyme.
Harwich.
Horsham.
Totness.
TAVISTOCK.
Petersfield.]
Bodmin.
Launceston.
Cockermouth.
Lymington.
Devizes.
Clitheroe.
Tewkesbury.
Rye.
Guildford.
Wareham.
Evesham.
Ripon.
Wells.
Bridport.
Newport.

Maldon.

Mr. Drummond's Order.

Maldon.
Bridport.
Evesham.
Sudbury.
Devizes.
Grantham.
Guildford.
Wells.
Tewkesbury.
Ripon.
St. Alban's.
Hertford.
Newport.

Order by No. of Electors.

Northallerton.
Wallingford.
Buckingham.
Honiton.
Hythe.
Shaftesbury.
Grimsby.
Sudbury.
Grantham.
Maldon.
St. Ives.
St. Alban's.
Hertford.

So that *not one* town is in its right place in Mr. Drummond's list: Tavistock ought, at least, to have been in Schedule B, or, more probably, in Schedule A, for it is lower than Petersfield, Wareham, and Hythe, which stand *lowest* in Schedule B; but this is not all,—for there are above twenty other places which Mr. Drummond's calculations never touched at all, and which stand lower than many places in his list. The result of all this is, that all those fractional calculations were a complete mystification and juggle, and that the system that has been founded on them is replete with injustice. 'Do men gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles?'

We proceed to other anomalies. One of the alleged grievances of the system of nomination boroughs was that, in some few instances, the member was said never to have seen his constituents till he appeared amongst them at the day of election. We all recollect the ridicule and indignation which the very mention of such cases used to excite; yet—strange to say—it is, we believe, quite certain, that an unprecedented number of candidates, strangers in person, property, and local connexion, have offered themselves for the reformed boroughs. In the system of *virtual* representation, as it has been called, it was of no great importance that Mr. Fox should not have been locally connected with the Orkneys—Mr. Pitt with Appleby—Mr. Burke with Wendover—Mr. Windham with St. Mawes, or Mr. Canning with Harwich; but when the *principle* is, that *local* interests and feelings should be *directly* represented by members personally connected with such feelings and interests, we see, with some surprise, an Ecclesiastical Judge elected for the commercial district of the Tower Hamlets—the Solicitor-General for the manufacturing town of Dudley—a young lawyer for Leeds—a military officer for the naval port of Chatham—a *Russia* merchant for Manchester—the Judge-Advocate for Finsbury—an Irish lord, driven

driven by Mr. O'Connell from his Irish county, for Nottingham—and the Secretary of the Treasury, also expelled from Ireland, for the town of Cambridge. But if it be supposed that these, and many other distinguished gentlemen, were recommended by their stations in the government and their parliamentary characters—what can be said for such choices as those of a practising barrister for Plymouth dock—a Surrey farmer ('he seeks no better name') for Oldham—an oriental traveller for Sheffield—a field-officer of marines for Bolton—the editor of the Monthly Magazine for Lincoln—the chairman of the Middlesex Sessions for Knaresborough—two Captains in the Guards for Stafford? These, and many more whom we could adduce, are, we believe, clever men, and *we* at least can have no objection to seeing them in the House of Commons, into which some of them did, and all of them might, have found their way under the old constitution; but we may wonder that they should be delegated, under a system of direct and local representation, by places with which they are, for the most part, if not altogether, personally unconnected and unacquainted; and we complain that the old system should have been vituperated and destroyed for anomalies and inconsistencies, as they were called, which the substituted Reform not only copies but exaggerates.

But there is another branch of this topic which must be mentioned. The gentlemen we have just alluded to had at least some degree of reputation or notoriety, so that, although they could know very little of their constituents, their constituents might know something of them; but what shall be said of the *nomination*, under the softer name of *recommendations*, of Cornish and Northumberland barristers to Newport in the Isle of Wight; or to the still more extraordinary missionaries whom Mr. Hume dispatched by the several stage-coaches, labelled and ticketed, and, for aught we know, specified in the way-bill, as members to be chosen for such or such a place? How many of these *parcels* were forwarded we are not informed—Colonel Jones has kindly let us into the secret of one at Tavistock, and we have heard of others at Hull, Lyme, Harwich, &c.; and all the world knows that at Bath Mr. Hume's friend and nominee beat the brother and nominee of the Right Honourable the Secretary at War. This case of Bath is exceedingly curious, and, to those who wish to compare the workings of the two systems, pregnant with instruction. Bath was, we were always told, one of the foulest blots of the old representation—one of the largest cities in the empire, and containing a population superior, *pro rata*, in intelligence and respectability, to perhaps any other town in the world, was in the hands of a close corporation of thirty-six persons, who alone
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elected the two members falsely called the representatives of the great city of Bath! What a monstrous abuse! This case alone would be a sufficient justification of the Reform Bill. The Reform Bill is passed, and transfers the elective power from the thirty-six corporators to two or three thousand electors.—What happens? Why, the first member elected by the new constituency is the very same gentleman whom the corrupt and jobbing corporators had returned for six or seven parliaments, as they had done his father for three parliaments before. But the second member—used he not to be a Nominee?—neither more nor less than the first:—though the corporation appears to have generally chosen him from the families either of the Marquis of Bath or of the Marquis Camden. That *might* be called Nomination,—and of course the new constituency would not hear of such a thing; so they elected a respectable citizen, who had long resided amongst them, and was distinguished for probity, talents, and knowledge of, and attachment to, the local interests of the city? Alas, no! They did no such thing—nay, no such man appeared on the hustings—but the stage-coach, or the post-chaise, brought down to them two strangers, one recommended, as we have already noticed, by Mr. Hume; and the other the brother and *protégé* of Sir John Hobhouse; and between these two gentlemen the contest was warmly maintained, to the eventual success of Mr. Hume's friend. Now, what has Bath gained by the change?—One member is the same as before;—and as to the other, we cannot but imagine that the influence of Lord Bath or Lord Camden might have proposed a candidate just as respectable, and as likely to be personally interested in the welfare of the city, as the nominee of either Mr. Hume or Sir John Hobhouse.

We (for many obvious reasons) abstain, in this article, from entering into any details as to the operation of the Bill in Scotland and Ireland, but on this point we cannot but observe, *en passant*, that over a large proportion of the counties, and in some of the boroughs of Ireland, Mr. O'Connell appears to have exercised, but with more success, the system which Mr. Hume attempted in England. We are told that some members have been elected for Irish counties in which they have no property, nor even connexion, on the sole recommendation of the radical leaders; and that other gentlemen, although acquainted locally with the places, and supporters of the miscalled *liberal* politics of the day, have been expelled, because they would not pledge themselves to go the whole lengths of *repeal* agitation.

But—to leave these details—not only does the Bill not accomplish the good which its authors promised, but it creates directly opposite inconveniencies and anomalies. One of the chief objects
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of the Bill was, to extend the right of suffrage—and this it no doubt has done by the creation of new boroughs, and by addition of copyholders and ten, twenty, and fifty pounds tenants in counties; but, on the other hand, it seems in a most extraordinary degree to have limited and diminished the right of suffrage in the old cities and boroughs. The ministers presented to the late parliament a paper, stating the greatest number of electors which had polled at any contest for the several towns in England in the last thirty years; we have selected all those that appear as contested in that list, and have compared the former number of voters with those who polled at contests in the last election—and the result is very surprising. Lord John Russell, in his opening speech on this point, says, that ‘The number of voters, in towns and boroughs in England *already sending members to parliament*, will be *increased* by 110,000 persons.’ (*Parliamentary Debates*, 1st March, 1831.) Now, so far is this promise from being verified, that the number is positively and seriously diminished. We have taken from the ministerial returns, *without selection or choice, every place* of which we have the record of an old and a new poll. These places are to the number of 65, and we find that, at former elections, there polled at these 65 places 95,046 voters, while at the late elections there polled only 83,807*. Let it not be said that we complain of the operation of the Bill as too narrow; let us not be accused of advancing towards universal suffrage farther than even the ministry itself. We advocate no such extension, and we regret not this diminution; but we do insist that this is a fresh and flagrant instance, that the Bill was carried under *false pretences*; and we think it of great importance to show, that every step of the practical working of the Bill contradicts and belies the principles on which it was proposed, and the arguments by which the House of Commons and the country were seduced to its adoption.

* As the result stated in the text seems to be very curious, and was certainly unexpected, we subjoin the following list of the places which enter into the account:—Abingdon, Aylesbury,—Barnstaple, Bedford, Berwick, Beverley, Boston, Bridport, Bristol,—Canterbury, Carlisle, Chester, Chichester, Colchester, Coventry,—Dover, Durham,—Eversham, Exeter,—Gloucester, Grantham, Grimsby, Guildford,—Hereford, Hertford, Honiton, Hythe, Hull,—Ipswich,—Leicester, Lichfield, Lincoln, Liverpool,—Maidstone, Maldon,—Newark, Newcastle-under-Line, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northampton, Norwich, Nottingham,—Oxford,—Poole, Preston,—Rochester, Rye,—St. Albans, St. Ives, Sandwich, Shaftesbury, Shoreham, Southampton, Southwark, Stamford, Sudbury,—Tewkesbury, Totness,—Wallingford, Wells, Wenloch, Weymouth, Winchester,—Yarmouth, York. These sixty-five towns are, it will be seen, the most considerable of the ancient constituency, and afford a full and fair specimen of the operation of the act. London is not included, because it was impossible to calculate the number of voters where each elector had four votes, to be divided between six candidates; but that constituency seems to have been considerably increased.

The truth—the serious and important truth—is, that, under the colour of *extending*, the real object and the practical effect has been to *change* the constituency, and to transfer political power in the boroughs—which form above two-thirds of the whole representation—from the variety of interests and classes, amongst which it was formerly distributed, to *one* single and predominant class; and that *the* class which we in our consciences believe to be the least attached to our civil and religious institutions.

Let us now look at the House which, by these operations, has been collected. Is there any man in the country who thinks it what it ought to be? We shall say little of the irregularity, disorder, and indecorum which have been so loudly imputed to its members, and by none so loudly as by the great body of reformers out of doors. In truth, it does not seem to us that these inconveniences are greater than, nor indeed perhaps so great—thanks to the mingled urbanity and firmness of the Speaker!—as might have been expected. The proportion of *new* members is, we believe, nearly double that of any former parliament; of the *new* members of former parliaments, a majority were already acquainted, by their education and habits, with the conventional forms of the House; and they were, moreover, generally young men, who did not venture to take a prominent part till they had been somewhat initiated. Of the present House, on the contrary, about half are new to Parliament, and of these a large proportion are men of a certain age, and therefore not of the most plastic manners, who think it becoming to rush at once, with more than epic haste, *in medias res*, and to show to the world and their constituents that they are not slumbering at their posts. Certain exhibitions of this kind have already had a great tendency to degrade parliament in the opinion of a considerable portion of the public. John Bull individually indulges himself in a certain roughness of manners, which he is very unwilling to tolerate in others, and, above all, in men placed in superior stations. He has so much tact and good sense in his judgment of the personal deportment of public men, that we really believe the scenes of this sort, which, abstractedly, we should consider, for the reasons we have just stated, natural and excusable, have done more to open the eyes of the nation to the folly and failure of the Reform Bill, than the deeper and more important mis-workings of the ill-constructed machine.

The next and more serious complaint that all parties make of the new House of Commons is, that it does no business, and wastes the time and exhausts the patience of the public by personal squabbles, irrelevant questions, and fruitless discussions; and this is objected to it, not by the public out of doors alone, but by the members themselves to one another; and certainly nothing can be
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less dignified, less satisfactory, less useful, or less creditable either to the good sense or talents of the honourable members, than what the newspapers give us as reports of their proceedings. We can readily understand that these reports are a good deal, though unintentionally, exaggerated; violent and offensive sallies are sure to be noted, while quiet manners and calm reasoning pass unobserved; but the general fact is, we presume, indisputable, that there has been more talking and less doing—more personal exhibition and less public business—than in the same space of any former session. This we not only expected, but we have been all along convinced, that it would be found that no assembly, constituted on the principles of the Reform Bill, can ever do the business of a country. Undo they may, and there is no limit to their destructive capacity; a mob may pull down a house, but to build one requires a commanding head and obedient hands—power above, and subordination of ranks and distribution of duties below. Have these requisites, these first principles of government, ever been found to exist—can they, according to all the experience of human nature, exist in any large assembly of which the enormous majority emanates *entirely and immediately* from the people? The late constitution,—under which the nation flourished for a hundred and forty years, the most, if not the only, peaceful and prosperous period of our annals—had solved practically and as completely as human error will admit of, the great problem of combining stability of government with the constant operation of popular influence. Theorists ascribed this happy result to the counterbalancing powers of the King, Lords, and Commons, respectively; and they were right; but they were wrong in imagining that these powers were exercised by each of the three estates acting in its *separate* sphere.

Never, during that happy period, did the king exercise, and never could he have exercised, the direct royal authority—by negating any acts presented by the other two estates. Never were the Lords able, permanently and successfully, to resist any proposition which the Lower House was resolved to carry,—while, on the contrary, the House of Commons has been practically *omnipotent*—and such must always be the case; there can be no division of the ultimate authority; checks and controls may and must exist, but the supreme power must reside in one place. In the gradual adaptation of our constitution to the progress of society, that place came to be the House of Commons, and it was there that the influences of the Crown and of the Peers were mingled in due proportions with the power of the people,—and public measures were there so prepared, manipulated, and modified, as to ensure, in the proper stage, the *official* sanction

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of the Lords and the King—or—in cases in which the ultimate concurrence of the three branches was found to be impracticable, the rejection bore the politic appearance of arising from the Commons themselves; and the danger of a collision between the three ostensible powers of the state was thus silently, judiciously, and happily avoided. The political machine, like a well-regulated clock, *impelled* by its moving spring—the Commons—and *regulated* by its pendulum—the influence of the Crown and the Peers—performed its stated functions smoothly, certainly, and beneficially.

This admirable result was produced by two things which never entered into the theory at all, though they were the very essence of the practice—‘*Nomination Boroughs*,’ and what is called ‘*Party*.’ It is a great mistake in historical fact, to say that these nomination boroughs were an innovation or usurpation—they were, from their first formation, in the hands of the aristocracy—the burgrave tenure boroughs in those of the landed interest—the corporation boroughs in those of the monied interest. Many of them were created for the express purpose of the influence which they conferred, and were, on the day they were abolished as *usurpations*, fulfilling the precise duties in the constitution for which they had been originally called into being. Nor is it true, as was so often stated, that they belonged exclusively to the Peers. They were in 1830 divided almost equally between Peers and Commoners; and in either case were in the hands of persons who had the greatest interest in the prosperity of the country. Nor were they, as the vulgar were taught to think, a dead and impassible mass of influence, into whatever hands they might fall—by no means: it was their peculiar merit, that, though generally little liable to impulses, they were always alive, in a greater or less degree, to a greater or less degree of popular feeling; and certainly no quotation was ever more happy or more argumentative, than Mr. Baring’s reply to those who complained that the House of Commons, as then constituted, was insensible to the wishes of the people, when, pointing to the Reform majority, he exclaimed, ‘*Si monumentum quæris—circumspice.*’

They had another important merit—they shifted and accommodated themselves to new interests as these arose in the country. Some of them would change their patron from some internal motive of their own—some were transferred by the transfer of other property—some were actually sold—and some, that were thus actually sold, would throw off the yoke of both parties and exert their independence. We need not descend to particular instances; but everybody knows that the East Indian, West Indian, and Shipping interests—the coal trade—the cotton trade—the

the iron trade—acquired, as they successively became important, influence in boroughs, and, through that medium, their proper influence in the councils of the state; and in every case, although they were vulgarly called the property of this man or that man, they were, in fact, the property of every man, and of every interest in the country, which had become considerable enough to require their ministry. These advantages, and many others, the Reform Bill has destroyed; for the Nominations it *has* left are so unequally distributed, and—in spite of ministerial fraud and covetousness—so few in number, as to be liable to all the abuses of private patronage which have been imputed to the system, without affording the counterbalancing benefit to the public interests. But, after all, the great constitutional loss is that of which we first complained, namely, the removal of their steady but gentle control upon the more active parts of the political machine. Russell and Co. have made us a new chronometer, of which the spring is in one place, and the pendulum in another, and people wonder that it does not go right.

But with the nomination boroughs, they have also 'exceedingly weakened, if not wholly destroyed, we believe unintentionally, but very certainly, the other influence to which we have alluded, as tending to preserve the equilibrium in our constitution—we mean '*Party*'—we do not so much mean parties in the state, as *Party in parliament*—that honourable and powerful bond which held men together either in office or in opposition, and without which a government, with so much democracy in it as ours has, must soon become an anarchy. When men are acting under leaders who have the laudable ambition, and the rational expectation, of being one day called to office, they will so moderate and direct their opposition to the existing ministry, that when a change shall arrive, they may not be obliged to take measures destructive of all government. They act upon certain principles by concerted counsels; and individual presumption, and even the passion for popularity, have been restrained by the predominant and salutary influence of *Party*. In the first place, a party cannot be kept together without the power of *Nomination*. There were moments in their respective lives, when Somers and St. John—Walpole and Pulteney—Pitt and Fox—Burke and Dunning—Canning and Tierney—Castlereagh and Ponsonby—(we purposely abstain from mentioning living statesmen) would have found it impossible to get into parliament to place themselves at the head of their respective parties, except by nomination influence, and we are yet to see how a party taking office is to ensure the re-election of a sufficient number of its members, to provide for the performance of official duties in the House of Commons.

But

But in process of time, and as the men and the traditions of old times have died away, *Party* itself will not exist. Every man, directly responsible to his constituency, and having no possible refuge, if that constituency should reject him, will belong not to himself, nor even to a party—but to a mob of electors. Instead of being attached to the Mr. Fox or the Mr. Pitt of the day, he will be pledged at the hustings to specific measures; or, if measures not foreseen should arise, he must vote, not as he himself or the Mr. Fox may judge best for the public interests, but as he thinks may be most palatable to his, perhaps, misguided constituency; and we shall habitually, as we have sometimes seen even under the late constitution, see

‘Our senate raging with the crowd’s disease.’

It is still more easy to say of *Party*, than even of *Nomination*, that it is *theoretically* unreasonable, and at variance with principles of freedom, independence, and individual conscience; but the theorists forget that the object of all this complication of machinery is the government of mankind, and that man is himself an anomaly—guided by no steady laws, and liable to all the shifts and changes of human temper, all the errors and passions of human frailties; and that, if he is to be governed, it must be, not by the rules of Philosopher Square, but by means analogous to his nature, in unison with his feelings, and which may enlist, as it were, his very frailties and passions into the general cause of social order. We do not attempt a mere defence of *party connexions*; after Mr. Burke’s brilliant and not more brilliant than solid argument on that subject, this would be superfluous—but we go a step farther. The times in which Mr. Burke wrote required no more than that he should establish the *expediency* of political connexions—the times in which we live press upon us their *necessity*. A government by deliberative assemblies cannot exist without them. ‘No men,’ as Mr. Burke observes, ‘can act with effect who do not act in concert; no men can act in concert who do not act with confidence; no men can act with confidence who are not bound together by common opinions, common affections, and common interests.’ We add, that no assembly of six or seven hundred men can be brought into any steady and useful course of proceeding, but by some kind of discipline and subordination—the only kind of discipline or subordination to which an assembly of independent gentlemen would or could submit, is the spontaneous and honourable connexion of *party*—a bond which they consider as an ornament, not an incumbrance; a union, which they feel to be not a surrender, but an amalgamation of individual opinions—a contract, voluntary and indefinite—much of the same nature as that under which every

man enters into any civilized society—of adopting its general principles, and submitting his peculiar feelings and fancies, on individual points, to the necessity of having some common standard of manners, and some safe guide of action.

We resume. We are persuaded, from the present aspect of the House of Commons, that the more immediate danger of a revolutionary crisis arises from the feeble state—or rather dissolution—of what used to be called *Party*, and from the necessity in which gentlemen will feel themselves, of obeying, not their own wishes—to say nothing of their own judgment—but the external impulse which they will receive from without. An assembly, acting under external impulses, is the worst form of democracy and the most degrading image of slavery; and we fear that but a short time will elapse before we have lamentable proofs of the truth of these assertions. See what has already happened: the ministers boasted, and apparently with perfect truth, that the results of the general election were the most favourable that any administration had ever accomplished—their office-men were elected almost without exception, and their *soi-disant* friends and nominal partisans were returned in a vast majority. Yet that great party, as it seemed, has proved itself to be but a rope of sand; and on *three* late occasions in which general and permanent principles of government were at stake—*viz.* on Mr. Hume's motion, involving the powers of the crown as to military offices,—Mr. Attwood's proposition tending to the change of the currency,—and Mr. Robinson's motion for a general commutation of taxes,—on each of these occasions the government were brought to the very brink of dissolution—and were *only* saved, by the interposition of those Conservatives, whom they hate and persecute, from the attacks of *soi-disant* friends and allies.

But this is not the worst. Not only is the ministerial party incapable (without the help of the Conservatives) of conducting the ordinary affairs of the state;—but the composition of those large minorities which put them in jeopardy is equally unsatisfactory—they were formed of no union of principles, and had no unity of view—every man voted on his own special reasons, and many, with contradictory objects, united in the same vote. If either Mr. Attwood or Mr. Robinson had been able (through the inaction or division of the Conservatives) to carry their point, and so to displace the government, they had no party at their back, which could have undertaken to give effect to the victorious proposition; and the country would have been in the unprecedented state of having a certain line of conduct adopted by a legislature which did not afford either heads or hands able to carry it into practical execution—which is anarchy! And for all this peril, nobody is to blame. Ministers, no doubt, are deeply culpable

culpable for having, by their Reform Bill, brought the legislature into this state—but—the House of Commons being once constituted as it is—nobody is to blame—what has happened (and it is but an indication of what must soon follow in rapid and more perilous succession) is the natural and, we believe, inevitable consequence of the new distribution which has been made of political power, and of the new motives and principles under which the individuals composing the House of Commons are and must be obliged to act. As general rules are often strengthened, or at least elucidated by their exceptions, it is observable that some gentlemen, who on these occasions gave ministers their confidence, and voted with them as a party, have been called to account by their constituents for their votes, and several of them have been summoned to resign their seats. We believe and hope, that the very first principles of a deliberative assembly are not already so far lost and forgotten amongst us, that these summonses are likely to be obeyed; but this indication of the popular expectation is enough to show how false and hollow is the basis on which the Reform Bill has placed the administration of public affairs.

Another symptom, both of the inefficiency of the Bill for any good, and of its applicability to dangerous purposes—one which was distinctly foreseen and foretold by its opposers in the debates on the Metropolitan boroughs—has lately verified their predictions. A very numerous deputation (above one hundred) of the inhabitants of the Metropolitan electoral districts, Middlesex, East Surrey, London, Westminster, Marylebone, Finsbury, Tower Hamlets, Lambeth, Southwark, and Greenwich, headed by their respective members, lately waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to urge the repeal of the House and Window Tax. Now, if there be any portion of the empire from which all excuse for such primary assemblies, and such a direct interference of the people, has been taken away by the Reform Bill, it is *these very districts*—which have no less than twenty-two representatives, and which have elected men not to be suspected of any backwardness in stating their grievances or urging their wishes in the House of Commons. But what is the result? So far from trusting their cause to their proper organs in the proper place, the inhabitants, or persons assuming their name and authority, form a combination, never heard of before, and suggested only by the Reform Bill, of all those districts, and proceed in person to urge their claims in Downing-street. If these districts have not confidence in their members, and if the members be not adequate to discharge their duties, the Reform Bill, as it regards them, has totally failed;—if, on the other hand, they are duly represented, is

it not monstrous that they should, nevertheless, attempt to exercise the direct influence of their *vicinity* and their *numbers*, and endeavour to overpower the minister with the double force of immediate as well as representative solicitation? What is to become of the general interests of a country, if the district in which the government happens to reside is to exert such an influence over it?—an influence which will, in the course of practice, inevitably assume a higher tone and a more commanding attitude; and which may, at length, prostrate all England at the feet of the metropolis, as, during the French Revolution, Paris, by the agency of her electoral districts, became the bloody tyrant of France. But this deputation, thus dangerous in principle, seems to have been exceedingly offensive in its manners. What must the public think of such passages as the following, which we extract from the published report of the transaction?—

‘MR. C. PEARSON said, that in his opinion the motion of Sir John Key ought to be brought forward previous to bringing forward the Budget, otherwise the noble Lord would be in the dark respecting the merits of this question.

‘LORD ALTHORP. *I don't think I can be much in the dark. There is a good deal of light in this room* (a laugh).

‘MR. PEARSON. *I wish your Lordship had a little more fire—*(renewed laughter).’

And this Mr. Pearson was thus constituted spokesman of the deputation—in the presence, but to the exclusion, of the *twenty-two* members for the Metropolitan district! My Lord Grey, who has been broken into this kind of visit by Mr. Place, and Lord Althorp, who once before received ‘with great pride’ Mr. Stevens and a deputation from Bishopsgate, may be callous to the personal degradation of such intrusion and such language: but we appeal to the country at large, whether the King’s government can be maintained in the respect and authority to which it is constitutionally entitled, if such practices are allowed to continue, and (if they continue) to increase both in frequency and in insolence? And as, in a system like ours, local interests are frequently adverse to each other, will Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and indeed all the rest of the empire, see, without jealousy and fear, London throwing its numerical weight into the councils of the Cabinet?

In the conduct of the business of the House, the same principles produce effects equally indicative of feebleness and uncertainty in the government, and of an undue interposition of external influence. In the old days of what was called virtual representation, the practice of petitioning was natural and necessary; for when great classes thought and said (however erroneously)

ously) that they were not represented in the House, it was reasonable that they should convey their sentiments by petitions. But it is obvious that the nearer we approach to direct universal *representation*, the less occasion there must be for petitioning. Manchester and Birmingham have, one should have thought, less occasion to urge their sentiments in the shape of petitions, since they have acquired representatives, than when they had no other direct channel of expressing their wants and wishes. How has it turned out? why, that petitioning has increased tenfold—and that the very first act of the new Parliament is to put itself to the intolerable (as it will be found) inconvenience of a morning sitting, for the sole purpose of receiving petitions from the reformed constituency.

In addition to the extraordinary and instructive coincidences, which we in former articles have noticed, between these times and the crisis which preceded the Grand Rebellion, the report of a committee lately appointed to consider the best mode of facilitating the presentation of public petitions, affords the following :

‘ 12th Dec. 1640.—Committee of petitions appointed to peruse all petitions that are come in, or to come in, and to peruse them and see what petitions are fit to be received and to what committee they are fit to be referred, and to report the same to this house.’—(*Journals*, vol. ii. p. 49.)

And this committee appears to have continued to sit, with occasional additions, till 1653, the very year when a certain Oliver Cromwell was declared Protector of the liberties of England—and we hear no more of the committee of petitions! But—on this precedent of 1640—the present House of Commons has appointed a committee for similar purposes. Of the labours of this committee, or its utility, we know nothing; but, in spite of its appointment, we see that the meridian sittings of the house are continued—and, as far as we can judge from the newspaper reports, they appear to be a most idle and unprofitable waste of the public time. We say nothing of the personal grievance to the Speaker and the ministers, who are obliged to attend the meridian as well as the post-meridian meetings: we wonder where they find time for the animal functions of life. Sure we are that such over-work can produce no good; and that the official and real business of the country must be neglected for this extra show of diligence and zeal. We are not insensible, any more than Mr. Sadler, or his worthy successor, Lord Ashley, to the sufferings of the poor factory children, but we really think a *ten-hours bill* for the House of Commons itself is of hardly less pressing necessity.

And, after all, are the petitions, to which all this apparent deference is shown, really the more attended to, or the better discussed

cussed or considered? We understand that the morning sittings are attended by few but those who have petitions to *present*—or, as one gentleman is reported to have said, to *get rid of*; and that, when a member happens to get possession of the house, he presents not only all his own petitions on all sorts of subjects, but his friends, weary of waiting for their turn, hand to him their petitions on all sorts of subjects, which he presents, knowing nothing and, we presume, caring nothing about them. So that no practical benefit can ensue; and the only result is to countenance and propagate the system of out-of-doors interference, and to create political agitations in every village and corner of the empire, where busy and presumptuous and, generally, ignorant men imagine that it is their duty to instruct their representatives on subjects the most difficult, the most delicate, and often the most remote from either the knowledge, the business, or the interests of the petitioners.

Nor is this all: these petitions, so far from being *humble*, as petitions used formerly to be designated, seem occasionally to assume quite a contrary character, and to be rather designed to *insult* than to *entreat* the house. We read in the papers that, on the 11th of March, Mr. Cobbett presented a petition, to the indecorous language of which he very fairly and very properly called the attention of the house:—

‘The honourable member would not repeat the name the petitioners gave to the bill—his modesty made him not like to pronounce it.’—(*Morning Post*, March 12.)

And, a little after, Mr. Roebuck presented another, which he said ‘was worded in a way he should not have worded it; but it was his duty to present all petitions that came to him.’—(*Ibid.*)

How these petitions were worded, we know not; but it must have been something *rather* strong which Mr. Cobbett or Mr. Roebuck would not have said. It appears, by the same paper, that the ministerial leader, Lord Althorp, was then in the house; but it does not appear that any notice was taken of these petitions, thus characterized by the very gentlemen who presented them. Upon all this we shall hazard but one remark, and that shall be an aphorism, which is so trite that we hope we may quote it without offence—that the authority which is not respected will not be long obeyed.

There are some other circumstances, which, though not really more important (because all are of equal importance—as indicating the imbecility and incapability of what calls itself the government), are more striking. On Mr. Hume’s motion, before mentioned, the ministry, as we have said, would probably have been beaten, if the Conservatives, actuated by personal or political hostility, or revenge, or disappointment, or a very natural indignation
against

against the ministers for bringing the royal prerogative so indecently into question,—if the Conservatives, we say, could have persuaded themselves to vote for Mr. Hume; and on the debate on the Irish Coercion Bill, on which Lord Althorp made so signal a failure, the ministers loudly expressed their gratitude for the admirable and triumphant speech, in which Sir Robert Peel came to Lord Althorp's rescue. Yet the very next day, when Sir Robert Peel earnestly requested that a bill of such vital public importance, and of such infinite private interest, as the Irish Church Bill, should not be appointed for a second reading before it was printed—and when—speaking on the Monday—he implored that the bill, which was not to be in the hands of members till the Tuesday, should not be read on Wednesday—a delay which the most common turnpike interests would have obtained, and which one would have thought the recent services of Sir Robert Peel and the Conservatives entitled them to ask as a courtesy, if it were not a matter of right,—no, the ministers would not: we are told they dared not concede even so slight an indulgence. The poor victim Church implored the respite of a week,—‘no!’—two days,—‘no!’—a day—‘no, not an hour!’ The trial, to be sure, had not yet taken place, but the scaffold was built—the executioners were ready—the grave was dug—the spectators were collected and impatient for the show, and die she must at the stated minute! while shouts of joy and approbation stimulated the cruel impetuosity. But, alas! when the bill came to be printed and delivered, it was found that these inexorable judges were but indifferent pleaders: the bill turned out to be inconsistent with parliamentary law; it became necessary to throw it out; and the Irish Church has had a respite of—not an hour, nor a day, nor a week—but of three or four weeks; not the boon of courtesy or justice, but the ridiculous blunder of blindness and ignorance.

Again, look at the conduct of these ministers with regard to the Irish Coercion Bill. The framing of this bill required, if ever bill did, the most anxious deliberation in the Cabinet, and the most cautious care that not one jot more of severity should be introduced than the dire necessity required. It passed through the Lords, at the instance of the first minister, and with the help and concurrence of those two great lawyers, the chancellors of England and of Ireland. Did they ask, in the wantonness of apostacy, more coercion than the distressing case indispensably required? We hope and believe not! Yet their colleagues in the Commons have given up several important points; and have, to use the phrase attributed in the newspapers to some of their adherents, ‘frittered away the most important features of the measure.’ The dilemma seems to us inevitable—either the bill, as recommended by Lords
Grey,

Grey, Brougham, and Plunket, was a wanton and unnecessary inroad on the constitution, or the bill of Mr. Stanley and Lord Althorp is a mutilated, imperfect, and hypocritical pretence.

And yet, here again, we believe that, personally, no one is to blame. We are satisfied that the Cabinet acted to the best of its judgment, with a great reluctance to go one step beyond what the case required; and we believe that the ministers, in the House of Commons, have yielded their judgment to their discretion, and have consented to 'fritter away' the bill—only because they did not think it possible to carry it entire.

'Lost power and conscious fear their crimes create,
And guilt in them is little less than fate.'

We acquit the *men*—but we tremble for the interests of the country, under a *system* which necessitates such vacillation and inconsistency in a government *apparently* so strong as to have carried the *second* reading of this very bill by so enormous a majority as 363 to 84.

Neither do we presume to feel—and still less to express—any personal objections to the individuals who constitute the new parliament. It is undoubtedly a most remarkable fact that hitherto the balance of ability seems to be on the side of the men of the old system;—and that the volcano of public agitation, which was to have set so much groaning genius, and such compressed mines of intellect at liberty, has as yet thrown up more cinders than flame. But of this we say nothing—*this* is sufficiently felt and understood everywhere. We are willing to believe that our new representatives are as upright and conscientious men as any of their predecessors,—there seems to be hardly one of them who might not have been returned under the old system,—and we are convinced that, individually, their talents are respectable, and their intentions patriotic and honourable. It is the position in which they are placed that makes them dangerous; and the peril arises—as we have already said, still more charitably, of the ministers—not from the character of the persons, but from the inevitable operation of the *system*. Like some of their predecessors in the Long Parliament—

'They do not strike to hurt, but make a noise.'

If they wish to continue to sit in parliament they must act, not according to their own judgment, but in such a way as may conciliate their constituents; and if a man of the greatest acquirements should arise, if another Burke should represent Bristol, and another Windham Norwich,—they would not be the free and unshackled Windham and Burke of former days,—Burke could not have dared to offend the constituency of Bristol, or Windham that of Norwich, if they had not had Wendover and St. Mawes in reserve, in which, or other nomination seats, they afterwards

afterwards performed the most transcendant services to their country at large, and even to the very places which had discarded them.

Nor do we impugn the good sense of the new constituency of England, nor undervalue it, except on considerations drawn from the imperfections of our state and nature. Large masses of men cannot be well informed on the intricate details of politics and statistics; and even those that are less imperfectly informed are liable to seductions, excitements, and errors, which are often epidemic, and which, in such a system as the present, would be beyond remedy or control. Representative government itself stands on the admitted principle, that the people are not capable of exercising in primary assemblies political power; and, as Lord John Russell has truly said in his last work, (noticed in a preceding article,) this popular power is not fit for use, till it has been *strained and filtered* by some intermediate process. But his Lordship's Reform Bill has broken all our strainers and filtering machines, and has sent us back to drink, as we may, at a turbid and turbulent stream, which, when we stoop to taste it, may hurry us away into the depths of destruction.

To conclude:—Will any man point out to us any one Principle, Institution, or Interest—in the constitutional or social system of these realms—which is not at this moment in imminent peril? And will any man—whose hopes and fears hinge on any principle, institution, or interest thus threatened—be bold enough to say that he places his confidence, either in the strength of the Cabinet, or in the independence of the new House of Commons?

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Geschichte des Osmanischen Reiches durch Joseph von Hammer.* Bände 1—8. Pest. 1827—1832.

THIS extensive and valuable work, before it is terminated, may perhaps comprehend the whole drama of the Ottoman greatness. It has already traced the rise, and the decline, of the Turkish monarchy;—if we may judge from the signs of the times, one more concluding volume may describe its fall. The Sublime Porte seems gradually but rapidly sinking to the state of the Byzantine empire, just before its final extinction. With powerful enemies advancing and closing it in on every side—its nominal authority extending over a considerable territory, its real power shrinking by degrees into a still narrower compass—the terror of its name, the memory of former greatness losing its hold upon its own rebellious subjects—the wreck of the mighty empire of Mahomet the Second and o. Solymán the Magnificent, appears to have but one chance of safety, which, in *her* last extremity, was wanting to the Eastern Rome. The politics of the Christian cabinets may yet maintain this barbarous and Asiatic power in possession of what once were the most flourishing and civilized regions of Europe; mutual jealousy as to the distribution of the spoil, particularly of the great prize, the Imperial City; the difficulty of constructing an independent Christian and European kingdom, of sufficient strength to resist the encroachments of its formidable neighbours, or even perhaps the rallying energies of desperate Mahometanism: such are the only guarantees for the future existence of the Ottoman empire,—at least in Europe. Its fate will be averted or precipitated, by the turn which negotiations may take at Petersburg, Paris, and London, rather than by the vigorous or indolent character of the reigning Sultan, or the system of government adopted at Constantinople.

The extraordinary changes which of late years have taken place, under the influence of the ruling sovereign, in Turkish habits and manners—the improvements which he has attempted to introduce into the military system—above all, the extinction of the Janizaries—are indications of the decay of the ancient Turkish spirit, rather than of recruited strength, or reviving energy. The Turk can only be formidable as a Turk; attempt to modernize, to Europeanize his habits, his mind, or even

his costume—he will lose all the power, the energy, the grandeur of his native and original character, without acquiring the quickness, the dexterity, the vivacity of that which is so foreign to his nature. The turbaned, the scymetared, the loose-trowsered Turk, will never fall into the trim and disciplined line of an European regiment; if he does, his movements, instead of being free, majestic, and vigorous, will be awkward and constrained; as he is initiated in modern habits, the staid and solemn dignity of his manners will depart;—and what will replace it? The huge cannon of the Dardanelles will no more perform the part of the flying artillery in modern warfare, than their grave masters habituate themselves either to the military evolutions, or to the busy, peaceful pursuits of the West. To acquire European habits, the Turk must first forswear that potent drug, which of old used to intoxicate his valour to desperate enterprise—but which now stupifies him to a stately indifference to his humiliation. He must emancipate his mind from the moral opium of predestinarianism; which, in the same manner, during the days of his ambition and glory, bred the noble defiance of danger, and the contempt of death—now reconciles him to his more inglorious destiny. *Mashallah!* (as God will!) once the proud exclamation of constant victory, is still the consolation of complacent apathy under defeat. It appears almost impossible that the most intimate connexion with Europeans should work a complete revolution in a national character, to a certain degree inborn, and confirmed by centuries of pride or security; and that change, either repelled by the inert resistance of ancient habit, or but partially admitted, it seems still more inconceivable how it is to compete with the rapidly advancing activity of the rest of Europe; alone to stand still, or advance but slowly, in the midst of the heady current, which is flowing with such violence throughout the Christian world.

If any nation should arise midway, as it were, between Asiatic and European, Mahometan and Christian civilization, the chances seem at present in favour of Egypt:—though even there, as in all countries where such revolutions are effected by the fiat of a despotic sovereign, too much depends on the life of an individual; the state of the mass of the people is so far behind the forced and exotic cultivation upon the surface, that it would be dangerous to predict the duration of that which

‘A breath may scatter, as a breath has made.’

These observations, of course, suppose that the present dangerous crisis of the Ottoman power will be averted: that the conqueror of Konia will content himself, even if he renounces altogether his ancient vassalage, with reconstructing the empire of the Fatemite Sultans; and leave Roum and Stamboul to their fate.

The

The Turkish history, as yet, has lain hid in the ponderous tomes of Knolles and his continuator Rycaut; the rise alone of the Ottoman power, and its rapid growth, up to the taking of Constantinople, are familiar to the general reader, in the rapid but masterly description of Gibbon. The fame of Knolles's History rests on the well-known sentence of Johnson, who eulogizes this old worthy 'as the first of historians, unhappy only in the choice of his subject.' Gibbon, in his peculiar vein of solemn sarcasm, 'doubts whether a partial and verbose compilation from Latin writers, thirteen hundred folio pages of speeches and battles, can either instruct or amuse an enlightened age, which requires from the historian *some tincture* of philosophy and criticism.' It is extraordinary that even the pride of dictatorial paradox should have tempted Johnson to set up an idol of his own, at the head of the historic literature of England, which even then possessed Raleigh and Clarendon. The reverse of Johnson's decision we conceive to be more just. Knolles owes his fame, in a great degree, to his subject. The young imagination of Byron is said to have been strongly excited by the kindling pages of this historian. We suspect, however, that it was the Turkish character, its stern vigour, and its imposing and somewhat mysterious dignity, even perhaps the haughty and ferocious visages, in their noble and picturesque costume, which struck the congenial mind of the poet. The Turkish history retains much of the strangeness, the wildness, if we may so speak, the 'barbaric gorgeousness' of its oriental character; while the constant collision with the western nations, its advance into the most celebrated regions of Europe, keep up a perpetual contrast and relief, and break that solemn monotony which reigns throughout Asiatic history. The purely Eastern annals are like one great battle, where a mass of

'Dusk faces, with white silken turbans wreathed,'

mingle in undistinguishable confusion:—but in the Turkish, we find the scymitar and the turban opposed to the spear and the helmet of Christian chivalry. Nor is it here one warlike adventurer, one head of a wandering tribe, who suddenly rises up, forms a vast empire, founds a brief dynasty, which is as rapidly swept away, and replaced by another; one Tartar race, which perpetually throws down and reconstructs the empire or the kingdom of another; it is a solid and established monarchy; a line of kings, in which, notwithstanding the constitutional practice of general fratricide at each accession, the regular order of descent has been as seldom departed from, as in any royal race in Europe. Knolles, to whom we would render full justice, is occasionally both spirited and graphic in his battles and sieges: there is a grave earnestness in his manner, sometimes darkening into animosity,

sometimes, as it were, thrilling into awe, which indicates the time when the Turk had not yet ceased to be the proverbial terror of the West. His narrative is sometimes free and almost flowing, where it is not interrupted by interminable speeches, and solemn moralizing—which bears much the same analogy to the profound political observation of Thucydides or Clarendon, that the poetry of his panegyrist's Irene does to Shakspeare. His verbosity is now and then condensed into vigour, and his quaintness,* which unfortunately too often degenerates into coarseness and vulgarity, is at times amusing and characteristic. Still, his immeasurable prolixity must have wearied his own more patient age, and as a history, the book is entirely without authority. It is hard, perhaps, that Knolles should be condemned for compiling from Latin writers, who, with the exception of the Byzantines, furnished almost the only accessible information of the time. After the fashion of his day, he sweeps into one vast mass all the heterogeneous materials which he could bring together: nor could he be expected to anticipate the severer discrimination of a more critical age.

The outline of Gibbon is drawn with all his accustomed boldness and brilliancy, and considering the inevitable deficiency of his materials, with singular accuracy. In few passages has the historian of the 'Decline and Fall' displayed with greater success his unrivalled felicity in combining into a brief and pregnant narrative his multifarious and widely-scattered information, than in the chapters which describe the rise and progress of the Ottoman power. If it be our object, in the course of this article, to point out, from the higher authority of the work before us, some of the errors into which he has fallen, it is very far from our design to detract from his fame. M. Guizot, if we remember right, has said, that the more profound his historical researches, the more inaccuracies he has been enabled to detect in Gibbon; but that, at the same time, admiration has been constantly on the increase at his general truth and fidelity, and the consummate skill with which he has moulded his vast materials into one symmetrical design.

The history of M. Von Hammer comes before us with high pretensions, both from the reputation of the author as a profound oriental scholar, and the various and yet unexplored sources of information at his command. To his extensive Eastern knowledge M. Von Hammer adds that extraordinary familiarity with the whole literature of Europe, which none but his indefatigable countrymen have time or leisure to acquire; and of which, like others of his race, he is sometimes lured, it must be owned, into an ostentatious

* Johnson would have been somewhat astounded, if in his desultory manner of reading, he had opened on one chapter which begins with this dignified phrase, 'Now lay the great city of Nice in the sands.'

display, and a whimsical misapplication. But besides this general preparation for his important work, M. Von Hammer has possessed great and peculiar advantages. He has had free access to the archives of Vienna and of Venice; and, in the latter, has brought to light some important documents which had escaped even the searching vigilance of Daru. Above all, his intimate acquaintance with what our readers may be surprised to hear described as the voluminous literature of Turkey, gives weight to his statements, still further increased by his calm and philosophic impartiality. We have here the picture of the great contest as drawn by the lion as well as by the man. The greater part of these historical treasures have been accumulated by the exertions and at the cost of the author. Of 200 Turkish, Arabian, or Persian works, which relate the general history, or that of some portion of the Ottoman Empire, only twelve were known to Sir W. Jones, and not above twenty-four are found in the public libraries of Constantinople. The poetic wealth of the Turks appears equally inexhaustible, and, what is not less extraordinary, possesses considerable historic value. Of the stern and sanguinary Barbarians, who have deluged both continents with blood—those ‘malignant and turbaned Turks’—whom the popular imagination of Europe supposes utterly inaccessible to the softer emotions, and incapable of gentler or more refined pursuits, not a few have been poets. Viziers and even sultans have retired from the tumult of the battle, the intrigue of the court, the luxury of the harem, to pour forth the mystic strains of divine love, or to embody their own terrestrial emotions in native or in Persian verse. Nor are theirs the rude, simple, and spirit-stirring strains of a warlike people in its heroic or mythic age, when history, law, and religion are alike poetry: the style of these writers appears singularly elaborate and artificial; it is not the ordinary language of a youthful and imaginative people, but the luxury of a highly civilized and polished court.

Probably the only instance in the annals of mankind of a poetical intercourse between a general and the court of his sovereign, is the Bulletin announcing the retreat of the grand vizier from the unsuccessful siege of Bagdad, in a *Gazelle*, a favourite measure of the Turks; to which the sultan replied, in the same metre, and playing on the same images and metaphors with his poetic vizier. Conceive a dispatch to the Foreign Office in a madrigal; and his gracious Majesty—assisted a little, perhaps, by one of the authors of ‘*The New Whig Guide*’—intimating his pleasure in responsive lyric strain. We shall introduce, during the course of our observations, some of these ‘royal and noble authors’ to the acquaintance of our readers.

‘It was on the 27th of July, in the year 1299 of the Christian era,

era, that Othman first invaded the territory of Nicomedia; and the singular accuracy of the date seems to disclose some foresight of the rapid and destructive growth of the monster.' Notwithstanding this authoritative sentence of Gibbon, who thus fixes the year and the day when the Ottoman or Osmanlie power (according as the great founder of the dynasty is named Othman or Osman) first burst upon the ill-defended provinces of the Byzantine Empire—Von Hammer, on Turkish authority, assigns this remarkable event to the 701st year of the Hegira, which synchronizes with A.D. 1301. The calculations of Possinus on the history of Pachymer, the Byzantine annalist quoted by Gibbon himself, make it 1302, which agrees with the Turkish reckoning, as the 701st year of the Hegira did not expire till August 1302. Vast importance is attached to this date by the Mahometan chroniclers. Each century of the Hegira has opened with some great sovereign, who has stamped his character upon the age. The Hegira, of course, dawned with the Prophet of Islam. At the commencement of the second century appeared Omar Ben Abdolasis, the most just monarch of the ruling family of Ommia. At the beginning of the third, Mamun, the great patron of knowledge and science, sat on the throne of the Caliphate at Bagdad. With the dawn of the fourth, Obeidollah Mehdi had founded the Caliphate of the Fatemites in Africa. The opening of the fifth divided into two equal portions the forty years reign of Kadirbillah, the last great caliph of the family of Abbas; and at that of the fifth arose the conqueror Dzengis Chan. 'These giants of Asiatic history stand on the vestibule of the temple of each century; and thus stands at the entrance of the eighth of the Hegira, the founder of the empire, called after his name, the grandson of Suleiman, the son of Ortoghrul, Osman.' Suleiman, the ancestor of the Ottoman race, was an adventurer at the head of a tribe of Oguzian Turks, who, after the dissolution of the dynasty of Dzengis, on his return to Karismia, was drowned in the Euphrates. Of his four sons, two led the greater part of the tribe back to Karismia. Ortoghrul remained in Roum with 400 pastoral families. Knolles has related with tolerable accuracy the accidental service rendered by Ortoghrul to Aladdin the Seljukian sultan of Iconium. The sultan was overborne by a superior army of Tartars, when Ortoghrul, in the true spirit of chivalry, espousing the weaker cause, fell upon the conquering party, and completely routed them. A grant of an 'inoni' at Saguta was his reward. 'Thus is Ertoghrul the Oguzian Turk, with his homely herdsmen, become a petty lord of a country village, and in good favour with the sultan: whose followers, as sturdy herdsmen with their families, lived in winter with him in Saguta; but in

summer

summer in tents, with their cattle upon the mountains.' Our old historian relates with more than his usual prolixity the poetic love-adventure of the son of Ortoghrol with Malhatun, the beautiful daughter of the pious and learned Sheik Edeballi. Von Hammer adds to his more clear and lively narrative of this romantic incident, a dream of Osman, evidently the fiction of a later age, which, however it may cast a suspicion upon the historic veracity of the Turkish writers, gives no unfavourable impression of their poetical invention.

' At midnight he saw himself and the Sheikh, his host, stretched out at length. From the breast of Edeballi arose the moon ; as she waxed, she inclined towards Osman ; at her full she sunk and concealed herself in his bosom. Then from his loins sprung up a tree, which grew in beauty and strength ever greater and greater ; and spread its boughs and its branches ever wider and wider, over earth and sea, stretching its shadow to the utmost horizon of the three parts of the world. Under it stood mountains, like Caucasus and Atlas, Taurus and Hæmus, as the four pillars of the boundless leafy pavilion. Like the four rivers from the roots of this tree of paradise streamed forth the Tigris and Euphrates, the Nile and the Danube. Barks covered the rivers, fleets the seas, corn the fields, and woods the mountains. From the latter sprang fountains in fertilizing abundance, and murmured through the rose and cypress thickets of these Eden-like lawns and groves. From the valleys towered up cities with domes and cupolas, with pyramids and obelisks, with minarets and turrets (*pracht und thurmsäulen*). On the summits of these glittered the crescent ; from their galleries the Muezzin's call to prayer sounded through the concert of a thousand nightingales and a thousand parrots, who sung and chattered in the cooling shade, the countless leaves of which were formed like swords. Then arose a prevailing wind, and drove all the points against the cities, and particularly against the imperial capital of Constantine, which, at the conflux of two seas and two continents, like a diamond set between two sapphires and two emeralds, forms the most precious centre-stone of the ring of universal empire.'

A darker and more true prognostic of the character of Turkish greatness was exhibited by its famous ancestor. The first foundation of the Ottoman kingdom was cemented by kindred blood. Already had the inclination of the tribe to place itself rather under the rule of the prudent and experienced Dindar, the brother of their chieftain Ortoghrol, than that of his impetuous and enterprising son, awakened the jealousy of the ambitious Osman. The endeavour of the elder to arrest, by the more timid counsels of age, the daring schemes of the younger warrior, wrought his anger to the height.

' Osman's fiery spirit would not brook the icy prudence of the grey-headed man ; in wrath he opposed the arrows of his words with the

arrow

arrow of the bow; the uncle fell, shot dead by the nephew—a bloody lesson for all who should oppose the fixed determination of their lord. On the way from the castle of Köpühissar, by the side of the road, his tomb was raised. This uncle's-murder marks with terror the commencement of the Ottoman dominion, as the brother's murder that of Rome, only the former rests on better historical evidence. Edris, justly esteemed the most valuable historian of the Turks, who, at the beginning of his work, openly declares that, passing over in silence all that is reprehensible, he will only hand down to posterity the glorious deeds of the royal race of Osman, relates among the latter the murder of Dindar, with all the circumstances detailed above. If then such murderous slaughter of their kindred be reckoned by the panegyrist of the Osmanlies among their praiseworthy acts, what are we to think of those which cannot be praised, and of which their history is therefore silent? In the long galleries of domestic assassinations, the customary fore-court of all the subsequent reigns of the Ottoman princes, the uncle's-murder of Osman appears as the bloody threshold.'

Such is the language of our author, perhaps somewhat too literally rendered. It is an appalling consideration that this sanguinary usage was one of the great conservative principles of the Ottoman monarchy. If we look to the histories of all other Mahometan or Asiatic empires, we find them overthrown or rent asunder, either during the life, or at the death of the reigning sovereign, by the insurrections or the conflicts of the sons by many mothers. This is the inalienable inheritance of polygamy in the harem. In the Ottoman succession alone we find the uncontested sceptre, for many generations, descending in an uninterrupted line—'An Amurath an Amurath succeeds.' A deep religious reverence sanctified the race of Osman, as formerly the older caliphs of the holy line of the Prophet; and as long as that race was confined to a single stem, the throne stood in stern and solitary security. Even the prætorian turbulence of the janizaries shrunk in awe from an act of insurrection, which might interrupt for ever the sacred line of descent, and make it necessary to summon a new dynasty to the throne: the head of the vizier appeased their wrath—they dared not lift their rebellious voices, or their sacrilegious hands, against the power or the person of the sultan. No sooner however had timidity, or humanity, broken through this established policy of Turkish succession—no sooner was the old law of fratricide abrogated—than we begin to read of the sultan himself insulted by his ungovernable soldiery, compelled to abdicate, and, of course, suffering the inevitable fate of a deposed Asiatic sovereign. This tremendous truth, however revolting to humanity, cannot be called in question. This sanguinary regulation mainly contributed to the stability of the empire.

The

The second, and still more important secret of its greatness, was the establishment of a standing army, totally disconnected by birth, by possessions, by any common tie of citizenship, by blood, by feeling, or by interest, with the rest of the body politic. The janizary was an insulated being, who knew neither kin nor relationship but with his fellow soldiers. In the strong hands of the first warlike sultans this force was a solid and compact phalanx, ready to throw itself at once upon any quarter of the empire, requiring no summons but the drum, no military preparation but their kettle and their arms; always available for defence, and still more so for conquest. The janizaries were a stern band of mutes, who performed their master's bidding, to whatever deed of blood or devastation they might be sent forth. They were like the evil genii, under the magic authority of a powerful enchanter, with no sense of humanity—equally inaccessible to fear, mercy, and remorse;—a different order of beings, with nothing but the insatiable cupidity, the fierce and sanguinary passions, and a stern combining principle of mutual dependence and discipline. As long as the master retained the spell, they moved in blind obedience, alike against foreign or domestic enemies, overawing the brooding spirit of insurrection, and extending, in every quarter, the bounds of conquest. The spell once broken, the slave became the master; he would still indeed, from the congenial love of fame, and plunder, and bloodshed, perform the bidding of his lord against the foreign foe; but within the empire he no longer owned any authority beyond his own fierce and intractable will. The standing army—formerly the strength of the throne—the silent executioner of the sovereign's ordinances—became an armed republic within the bosom of the realm—even within the precincts of the palace—raising or striking off the heads of viziers or muftis—elevating and dethroning even the sacred Sultan himself. It is remarkable that the institution of this formidable power is almost coeval with the foundation of the Ottoman greatness. Its extinction by the present sultan, an inevitable, though atrocious policy, seems as if nearly the same date were assigned to their common existence. Will more years elapse between the extermination of the janizaries, and the final dissolution of the Turkish empire, than between their first establishment and its foundation in the person of Othman?

According to M. von Hammer, Gibbon and the European writers, in general, assign too late a date for the first incorporation of the janizaries. The cruel, the infernal policy, by which the children of Christian parents were seized, and forcibly converted into the chosen body-guard, as it were, of Mahometanism, is by them ascribed to the reign of Amurath, the grandson of Othman;

Othman; but it belongs, according to our author, to that of his predecessor Orchan. It was the dark thought of Chalil Tchenderili, called Kara, *i. e.* the Black—whom our author somewhat whimsically compares with Schwartz, (in German, *black*) the inventor of gunpowder—which first suggested this measure to Aladin, the brother of Orchan, the first Turkish vizier. On the wild and independent Turkmans, who had hitherto formed their army, no permanent reliance could be placed. 'The conquered,' said the black Chalil, 'are the slaves of the conqueror; their goods, their wives, their children, are his lawful property; by their compulsory conversion to Islam, and their enrolment as warriors in its service, their temporal and eternal welfare is secured. "Every new-born child," said the Prophet, "brings with him into the world the capacity for Islamism."' These bands of enforced converts (every fifth captive was selected for this purpose) were constantly recruited by renegades, and, in the language of our author, 'the vital principle of the military strength of the Turks struck its roots into the blood-manured soil of a triple apostacy, from country, from kindred, and from faith.' The picturesque story of the consecration of these new troops by the famous Dervise Hadschi Begtasch, their appellation as Yenitscheri, (new troops,) and the form of their turban, shaped like the sleeve of their holy patron, as related with so much spirit by Gibbon, is likewise transferred, on the almost unanimous authority of the Turkish historians, to the reign of Orchan.

The first permanent establishment of the Ottomans on the European continent is an event of the utmost importance in their annals. 'Ignorant of their own history,' says Gibbon*, 'the modern Turks confound their first and their final passage of the Hellespont, and describe the son of Orchan as a nocturnal robber, who, with eighty companions, explores, by stratagem, an unknown

* We could have wished that our author had given a more clear and distinct reply to the question suggested by Gibbon,—'I am ignorant whether the Turks have any writers older than Mahomet II.' In a note, vol. i. p. 630, M. von Hammer shows that they had not only sheiks, religious writers, and learned lawyers, but poets and authors on medicine. But the inquiry of Gibbon obviously refers to historians. The oldest of their historical works, of which Von Hammer makes use, is the 'Tarichi Aaschik Paschasade,'—*i. e.* The History of the Great Grandson of Aaschik Pasha,—who was a dervise and celebrated ascetic poet, in the reign of Murad (Amurath) I. Ahmed, the author of the work, lived during the reign of Bajazet II., but, says he, derived much information from the book of Scheik Jachshi, the son of Elias, who was Inaun to Sultan Orchan, (the second Ottoman king,) and who related, from the lips of his father, the oldest circumstances of the Ottoman history. This book, having searched for it in vain for five-and-twenty years, our author found at length in the Vatican. All the other Turkish histories on his list, as indeed this, were written after the reign of Mahomet II. It does not appear whether any of the rest cite earlier authorities of equal value with that claimed by the 'Tarichi Aaschik Paschasade.'

and hostile shore. Soliman, at the head of ten thousand horse, was transported in the vessels, and entertained as the friend of the Greek emperor.' Our author excuses the silence with which the Turkish historians pass over the earlier intercourse of the Ottomans with the European continent, of which he enumerates sixteen different occasions, as if they disdained those peaceful excursions by which they gained no conquest, and established no permanent footing in the Byzantine territory. As yet 'the Prose of History had not asserted its right over the Poetry of Tradition.' This defence, we fear, would not have been accepted as satisfactory by the historian of the 'Decline and Fall.' In fact, the Turkish account of this expedition of Soliman is a purely poetic legend. It was among the ruins of Cyzicus, which his imagination transformed into the pillared remains of an enchanted palace of the queen of Saba, by the light of the moon, that visionary temples and palaces rose out of the waters and mingled with the clouds. Voices from the deep murmuring billows seemed to summon him to some great enterprise, and the moon, which appeared to unite both continents with a chain of silver light, reminded him of the vision of his grandsire Osman. These poetic fables have a kind of family connexion, and probably a common origin. Soliman threw himself that very night, with a few companions, into a boat; only forty Turks assisted at the surprise of a castle named Tzympe, (now called Dschemenlek;) but the first conquest of the Turks in Europe was soon secured by three thousand men.

Even sober history admits the awful convulsions, the shuddering, as it were, of the European continent, when the Mahometan laid the foundation of his dominion upon her wasted soil. The Turk, indeed, in the terrible earthquake, which, by a singular coincidence, threw down the walls of the cities and fortresses of Thrace, and dispersed their trembling inhabitants into other towns, might read an invitation, or a command from Allah, to occupy the deserted walls, and change the crumbling churches of Christ into mosques for the worship of the Prophet. Cantacuzene himself relates, that the money for the restitution of Tzympe, and for the service rendered by his brother-in-law Soliman, at the head of ten thousand Turks, whom he had invited to his succour, was in the act of payment, when it was interrupted by this dire and portentous disaster. The occasion, both parties no doubt agreed, was providentially offered—the trembling and fugitive Greek read the judgment of offended heaven—the Turk the vindication of his treacherous infraction of the solemn treaty. At all events, it was too tempting an opportunity to be foregone. The Turks remained masters of the Thracian cities—the crescent shone from the walls of Gallipoli, the key of the Hellespont; and thus the Asiatic

Asiatic and the European dominions of the Ottoman were united by a bond which has never since been broken.

We pass at once over the reign and the European conquests of Murad (Amurath) I. In examining an extensive work like that before us, we can only pause at long and remote intervals to direct the reader's attention to what is new or remarkable, or at least set in a new light, and thereby rendered more striking and impressive, by the researches or by the perspicuous narrative of the historian. From his view of the reign of Amurath, much curious information may be obtained as to the constitution of the Turkish military force, which appears to have united much of the independent valour and enterprise of a feudal array, with the solid and disciplined strength of a standing army. The name of the son of Amurath—Bajazet—is more familiar with the European reader than that of any other Turkish sultan, except Mahomet II., the conqueror of Constantinople. The contrast between his splendid victories and his miserable fate has been the subject of tragedy on more than one European stage. His triumph over the flower of Christian chivalry in the field of Nicopolis—his threat that he would feed his horse from the altar of St. Peter's at Rome—his defeat in the field of Angora by the Scythian shepherds of Tamerlane—and the much-contested story of his imprisonment in the iron cage—have afforded opportunities for brilliant description or profound discussion to many of the most eloquent modern writers.

Bajazet began his reign with the ordinary act of Turkish policy—the murder of his only brother Jacob. This execution took place—

'In consideration' (such are the words of the historian of the empire, Seadeddin) of the sentence of the Koran—"Disquiet is worse than putting to death"—in consideration of the bad example of conspiracy and insurrection set by his brother Saudschi, of which it is better to preclude the possibility of imitation—and in consideration of the ever to be imitated example of God, who is alone and without rival, and in the likeness of whom, the shadow of God upon earth, the Lord of all true believers, ought to rule upon his throne, alone and superior to all rivalry.'

Such is the principle upon which the sultan is bound in duty as well as in interest not to 'bear a brother near the throne.'

To the European authorities concerning the battle of Nicopolis our author adds the very curious volume of Schiltberger, a German of Munich, who was taken prisoner in the battle, carried into captivity, and regained his freedom in 1427. The work of that author, published at Munich in 1813, enables Von Hammer to hold the balance between Gibbon and Daru in their conflicting estimate

estimate of the number of the French knights and squires engaged in the battle. The former had reduced them to one thousand, Daru increased them to ten; our author adopts, from the German eye-witness of the battle, the intermediate number six thousand. By his account of this memorable battle the French knights overthrew in succession the Asabi, the light infantry of the Turks, broke the Janizaries themselves, and scattered the Sipahis, the cavalry. The victory appeared won—when, on mounting a hill in pursuit of the Sipahis, they found the reserve of Bajazet, or rather the main strength of his army, called the *Porte* (the Greek historian names it *Ουρα*) consisting of forty thousand lancers. The Christians were seized with a panic, and fled on all sides. The Admiral Jean de Vienne rallied some of the bravest, who scorned to purchase their lives at the cost of their honour. They all charged and fell before the spears of the Turks. The Hungarian army had been left behind in the impetuous onset of the French. As the remains of the latter fell back upon them in consternation and disorder, their two wings broke and fled. The centre alone, which consisted of Germans from Steyermark and Bavaria, advanced firmly, again broke the Janizaries, but were overwhelmed by a superior force. Schiltberger was among the ten thousand Christian prisoners led out to be murdered in cold blood by the infuriated conqueror. He saw his comrades butchered around him, and was only spared himself, with some others, on account of his extreme youth, through the intercession of the son of Bajazet. The characteristic sarcasm of Gibbon on the trivial cause which arrested Bajazet in his career of Western conquest, rests, we suspect, on no very satisfactory authority:—‘His progress was checked, not by the miraculous interposition of the apostle—not by a crusade of the Christian powers—but by a long and painful fit of the gout. The disorders of the moral are sometimes corrected by those of the physical world; and an acrimonious humour falling on a single fibre of one man, may prevent or suspend the misery of nations.’ If, however, the personal activity of Bajazet was arrested by any such cause, his lieutenants were incessantly employed in consolidating his empire from the Euphrates to the frontier of Hungary. Constantinople was pressed with a siege, which was only averted by the concession of a mosque for the performance of Mahometan worship within its walls, and Bajazet himself directed the expedition in which the ‘City of the Wise,’ so the Turkish historians denominate Athens, sank before the spoiler.

Our author’s explanation of the famous ‘iron cage,’ in which Bajazet was imprisoned after the fatal battle of Angora, is both simple

simple and satisfactory. By a mistake in the meaning of the Turkish word *kafé*, a covered litter drawn by two horses, such as usually conveys the harem of eastern sovereigns during a journey, with the lattice-work in this case made of iron, has been transformed into a cage. For this, Von Hammer adduces the European Schiltberger, the two oldest of the Turkish historians, and the most valuable of the later compilers, Seadeddin. This last, in a passage which gives no mean opinion of oriental historical criticism, (we say nothing of taste,) observes—

‘ That which fabulists in some Turkish histories relate of his imprisonment in a cage, is pure fiction. Had such a circumstance taken place, Moslana Scherefeddin (as the panegyrist of Timur) would have taken pains to have glorified it in his boastful manner. As the hateful sight of the Tartars excited his (Bajazet’s) indignation, he chose to travel in a litter. Whoever will place himself in his situation will understand, that he really did travel in this manner, and will feel that it was impossible for his indignant spirit to endure every day the sight of his enemies. Those who cannot distinguish between a cage and a litter belong to the indiscriminating multitude, who would confound with each other heaven and a halter.’ *

The death of Bajazet, as the prisoner of Timour, threatened the Ottoman kingdom with the usual fate of Asiatic monarchies. The succession, instead of being fixed by the will of the dying sovereign, and secured from dangerous competition by the bowstring, became the prize of successful policy and valour among the five sons of Bajazet. Fatally for the peace of Europe, and for the cause of Christianity, the superior abilities of Mahomet I. triumphed over his four rivals, and the Byzantine empire found itself again environed by a watchful, warlike, and ambitious enemy, who reigned at once at Boursa and Adrianople. We pass on to the final conquest of Constantinople by Mahomet II., pausing only to point out our author’s correction of a grave mistake of Gibbon, with regard to the extraordinary abdication of the intervening sovereign, Amurath II. In his fortieth year, after having reigned twenty-two years of almost uninterrupted warfare, this emperor, of a milder nature than most of his royal race, and deeply afflicted at the death of his elder and favourite son, retired from the throne into a luxuriant solitude in the delicious climate of Ionia.

‘ Resigning the sceptre (says Gibbon) to his son, he retired to the pleasant residence of Magnesia; but he retired to the society of saints and hermits. . . The Lord of Nations submitted to fast and pray,

* We of course take, on Von Hammer’s authority, the meaning of the two last Turkish words which form this jingle, and which, even in Turkish, do not appear to bear a very close resemblance in sound.

and turn round in endless rotation, with the fanatics who mistook the giddiness of the head for the illumination of the spirit.'

The companions of Amurath were of a different character and complexion than those assigned to him by the sarcastic European; profane, not divine love, was the occupation of the unmonastic retreat, which was more like that of Sardanapalus, than of Charles V.; the only dance was that described by Horace, as belonging to the region, *motus doceri gaudet Ionicos*. But it is the most remarkable part of the transaction, that the mind of the emperor was not in the least emasculated by this interval of Epicurean indulgence. Summoned to reascend the throne by the exigencies and dangers of the time, the heroes of the Christian cause, John Hunniades and Scanderbeg, found in the voluptuous solitary of Magnesia, an arm still vigorous enough to arrest their bold and gallant incursions, a mind, which had lost nothing either of its daring ambition, or its promptitude and decision in the execution of its gigantic schemes.

To the last siege of Constantinople by Mahomet II., we had looked forward in expectation, that the Eastern writers would have thrown some further light on the plans and councils of the besiegers. But either the Turkish historians are more vague and general, or must coincide with the more precise and detailed narratives of the Byzantines. For our author has borne his high testimony to the accuracy as well as to the graphic spirit and boldness of Gibbon, in his relation of this memorable event, by following closely his outline, filling up occasionally the details, and departing from his predecessor only in few, and those by no means important circumstances. With the fall of Constantinople, the fulfilment of the vision of Osman, closes the first period of the Turkish history, which occupies the first volume of our author, and here breaks off Gibbon's sketch.

The next great period may comprehend the further extent and consolidation of the Turkish power, till it reached its culminating point in the reign of Soliman the Magnificent. During this interval it advanced its frontier in Europe, subdued Egypt, and hardly admitted the Euphrates as its eastern boundary. It is of course impossible for us to trace even in the most rapid manner this history, extending over a whole century; we shall content ourselves, therefore, with selecting, as before, some of its more memorable passages, particularly those in which the Turkish character and habits are brought into collision with those of Western Europe, in which the politics of the European world were influenced by those of the Ottoman empire, or those which throw a strong light on the religious and social character of the Turks themselves.

From the character of Mahomet II. our author strips away much of the romantic and legendary cruelty attributed to the 'conqueror,'

by

by the hatred and the terror of the Christian world. The haughty inscription said to have been placed upon his tomb, 'It was my determination to conquer Rhodes and subdue proud Italy,' is contradicted by the tomb itself. His decapitation of the beautiful Irene, with his own hand,—(the subject of Johnson's tragedy, and of several folio pages in Knolles,)—on account of the remonstrances of the warrior Turks at his enslavement to that dangerous beauty, is dismissed as altogether imaginary. The Turks did not venture to penetrate into the secrets of their master's harem, where, however, there is no doubt that much more shameless and revolting atrocities took place. To have been the slave of the Sultan's lust, by no means incapacitated for the highest offices of the state, nor secured the favourite, as witness the case of more than one vizier, from the scaffold or the bowstring. Mahomet is less known in Europe as the restorer and builder, than as the depopulator of flourishing cities,—as the last destroyer of Grecian arts and letters, than as the patron of Mahometan sciences—as a bloody and remorseless warrior, than as accomplished in the Asiatic arts of peace, though he was encircled by learned men and poets, among whom may be reckoned some of his most martial viziers and pashas—as the extirpator of the last remains of the glory and pride of imperial Rome, of the religious establishments of Christian Constantinople, than as the promulgator of a new law, the founder of a new imperial ceremonial, the regulator of the establishment of Mahometanism in the Great City.

The eighteenth book of this history is occupied with the institutes of The Conqueror, which, since that time, have regulated, with little variation, the court, the public administration, and the policy of the Ottomans. In the metaphorical language of the East, the state is represented as a palace, or rather as a tent—its foundations are the law (the Koran), the customs, and the decrees of the ruling Sultan. The gate (the *Porte*) is, as it were, an image of the whole edifice; it signifies the whole government, in allusion to the patriarchal times, when the head of the tribe sat as judge and ruler 'in the gate.' The term *Gate*, or *Porte*, is likewise used, in a subordinate sense, for the whole military array;—and thirdly, it is applied to the inner palace or harem. In this sense it is the gate of 'bliss;' in the former, the Sublime *Porte* of the empire, or the gate of 'good fortune.' Within this inner gate 'of bliss' is not only the harem, but the treasury, and the divan. The canon of Mahomet II., which regulated the administration of the empire and the ceremonial of the court, delighted in the number four. Four angels, according to the Koran, support the throne of glory, four winds blow from the four quarters of heaven, there are four chief virtues, and

and four caliphs ruled over Islam. So the empire rests on four pillars—the Viziers, the Kadiaskers, (the judges,) the Defterdars, (the treasurers,) and the Nitschandis, (the secretaries of state;) besides these were the two kinds of Agas, the military and the civil, and the Ulemas, or learned in the law. The Viziers were four in number—the grand Vizier held the seal, the symbol of the imperial power. At a later period the chief judicial power, in dubious cases, was vested in the Mufti. The canon of Mahomet II. established fratricide as the law of the land, or rather that of the royal family; yet it was during this reign of war and conquest, the epoch of a great empire settling down on a firm and regular basis—it was under the patronage of this ferocious despot, that Turkish literature made most extensive progress in all its branches. The romantic poems of Persia were translated or imitated, even Persian poets were encouraged, and the Turkish bards complained that the Sultan listened with partial delight to these foreign strains. The fame of Mahomet II.'s encouragement of letters penetrated into Europe; one historian, copied by Knolles, informs us, that he could speak Greek, Latin, Arabic, and Persian, and likewise Chaldee!—that he delighted in reading the history of Alexander the Great, and of Julius Cæsar. The former, no doubt, was the Persian legend, which, it is remarkable enough, came back to Europe, and was popular throughout the middle ages as 'the Romaunt of Alexander.' But the founder of the imperial dynasty of Rome, according to M. von Hammer, is altogether unknown in the East.

The fratricidal canon of Mahomet the Conqueror was not carried into execution at his death, and the secret inclination of the Grand Vizier, Mahomet the Caramanian, towards the second son, Prince Dschem, endangered the succession of the elder born, the Sultan Bajazet II. But the vizier lost his life in an uproar of the Janizaries, who already began to be conscious of their power, and to use their privilege of insurrection at every change in the ruling sovereign, either for the purpose of extorting from the new monarch an exorbitant donative, or forcing it by plunder from the peaceful citizens. The army declared for Bajazet, and from that moment his throne was secure. Bajazet proclaimed aloud the stern maxim, 'there is no blood between kings.' But Prince Dschem had the good fortune to escape, after a fruitless struggle for the sceptre, to Europe, where his adventures have all the character of a busy and stirring romance—nowhere, that we remember, so fully or so amusingly related as by our author. Having first secured an honourable reception, he sailed in the state galley of the Knights of St. John to Rhodes, where he was received in great pomp by the Grand Master, and the assembled

Chapter of the Order. The whole city was adorned as for a festival; singers went before him; and every roof and terrace was crowded to behold the royal refugee. Hunting parties, tournaments, banquets, with music, occupied his time, till at length the fears of the Grand Master lest the dagger or poison should deprive him of this precious deposit, or lest the Order should be embarrassed by the demand of his surrender, or perhaps less honourable motives, made the knights determine to send him to a safe distance, to one of the foundations of their order in France. An advantageous treaty was first concluded with Dschem, ensuring valuable privileges to the Knights of St. John in case of his succession to the Ottoman throne. As Prince Dschem sailed out of the harbour towards France, the ambassadors of the Order, on their mission to Bajazet, passed over to the coast of Asia. A treaty was concluded with the Sultan, who bound himself to the annual payment of 45,000 ducats, as long as his brother should remain in the *friendly* custody of the Knights of St. John. After a long voyage, during which he ran some danger of being seized by a Neapolitan vessel, the Turkish prince arrived at Nice. There he remained four months, in expectation of the return of a messenger whom he had despatched to the king of France. His only adventure there was, that he with difficulty rescued his favourite from the hands of justice for some crime, which the Turkish historians do not name. He revenged himself for his forcible detention in Nice by a Turkish epigram on the city, the point of which seems not to bear translation. From Nice the guest, or rather the prisoner, of the Knights was transported to Chamberi, thence to Rousillon, where there was a foundation of the Order. Here he excited the interest of the Duke of Savoy, who promised his endeavours to deliver him from the hands of the knights. After some days, he was embarked on the Isère, and by the Rhone conveyed to Puy. Here the knights began to think it politic, like Goneril in King Lear, 'to disquantity the train' of their guest; of his few followers, twenty-nine were forcibly seized by a body of armed men, carried off and shipped back to Rhodes. Bajazet had offered a bribe even more tempting than his ducats to the pious cupidity of the order; it remained to be seen whether their superstition would grant what their rapacity had refused. It was no less than the right hand of John the Baptist, the patron saint of their order—a significant hint, that so inestimable a gift could not be better repaid than by yielding to the Sultan his right hand, his brother, of whom he had been thus unfairly deprived. Though not delivered into the hands of his brother, the captive prince, now separated from all his followers but two, was transferred from castle to castle; in one of these

these the beauty of a Christian mistress beguiled his solitary hours. In vain the greatest sovereigns of Europe, the kings of France, Hungary, Naples, and the Pope, negotiated with the Grand Master for his deliverance; the subtle policy of D'Aubusson still protracted his imprisonment; and he is accused by the Turkish historians of fraudulently obtaining from the mother and the wife of Dschem, who were still hospitably maintained by the Sultan of Egypt, 20,000 ducats, under the pretext of fitting out ships for his voyage. He is even charged with having obtained the seal and signature of the captive to blank papers, for the purpose of carrying on this dishonourable transaction.

The sovereigns of Europe in the mean time, the Pope and the king of Naples, who had interested themselves in the restoration of the Turkish prince to liberty, began to quarrel, most likely for the possession of the prize; and, apprehensive that he should escape or be rescued by violence from his custody, the Grand Master kept him in still closer imprisonment. He was confined in a strong tower built for the purpose, with seven floors, the lowest the cellar, then the kitchen, then the rooms for the servants, the fourth and fifth for the dwelling-room and bed-chamber of the prince, the upper for the knights who were on guard. Dschem began to meditate on means of escape; but his deliverance from the custody of the knights was effected at length by the intervention of Charles VIII. of France; yet this deliverance was only a change of prison. Husein Bey, the ambassador of Bajazet, had endeavoured to purchase the surrender of the fugitive to the Sultan, by a magnificent present, not of gold or precious stones, but of relics. The trade, however, in the latter had been rather blown upon; so many forged relics were abroad, that they could not be trusted coming from that misbelieving quarter. Charles refused to see the Turkish ambassador, and gave his support to the pretensions of the Pope, that the royal infidel should be placed in his hands, to be employed for the common good of Christianity. Yet a guard of French knights were to watch over his personal security; and the Pope bound himself in a penalty of 10,000 ducats if, without the knowledge of the king of France, he should give up the captive to any other monarch. The Order received great privileges and advantages in compensation for the annual 45,000 ducats paid by Bajazet; and the Grand Master, for this violation of all honour, truth, and justice, obtained a cardinal's hat; a reward, as our author observes, however unusual on the head of a warrior, yet not unbecoming one who had showed so much more of the subtle and intriguing policy of a monk, than the frank magnanimity of a Christian knight.

Thus, in the seventh year of his captivity, Dschem was given over from the custody of the Order to that of the Pope. He left the seven-floored tower, embarked at Toulon, landed at Civita Vecchia, was received with great pomp in Rome, and lodged in the Vatican. The day after his arrival he had his first audience of the Pope, but no efforts of the master of the Papal ceremonial could induce the young Mahometan to uncover his head or bow his knee. With his turban on his head, he advanced direct towards the Pope, kissed him, and afterwards the cardinals, on the shoulder. He conducted himself throughout with the same haughty independence—he demanded and obtained a private interview, in which he dwelt with so much pathetic force on his long imprisonment, his separation from his mother, his wife, and his children, that the Pope was moved to mingle his tears with those of the prince. The Pontiff eluded the request of Dschem, that he should be permitted to return to the protection of the Sultan of Egypt; intimated that his presence might be required with greater advantage on the Hungarian frontier, and suggested, as a preliminary step, his conversion to Christianity. The captive boldly declared, that he would not abandon his faith for the Ottoman empire, not even for the sovereignty of the world. The ambassador of the Egyptian Sultan treated the Turkish prince with the highest respect, and relieved his pressing necessities. That of Bajazet attempted (at least such was the report of the times) a shorter way of allaying the fears and sparing the cost of his master. An Italian confessed upon the rack, that he had been employed to poison both the Turkish prince and the Pope himself. So lingered on his weary imprisonment, till he offered, through the ambassadors from the Porte, to submit himself to the will of his brother. At the death of Innocent VIII. the prince was committed to closer custody in the castle of St. Angelo; Sismondi observes, as an important part of the inheritance of the future pope. This pope, Alexander VI., was not likely to neglect any opportunity of turning his inheritance to the best account. He sent an ambassador to Constantinople to negotiate with Bajazet. The Sultan was to pay 40,000 ducats yearly for the safe custody, or 300,000 at once for the murder of his brother. Bajazet was so delighted with the friendly disposition of Alexander, that the Sultan of the infidels did not scruple to recommend to the head of Christendom the ambassador, George Bocciardo, for a cardinal's hat!

In the mean time, Charles VIII. made his descent into Italy. Alexander, with his prisoner, took refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo. Charles demanded the possession of Prince Dschem as one of the conditions of the treaty. An interview took place between the Pope, the French king, and the Turkish prince.

Alexander,

Alexander, for the first time, addressing the prince as a royal personage, asked if he was willing to accompany the King of France. Dschem replied, with dignity and feeling, 'I have never been treated as a prince, but as a prisoner. The king may take me, if he will, or I am ready to remain in my captivity.' The Pope answered, with some sense of shame, 'Heaven forbid that you be considered as a prisoner; you are both sovereign princes, and I stand between you as an interpreter.' He was surrendered to Charles, accompanied him to Naples, and witnessed some of the bloody scenes which prepared the subjugation of that kingdom. But the faith and honour of the Pope were pledged to Bajazet. The Turkish gold must be bought at the covenanted price. In what manner appears uncertain, but a slow poison was administered by Italian art; and, when he arrived at Naples, the unhappy prince was in a dying state. He could not read the letter of his mother from Egypt. 'O, my God! he said, if the enemies of the faith would make use of me to further their destructive views against the true believers, suffer me not to live to that day, but take me at once to thyself!' The King of France paid the greatest respect to his remains; they were sent to his mother in Egypt, but, by some strange accident, found their way to Constantinople. Prince Dschem was buried at Brusa, in the tomb of Amurath II. Thus ended the adventurous life of this Turkish prince, in his thirty-sixth year, after thirteen years of captivity.

Like other captive princes (James I. of Scotland, for instance) Dschem solaced his weary hours with poetry. His lyric stanzas were collected after his death, and long, according to M. von Hammer, retained their popularity. Our historian is no unskilful poet. How far his translations fairly represent the originals we presume not, in our ignorance of the Turkish, to decide. But with a language so singularly ductile and pliant as the German, it is the fault of the artist if the form, as well as the spirit, whether of ancient or of modern poetry, is not preserved to an extent far beyond the hope of any English translator. The versions of our author appear to aim at the faithful imitation of all the characteristic turns and peculiarities of the original. One of the most celebrated of these strains of the princely poet are his joyous stanzas on his arrival in the land of the Franks. We venture, for the amusement of the reader, a literal, and, we fear, rather harsh transfusion of the German version of this curious song:—

‘ Pledge to Dschem the goblet, Dschem,
This is Franguistan;
What is written on his brow
Must befall to man,

To

To the Caaba journeyed I
 As a pilgrim-man ;
 Through Arabia, Turkey-land,
 And through Karaman—
 God be thanked—I'm come at length
 Sound to Franguistan :
 He who is but hale and well
 Reigns like a sultan.
 Eighteen gallants, with their glass,
 Stand in blithe divan—
 Eighteen jovial boys—of each
 Is the sire a Ban.
 If he lives as joyous, ask
 Bajazet the Khan.
 He who says a throne's secure,
 Lies, by God ! that man.'

The general cast of the exile's poetry is more in unison with his melancholy situation. Our author gives the following fanciful specimen :—

' Lo, the stream the stones that scourges—lo !—
 Pitying me, it broken flows, and slow ;
 Clouds weep dews upon the mountain's brow,
 And between them sigh the thunders : lo !
 Morning's twilight grey is dull with woe—
 Blood the morning-red is streaking—lo !'

But the most singular of all these poetical curiosities is the amœbean double-rhyme of the two brothers ; for Bajazet, the successful rival for the throne, was likewise a poet. Of their authenticity M. von Hammer expresses no doubt.

Dschem to Bajazet :—

' That thou smil'st on couch with roses strewn,
 While Dschem wastes in grief alone—
 What the cause of this ?'—

Bajazet to Dschem :—

' That since empire is my lot,
 Unto fate thou yielddest not—
 What the cause of this ?—
 That " a pilgrim I," thou sayest,
 Yet for rule thy thirst betrayest—
 What the cause of this ?'

The general vein of Bajazet's poetry was melancholy religious mysticism, while that of his brother Dschem, and of his equally ill-fated son Mahmud, was amatory and elegiac. ' Bajazet the Khan ' had little disposition to a merry and joyous life ; his chosen companions were sheiks and dervishes ; and his wild, gloomy, and
 fearful

fearful countenance, as well as the habits of his life, which fluctuated between dreary asceticism and passionate excess, showed the proselyte to that dreamy and all-absorbing Sufism, the monkery of Mahometanism, which, like the other, could unite in the same person the remorseless tyrant and the trembling bigot; souls ingrained in human blood, and hard as the nether millstone to human misery, were lost in all the aspiring raptures of Divine love. The intimate acquaintance of our author with the genius and character of the Mahometan religion is among the greatest recommendations of his valuable work. Alas! we think too often that we are reading the history of Christian Europe. As *her* purest, most humane, most rational religion, was permitted, by its Divine Author, to degenerate into a code of sanguinary and barbarous superstition—the principle of moral harmony seeming to become an element of frantic discord; so the sternest and simplest creed ever offered to the mind of man was no security either against the wildest speculative extravagance, or the fiercest sectarian hostility. The reign of Bajazet's successor, Selim, gives us the St. Bartholomew's night of Mahometanism. The dreamy mystic was succeeded by the fiery persecutor.

The deposal of Bajazet by the Janizaries was their first overt assertion of their privilege of dethroning their sultan, and filling his place with a more submissive instrument of their lawless will. From that time the empire changed its constitution: as was cleverly said of Russia, it became a despotism limited by the bowstring, and that bowstring at the command of a capricious soldiery. The first act of the new sovereign, Selim I., was to clear the empire of all competitors. All the royal race were cut off—brothers and nephews—with remorseless indiscrimination. His elder brother Mahmud, in the true spirit of this poetical family, sat down almost with the bowstring round his neck, and wrote a lamentation in verse, full of bitter reproaches. In the same morning, the corpse of his brother, and the poem, were laid before Selim:—the murderer wept; whether tears of feeling or hypocrisy, whether touched by the sight of the dead body, or wrung to the heart by the poetic pathos of his brother, Selim, too, was a poet; he wrote in Arabic and Persian, as well as in Turkish. Like his father, he was a profound mystic, lost in rapturous devotion to the Deity; but his mysticism took a sterner cast; it was the highest and most inexorable fatalism of the East. Our author quotes some remarkable verses from the Divan of Sultan Selim, full of sublime images, on the unapproachable majesty of God, and the nothingness of man. The sultan is but the passive instrument in the overruling hand; his decrees are but the decrees of God—the murderous decrees of Sultan Selim!—Virtue,
and

and even dominion, may be scorned ; obedience to the command of God is all. 'Mighty Lord, hear thou Selim, the poorest of beggars. Give him knowledge, which is above all learning ; give him sovereignty, independent of the sovereignty of the world—for he is the Shah whom God directs in the way.' So, in different phraseology, prayed no doubt the haughty humility of Philip II. ; and neither the Ottoman, nor the Christian persecutor, would have doubted that the way of persecution—of the extermination of heretics, was that clearly pointed out by the God of Mercy.

It is remarkable, that nearly at the same time that the great schism of Christianity began to throw Europe into confusion, that of Mahometanism was at its height. In both it soon became closely interwoven with political interests. The throne of Persia was now occupied by a prince of enterprise and ability, Shah Ismael ; and the Persians were the legitimate heads of the Shiite Mahometans, as the Ottoman Sultan of the Sunites. The religious peace of the Sunites had been invaded by an open rebellion of the Shiites, headed by some fanatical dervishes ; and, though reduced, the heretics were still suspected to be numerous and powerful. Before the war with Persia, Selim determined at once to extirpate these worse than Giaours, who obstinately persisted in refusing to acknowledge the three first caliphs, and in fasting for the death of Hosein, the son of Ali. We translate our author's observations on this massacre, as an illustration of his peculiar manner, or rather that of his countrymen, in bringing, sometimes with an useful, often with a vain and excessive display of erudition, the whole history of mankind to bear upon some single event in the course of their narrative.

'Sultan Selim, whose talents as grand-inquisitor are highly celebrated by the Turkish historians, had caused all who were inclined to the new doctrines, through the whole Ottoman empire, in Asia as well as Europe, from seven years old to seventy, to be marked as suspected persons by secret spies and intelligencers. The number of those whose names were sent in and reported was 40,000 ; and all these fell victims to the sword, or were condemned to perpetual imprisonment. With this monstrous and horrible religious murder in the whole of history can be compared, with regard to the motive of the cruelty, only the Inquisition and the night of St. Bartholomew ; with regard to the number of victims sacrificed, only a similar massacre executed by Nuschirvan, called in the east the Just, on 50,000 followers of the doctrine of Masdek. The general massacre of their oppressors by heroic queens, like Boadicea and Teutha, or by half-subjugated tyrants, like Mithridates and Jugurtha, on the uttermost frontiers of the Roman empire, in Britain, Illyria, Asia Minor, and Numidia, are to be attributed to pure political hatred, like the Sicilian Vespers. In Islam the armies of innovators, dangerous to the throne and

and the altar, the sectarians of the tenets of Babek and Karmat, fell with arms in their hands in open battle; in Bagdad and Ispahan the sects of the Sunites and Shiites mowed each other down in adverse war; and at Damascus there was a general battle of the Ismaelites for a few hours in a single city. Here, however, all who were suspected of new doctrines, in the whole vast Ottoman empire, from seven years old to seventy, were marked out and delivered up to the sword or to prison. Thus Selim drowned the seed of the new heretical doctrine in a sea of blood; but he awoke into sanguinary life, in a gigantic form, the inquisitorial tribunal of the faith, first established by Theodosius the Great. Though he thus murdered 40,000 heretics by the sword or the prison, like Nuschirvan, the oriental historians call him, as they do that king, the Just; and hence his justice was likewise celebrated by European ambassadors, who framed their reports according to the sentiments of the Turkish imperial historians.'

The victories of Selim over the Shah of Persia, and the conquest of Egypt, consolidated the vast Ottoman empire. From the vanquished east it turned back more formidable and menacing than ever to the west. Under these auspices began the reign of Solyman the Magnificent, as he is called by the European historians, or, as by the Turkish, Solyman the Lawgiver, the lord of his century (the 10th of the Hegira), the perfecter of the perfect number ten.* He is the second Solomon, for the name of the great king of Israel, in oriental tradition, not only implies the highest wisdom, but the highest might and magnificence. Our author disdains, in his prodigality of knowledge, the incomplete list of the great sovereigns, the contemporaries of Solyman, to which such writers as Robertson have confined themselves; he cites from the barbarous parts of Europe, and from the farthest east, other names, whose title to distinction has hitherto not been so generally recognized. To Charles the Fifth, Leo the Tenth, Henry the Eighth of England, and Francis the First of France, are added, Andrea Gritti, Doge of Venice; Wassili Ivanowitch, the conqueror of Astrachan, and the founder of the Russian greatness; Sigismund the First, forty years king of Poland; Shah Ismael, the founder of the Persian dynasty of the Safis; and the greatest of the Moguls, the wise, the splendid Akbar. Of all these famous names, which, to the philosophic

* The whimsical importance attached to certain numbers is carried to its height by the Turkish historians of Solyman, to whom we suspect our author has rendered some assistance. "Solyman opened the *tenth* century of the Hegira; he was the *tenth* sultan of the Ottomans, the *tenth* great contemporary monarch, father of *ten* children, was endowed with the *ten* great qualities of a sovereign, trusted the seals of government to *ten* grand viziers, employed *ten* distinguished secretaries of state, *ten* great men of learning in the law, *ten* great poets, and *ten* times *ten* conquered cities and fortresses filled up the glory of his reign. Thus he was the perfecter of the perfect number."

mind,

mind, may stand highest in the annals of human glory? The extent of dominion, and the splendid victories and conquests of Solyman by sea and land throw into the shade his western rivals, even Charles the Fifth; although, during his reign, it might almost truly be said that the sun rose and set on the dominions of Spain. The humiliation of Persia—the conquests of Rhodes and Belgrade—the hardly averted capture of Vienna—the subjugation of almost the whole African coast to the Turkish arms—the great battle of Mohacz—the naval victories of Barbarossa—made Europe almost tremble to its centre before the all-subjugating ambition of the Ottoman.—And while Charles the Fifth, in taking refuge in his cloister from the burthen of dominion, left to his son but part of a divided empire, and that part torn by civil and religious dissensions, provinces either in open revolt, or thickly sown with the seeds of dangerous rebellion—Solyman bequeathed to his posterity his whole unshaken empire, which only wasted away by slow degrees, and underwent the common vicissitudes incident to every edifice of human greatness. The title of the Lawgiver expresses the high reverence of the Turks for the internal administration of their great sultan. As the patron of arts and sciences and literature, in splendour and zeal, Solyman may vie even with the elegant and classic Pontiff. It was not his fault if, while his rival built in the pure and durable marble of European art and Italian poetry, the noblest edifices of the Turk were erected of gorgeous indeed, but barbaric materials—if his men of learning, and his historians, and his poets, wrote in a language, even in the east, of limited extent—and must for ever therefore be strangers and but half-naturalized aliens in the great literary commonwealth of mankind. The deep interest which Solyman took in the arts of peace, as well as of war, is intimated in the account of the three great objects of his ambition, given by Busbequius. The designs nearest to his heart were the completion of his magnificent mosque, the Suleimanije, the restoration of the aqueducts to supply Constantinople with water, and the capture of Vienna.—‘*In duobus voti compos factus est, in tertio hæsit, et hæsurum spero. Viennam quidem alio nomine, quam dedecus et ignominium suam designare non solet.*’—(Epist. iv., p. 384.)

The private life of the sultan offers the most singular contrast to that of some among his royal competitors. While the Christian kings,—Francis on the one hand, allowed himself all the excesses without the privilege of a harem, disgraced the families of his nobility, and corrupted the morals of his people, by his lawless and promiscuous amours; on the other, Henry of England, who never spared man in his anger, nor woman in his lust, indulged a more lawful but more barbarous species of polygamy, by divorcing

or

or sending to the scaffold the successive idols and victims of his furious passions; at the same period, the uxorious Turk was ruled by one legitimate wife, and excited to his worst crimes by her fatal and long-prevailing influence. The famous Roxalana—in despite of Marmontel's clever tale of the power of a *petit nez retroussé*, and the lively French farce which is so great a favourite on every stage in Europe—was, according to the high authority of Von Hammer, no Frenchwoman, but of Russian birth. Nor, unhappily, did this singular instance of conjugal fidelity in a Mahometan sultan tend either to his glory or his domestic felicity. Of the sons which he had before he was captivated by the charms of this foreign beauty, the eldest fell a victim to her dark intrigues. Mustapha, whose death is so strikingly described in the letters of Busbequius, perished in his father's presence, almost by his father's hand. For, after all, Solyman was a genuine Turk, an Asiatic despot in his greatness. The bowstring never ceased its murderous office. Of his own blood fell ten princes—Mustapha and his infant son; five children of Bajazet perished with their father; the others were the son and grandson of the ill-fated Dschem.—*'Except the Secretary of State, all the highest dignities of the empire yielded up their victims, during the reign of Solyman, to the scymitar or the bowstring.'*

Must we, after all, turn to the remoter East, and contemplate the greatest man of the age on the throne of Delhi? In magnificence, in legislative wisdom, in his encouragement of the arts, such as are permitted to the Mahometans, particularly architecture, Akbar would be no unworthy rival of the great Ottoman. For an Asiatic despot, Akbar had attained a degree of humanity far above his contemporary; and it is singular, that the only two sovereigns who were beyond their age in religious toleration, were the Mahometan. Solyman, though a strict believer in the Prophet and a rigid Sunite, was no persecutor; and the mildness of Akbar to his Hindu subjects obtained for him, from the more bigoted Mahometans, the honourable suspicion of a leaning towards idolatry.

Among the new facts brought to light by the industry of our author, during this reign, is a treaty with Venice, which the dark policy of the republic kept a profound secret from the powers of Europe, and which has hitherto eluded the knowledge of every historian, even of Daru. The origin and early adventures of Hayreddin—the famous Barbarossa*—are related with great minuteness, and it is curious to compare the narrative of our author with

* The Commentaries of Barbarossa himself are extant in two different copies—one written in a rude, prolix, seaman-like, the other in a more elegant and compressed style.

the popular account in Robertson. He was of Greek descent; the father, a Roumelian Sipahi, had settled in Mitylene, on the conquest of that island by Mahomet II. Of his four sons, the eldest settled as a merchant at Mitylene, the other three united the pursuits of trade and piracy. The youngest, Elias, fell in an engagement with the Rhodians; Urudsch (Horuc) was taken prisoner, but set at liberty by Prince Korkud, then governor of Karamania. The two brothers then, Urudsch, and Chisr, (Chaireddin) entered as active pirates into the service of Tunis. They sent a rich prize, a French ship, to Constantinople, and received in return two galleys and caftans of honour. The two brothers raised their independent banners, and seized each a town on the African coast, Budscha and Dscherdshil; but still, it appears, were ready to lend their aid to the reigning princes of Tunis or Algiers, who were engaged in a fierce war with the Spaniards. At this time they were joined by their elder brother, the merchant Isaac. They prosecuted their conquests against the petty kings, of the race of Hafss, who reigned at Tennes and Telmessan, and got possession of their cities; Isaac fell at the storming of Kalaatol Kalaat (the Castle of Castles), by the Spaniards; Urudsch, at that of Telmessan; Chaireddin remained alone at Algiers; and after the murder of the last sovereign Selim (our author is not quite clear as to this transaction, which is perhaps passed over in prudential brevity by his Turkish authorities) the pirate became master of that strong city*—the future headquarters of those sea-kings of the Mediterranean. He acknowledged the sovereignty of the Porte, and received from Sultan Selim a scimitar, a horse, and a sandschak, his investiture as Begler Beg of Algiers. The native princes endeavoured to recover their hereditary thrones of Tennes and Telmessan; one of these Chaireddin placed on the throne, on condition of his recognizing the supremacy of the Porte. He conquered the island which lies before the port of Algiers, from the Spaniards, who had occupied it for forty years, and became, before long, the terror of the whole Mediterranean. In a wise spirit of hostility to Spain, he carried away 70,000 of the persecuted Morescoes from the coasts of Spain to people his dominions; but the captives which he swept from the shores of that kingdom and of Italy were reserved for a different fate. The most extraordinary of his exploits was his attempt to surprise the celebrated beauty Julia Gonzaga, the wife of Vespasian Colonna, and the sister of the 'divine' Joanna of Arragon, whose more fortunate charms are immortalized in the inimitable

* This account is altogether irreconcilable with the statement of Robertson, that the sovereignty had already been obtained, through treachery, by his elder brother Urudsch.

portraits of Raffaella. She was sleeping at Fondi, little suspecting the design to carry her off to the harem of the Turkish Sultan, (such was the pirate's courtier-like project;) the sailors of Barbarossa suddenly disembarked; she was with difficulty, and in her most scanty night attire, lifted upon a horse with a single attendant, and removed from the profane insolence of the corsairs. They revenged themselves on the images of the Virgin Mary, which they treated with the greatest insult; and on the town, which they plundered for four hours with unrestrained license. The unhappy horseman who had rescued the severely virtuous beauty, was afterwards stilettoed by her command, either, says our author, 'because he had dared or seen too much.' After this period, Barbarossa becomes the subject of general European history; and though new light is thrown on many circumstances of his exploits, from the oriental sources now laid open, we do not think it necessary to pursue the subject farther. At this period, indeed, the Turkish authorities become extremely valuable. Regular diaries exist of Solyman's campaigns, with the marches and resting-places, the encounters and the exploits of each day.*

Our historian doubts the accuracy of the pathetic description of the execution of Prince Mustapha, imitated by the best modern historians from the narrative of the imperial ambassador, Busbequius. Yet the mistake as to the scene of the murder, which Busbequius places at Amasia in Pontus, instead of at Eregli (Archelais) in Karamania, will scarcely impeach his authority as to the circumstances of the catastrophe, which, at the time of the ambassador's visit to Constantinople, must have been fresh in the awe-struck memory of some with whom he had intercourse. The second son, who lost his life at the command of Sultan Solyman, was driven into rebellion by a dark and more complicated intrigue of a hostile vizier. But he had been guilty of open insurrection, and had sought refuge in the hated court of Persia. His five children shared the fate of their unfortunate father. The Persians, it is said, interrupted their lamentations for the death of Hossein (for it was the period of that solemn fast of the Schiites) when Bajazet was yielded up to the executioner, to bewail the untimely fate of the Turkish prince and his innocent children. To the modern reader, the interest in the fate of Bajazet is still more strongly excited by his poetical talents. Our author gives two specimens of his 'Gazelles'—one of which,

* M. von Hammer corrects an error of the European historians, among the rest Robertson, in ascribing the abandonment of the siege of Vienna to the treachery of the grand vizier, Ibrahim. No trace of any treasonable correspondence exists in the Austrian or Venetian archives, nor hint of such a charge, even after his fall, in the Turkish historians. The true cause was, the intractable spirit of the Janizaries, who murmured against the toil, the privations, and particularly the cold of the climate.

indeed,

indeed, if current at the time, might furnish some excuse, by its tone of proud and implacable hostility, to the inhospitable treachery with which he was surrendered by the Persians to his relentless father. It was written when he was governor of Konia, and in the direct line of succession to the imperial throne.

' Be the kingly crown to me decreed,
 With my sword the world I'll conquer round,
 From its trunk I'll sever the Shah's head,
 Samarcand, Bokhara, burn to the ground.
 If that fortune will, like Solomon,
 Gins and Gryphons shall surround my throne.
 Heretic! to Omar homage pay,
 Or beneath the axe thy neck down lay.
 If that heaven its prospering aid afford,
 Even the dust shall yield to Schahi's sword.'

This warlike strain singularly contrasts, like the drinking-song and the elegiac verses of Prince Dschem, with the short poem composed by Bajazet just before his death. To our ear the melody of Hammer's German verse is exquisite, and the oriental imagery is preserved with skill and felicity, which we almost despair of preserving:—

' Shall hope of life mine hours still lengthen out?
 All love of life hath withered from mine heart:
 To the void realm beneath begin thy route,
 The caravan-bell sounds the sign to part.
 Bird of my soul, one pause—then soar afar,
 Lo! of thy cage is broken every bar;
 In soul and body sick, with sin opprest,
 With thee, O Friend! O God! finds Schahi rest.*

The two Sultans who followed Solyman the Magnificent, on the throne of Constantinople, were distinguished by names of very different import. The end of his immediate successor, Selim *the Drunkard*, justified this shameful appellation. About to enter the bath in a state of intoxication, he slipped upon the smooth marble, and so injured himself as to bring on a fever, of which he died. During his reign took place the conquest of Cyprus, attended by circumstances of treachery in its commencement, and atrocity in its close, unparalleled even in

* For the reader of German we insert the verses:—

' Soll Lebenshoffnung mir verlängern noch die Stunden?
 Aus meinem Herzen ist der Lebens Lust verschwunden;
 Nun heisst es fort, hinunter zu des Nichtseyns Reichen,
 Die Karawanen-glocke tönt das Aufbruch-zeichen.
 Geduld, o Seelen-vogel! dass dein Flug sich hebe,
 Zerbrochen sind bereits des Kaffich's Gitterstabe.
 An Seel und Leibe krank, ist Schahi voll von Sünden,
 Er wird bey dir, o Freund! o Gott! die Hülfe finden.'

Turkish history. The invasion of Cyprus was determined at a time of profound peace with Venice. The legality of such a breach of the common law of nations was submitted to the mufties.

‘Question.—If in a country formerly belonging to the territory of Islam, but afterwards again dissevered from their dominion, the unbelievers turn the mosques into churches, oppress Islam, and fill the world with most shameful acts; if the sovereign of Islam, actuated by pure zeal for the true faith, shall desire to rescue this land from the hands of the unbelievers, and reunite it to the Islamitish dominions; if perfect peace be preserved with all the other possessions of these unbelievers; if even the land in question shall be included in the existing treaties of peace; is there any objection, according to the pure law, to the breach of this article of the treaty?

‘Answer.—No objection can be suspected. The sovereign of Islam can only conclude peace, according to the law, with unbelievers, for the interest and advantage of the general body of the Moslemin. If this general interest is not secured, the peace is not according to the law. As soon as any advantage appears, whether lasting or temporary, it is necessary at the expedient time to break the peace. So the Prophet, (blessed be his name!) in the sixth year of the Hegira, concluded a peace with the unbelievers, until the tenth; and Ali (may his countenance be glorified!) wrote the treaty. Nevertheless, he found it most advantageous in the next year to break the treaty, to attack the unbelievers in the eighth year of the Hegira, and to conquer Mecca. His majesty, the Caliph of God upon earth, has, according to his most high imperial will, been graciously pleased to imitate this noble Suna of the Prophet. Written by the humble Ebu Sund.’

The Mahometan right to Cyprus rested on the conquest of Omar, and on the dominion of the island once possessed by the Egyptian Sultans. If the invasion was thus sullied by unexampled violation of justice, the conquest was still further dishonoured by the actual slaying alive of the heroic defender of Famagosta, Bragadino. Our author employs the strongest terms of execration against this horrible and disgusting barbarity, but observes in his peculiar manner, and with his fondness for illustrating his subject from the most obscure as well as the most notorious facts of history, that

‘such an act belongs to the age. Selim II. was the contemporary of Charles IX. and Ivan the Cruel. Not a year had passed since the horrors of the night of St. Bartholomew had, as it were, lighted onward to his bloody purpose the slayer of the Venetian Bartholomew; and scarcely another year elapsed, when, at the capture of the fortress of Wittenstein in Finland, the garrison was cut in pieces, the commander spitted on a lance and roasted alive. If this took place in France and Finland, what else was to be expected in Turkey, under the government of a young prince, who, in direct violation of the law

law of Mahomet, was an open drunkard, and gave free scope to every vice ?'

The example of the sovereign, and the wine of Cyprus, were too strong for the religion of the Turkish army. The judge and the mufti gave public drinking parties ; the mufti visited the judge in the forenoon, the judge the mufti in the afternoon ; the common soldiers followed the example, broke open the cellars, and indulged in every kind of riot. These scenes of mingled license and bloodthirsty cruelty our author does not forget to compare with the old dissolute rites of Venus, mingled with human sacrifices, which in elder days had polluted the temples of Cyprus.

It is remarkable, that during 'the palmy state' of the Ottoman glory, during the reigns of Solyman and Selim, the most distinguished statesmen and commanders by land and sea were apostates from Christianity. Von Hammer enumerates *eight* out of the *ten* grand viziers of this epoch—and fills a whole page with the names and pedigrees of renegado *pachas*—Albanians, Bosnians, Calabrese, Hungarians, Russians, Greeks :—

'Thus, not only by means of Turkoman roughness and barbarity, but also of Greek and Slavonian subtlety and cunning—of Albanian and Dalmatian intrepidity and treachery—of Bosnian and Croatian firmness and obstinacy—through the united valour and want of principle of all these apostates, the talents and the faculties for government of the natives of the conquered territories, the colossus of the Ottoman empire rose to its height, and trampled on the necks of the nations who, with renegade and slavish spirit, preyed on their own vitals.'

When we add to this appalling catalogue, that the ranks of the Janizaries were still recruited from Christian captives, it is certainly remarkable, that the most formidable enemy which has ever threatened Christian Europe should thus be headed, as it were, in its onset, and its vital energy constantly maintained, by her own apostate sons. With the great body of the Turks the pride of conquest seems early to have extinguished the spirit of enterprise. It cannot indeed be said that *Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit*—but a kind of stately indolence appears soon to have begun to grow over the national character. The religion tended more and more to mysticism ; the intoxicating effects of that potent drug, which, according to our author, was the talisman that bound the souls of the famous Assassins to the bidding of their master, and which probably soon came into general use among the Turks, began to extend its lulling influence. Though therefore the Ottoman was haughtily convinced that the whole world was his by the special grant of the Prophet, and looked upon and treated the Christian sovereigns as tributaries, whose possession

of

of their territories he might for a time permit to endure ; yet, but for the constant infusion of this renegade spirit of adventure and conquest, the first irresistible impulse of Mahometan aggression might much sooner have subsided, and gradually ebbed away. But the border grounds between Christianity and Mahometanism constantly poured in their supply of fierce and desperate spirits. These frontier provinces, engaged in incessant feuds and contests with invading enemies, were in a state of the blackest barbarism. Even the Turks stood aghast, in their first collisions with the petty princes of Moldavia, and Wallachia, and Bosnia, at the horrors of the warfare practised in these regions. Mahomet II. almost shuddered, though not without admiration of the savage energy of the man's character—at the barbarities committed by Wlad, the Wayvode of Wallachia. Wlad and Drakul were the more vulgar and more common representatives of a class whose nobler examples were Scanderbeg and Hunniades. To the sons of these wild races the change from *their* Christianity to Mahometanism was but a step ; they had nothing to do but to murder, burn, and plunder, in the name of the Prophet instead of Christ. There must have been some indeed who, in the true condottieri or pirate spirit, were ready to take the pay of either creed. Yet after all, where the two religions stood opposed in such mortal animosity, where the first duty of the Christian was the hatred of the circumcised—the malignant Mahometan,—that of the Mahometan contempt for the Cafir—the unbeliever—the swine,—open and avowed apostacy must have required considerable moral resolution. Some of the timid vulgar in the frontier cities might cower to the mosque, or steal to the church, according as the crescent or the cross waved on the walls of the citadel ; but the renegade who wore the turban and girded on the scimitar was of a sterner character ;—he rent asunder all the ties of birth, of family, of education ; or if loose on the world, a homeless and friendless adventurer, the step was irrevocable, the renunciation of all European or Christian connexion total, and for ever. Men who had boldness enough to leap this gulf were not likely to want energy or ability to push their fortunes, to be embarrassed by conscientious scruples, or repressed by difficulty or danger ; and in such unreasoning converts, the sense of shame, or doubt, or remorse at the abandonment of their old faith, would be quenched by the zealous, even in some cases the fanatical pride, by which they would maintain the new. *Odinus quem læsimus* ; the apostate is the deadliest enemy of his former faith.

If Selim the Drunkard violated the law of Mahomet by his excesses in wine, his successor Murad (Amurath) II. no less transgressed the latitude permitted by the Koran in women. We

must keep down the veil over the extraordinary mysteries of this prince's harem, and only state, that the price of female slaves was actually raised in the markets of Constantinople by the consumption of the imperial customer. Nor was the seraglio of King Priam more fruitful than that of the Turkish sultan. He had 102 children; but mark the result! out of these, twenty-seven daughters and twenty sons survived him;—of the latter, nineteen were put to death on the day of his burial. 'In a tumult on this occasion, nineteen brothers of the new emperor, all innocent and guiltless, were strangled, and added to the company of martyrs. Early next morning the reverend mufti performed the customary prayers over these martyred bodies, which were afterwards interred in a grave at the foot of their father's tomb.' Such are the words of the Turkish historian. Seven other pregnant slaves were thrown into the sea.

Mahomet III. assumed the throne in the midst of the murdered bodies of his brothers, and closed his reign in peace. His successor Ahmed departed from the constitutional law of fratricide; and though he maintained unmolested possession of the throne till his death, on his decease the legitimate descent of the race of Osman was for the first time interrupted. Whether it was humanity, or contempt of the imbecile character of his brother, Mustapha, which induced Ahmed to honour this law, by its breach rather than by its observance, it seems that more than once he repented of his lenity, and that accident, rather than his own mercy, had kept him unsullied by fraternal blood. The constitutional weakness of Prince Mustapha had been increased almost to fatuity by long and rigid confinement: yet this idiot was placed upon the throne to the exclusion of the sons of Ahmed. A period of anarchy and turbulence now succeeded. The heads of grand viziers, and even of muftis, fell like poppies in the time of harvest; the sacred person of the Padischah began to lose its awe; the prætorian guards of Constantinople openly assumed the power of deposing and electing the sultan to the throne. The courage—the relentless and sanguinary determination of Murad (Amurath) IV., brought back a short period of comparative order. It was during the youth of this sultan that the memorable poetical despatch of the Grand Vizier Hafiz (a name consecrated in the East to poetry) arrived at Constantinople, and was answered by the young sultan in the same vein and measure. A few of the fanciful figures of this singular correspondence will give some notion of the whole *Gazelle*, which consists of fourteen lines, each second line ending with the same word:—

'To Hafiz, girt with foes, comes succour not?
Is there who for the faith devotes him not?

When

When back to back the Rooks* move to the fight,
 Is there, the knights to lead, a vizier not?
 In a wild whirlpool helpless have we sunk—
 Is there midst ours a skilful swimmer not?
 Ventures none with us in the battle fire?
 Is there a world-tried salamander not?
 Our letter to the Padischah to bring,
 Is there a pigeon, fleet as tempests, not?'

The sultan, in his reply, rebukes the vizier for not having already given check-mate to the Schah of Persia. He reproaches him with allowing Bagdad to be taken by the *heretics* in his sight; with his fears and want of confidence in his troops.

'God—who to me unknown—the empire gave,
 Will he give Bagdad, when predestined, not?'

* * * * *

Think'st thou the world exhausted now and void?—
 Of the seven climes is Murad sovereign not?'

The fate of this poetical vizier was tragical indeed; nor had he time to compose his own death-song. Among the frequent passages of spirited and living description, of which, in justice to our author, we are bound to produce an example, we select, rather a hazard, the account of the insurrection in which he fell, which may besides serve to illustrate this turbulent and disastrous period of Turkish history. This insurrection was conducted by the Sipahis, whose leaders had determined on the restoration of the degraded Chosrew Pasha to the grand viziership. By an injudicious reso-

* We cannot resist translating our author's curious note on the game of chess, from which these metaphors are derived. 'The third verse speaks of the rooks in the game of chess. The piece which European chess-players call "a castle," is called by the Persians *rook*, *rook*. In the following verse is introduced the most active piece in the game at chess, which Europeans inappropriately enough call the queen, namely, the General or the Grand Vizier, *Fersana*: from this *Fersana*, which, according to its root and primary meaning, is the German *furst*, (prince,) the French have made *vierge*, as out of *fil*, the elephant, which bears the banner of the army *fol* (our bishop). It is incredible that the error of ascribing the chief part in a purely oriental war-game to a woman should have maintained itself to the present day. It is high time, as far as the form of the pieces and their names, to bring back the game at chess to its true origin.'—(Let the Chess-clubs look to this.)—'According to this, the castles might still be represented as castles, since the Indian original is a war-chariot, on which castles, or towers, might stand. The Persians, out of the Indian *roth*, have made a *rook*, which means either a monstrous fabulous bird or a knight, from whence in the Schah Nameh, the Battle of the Twelve Recke, the prototype of the Twelve Knights of the Round Table. In some sets of chess-men, which come from Russia, instead of the castles are elephants, (*this by the way is not uncommon in Indian chess-men, where the elephant carries the tower*,) which is entirely wrong, as the elephants, in the Persian game the standard-bearers, are our *laufer*, (bishops.) The foot-men alone, the pions, (in Persian *piade*,) and the horses, have kept in Europe their Eastern form and name. But certainly the most ludicrous metamorphosis is the change of the Grand Vizier into a queen, and that of the elephant into a bishop.'

lution of the Council of Viziers, the Asiatic as well as the European Sipahis were permitted to assemble in the capital.

‘ Three months long the tumour of rebellion was growing to a head ; it broke in the month of Regeb, of which the Asiatic proverb says, “ In Regeb strange things are common and current.” Three days in succession the Sipahis assembled at the Hippodrome, and demanded the heads of the Grand Vizier Hafiz, the Mufti Jahja, the Defterdar Mustafa Pasha, Hassan Chalif, named Aga of the Janizaries, the confidential favourite, Musatschelebi, and other favourites, in all seventeen heads, which they declared must be delivered to the executioner. The shops were shut, the city and the seraglio in the greatest consternation. On the second day they advanced to the gate of the palace, and were persuaded to retire on the promise that the next day they should receive redress. On the third day, with the dawn of morning, the outer court of the seraglio was filled with rebels. The vizier Beiram Pasha sent word to the Grand Vizier, who was already on his way to the divan, to conceal himself till the mob had dispersed. Hafiz answered the messenger with a smile :—“ This day I have seen my fate in a dream ; I fear not to die ;” and pursued his way. As he entered the seraglio the multitude divided into two rows. He supposed it was to make room for him to pass, and to salute him ; but it was the appointed signal for lapidation ; a shower of stones struck him from his horse ; his followers took him in their arms, and hurried him for safety through the hospital into the inner part of the seraglio : the Sipahis fell on the two followers, killed one, wounded the other. He had lost his turban of state and his caftan ; he took a turban of state and a caftan from the Bostandibaschi, and entered the sultan’s presence to surrender the seals. The sultan, in consternation and sorrow, only said, “ Go, make your escape.” He immediately took a boat to Scutari. In the mean time, the insurgents had forced their way into the second court of the seraglio, to the hall of divan, and demanded the sultan’s presence in the divan. The guards of the seraglio armed themselves, expecting a renewal of the scenes at Sultan Osman’s dethronement. The sultan appeared, and held a divan standing. “ What would ye have, my servants ?” he addressed the mutineers. Their answers were loud and insolent ; they demanded the seventeen heads. “ You must surrender them, that we may tear them in pieces, or it will be still worse.” They pressed upon the sultan, and were almost laying their hands upon him. “ You are incapable of listening to my words—why have ye called me hither ?” said the sultan, and retreated, surrounded by most of his pages, who placed him in the midst of them, back into the inner court. The rebels came after him like a raging flood ; fortunately the pages barred the gate ; but the tumult and the outcry became so much the greater ;—“ The seventeen heads, or abdicate the throne.”

‘ Redschib Pasha, the secret mover of the whole insurrection, represented to the sultan that it was necessary to appease the tumult by yielding to their demands ; that it was an *established custom* that the commanders

commanders should be surrendered to the troops; that the slave, when unchained, must take what he will,—better the head of the grand vizier, than that of the sultan. Murad, driven to extremities, sent the Bosstandibaschi to Scutari, to command the return of Hafiz. He went to meet him on his arrival. The gate of Bliss (that of the inner court) opened again; the sultan ascended a second time the elevated throne; he gave a sign, and four of the insurgents, two Sipahis and two Janizaries, stood before him. He appealed to them not to destroy the honour of the caliphate; his address made no impression—they insisted on the seventeen heads. Hafiz Pasha, who in the mean time under the gate of Bliss had made the legal ablution preparatory to death, when he saw that the sultan's address had no effect, came forward and said, "My Padischah! be a thousand slaves, like Hafiz, sacrificed for thee! I only entreat thee, put me not to death, but surrender me to them, that I may die as a martyr, and that my innocent blood may be upon their heads. Let my body be buried at Scutari." He then kissed the earth, and spake thus, "In the name of God, the all-merciful, the all-mild; there is no power and no might but with God the most high, the most great! we are God's, and we return back to God." He strode like a hero into the court. The sultan sobbed, the pages wept, the viziers stood with tears in their eyes, the Sipahis alone approached him as he advanced. To sell his life like a martyr, with a well-aimed blow he struck the first to the ground, upon which the rest sprang upon him with their daggers, and gave him seventeen mortal wounds; a Janizary knelt on his breast and struck off his head. The pages of the seraglio spread a green silk covering over the body. The sultan said, "So be it; but in God's time ye will meet with vengeance, ye violent men, who have neither fear of God, nor respect for the Prophet."

The hour of vengeance did arrive; and the scene in which the sultan, arrived at manhood, took advantage of the dissensions between the Janizaries and the Sipahis, and employed the arms of the former against their more obnoxious brethren, is another vigorous and graphic passage (vol. v., p. 143), strongly impressed with the local and eastern character, which our author's familiarity with the capital, the palace, and the people of Constantinople, enables him to preserve with so much success. But with all the vigour of Murad IV., his daily decapitations arrested but for a time the growth of the hydra heads of rebellion. Murad was perhaps the most sanguinary despot that ever sat upon the Ottoman throne. Not only did he endeavour to quench in blood the spirit of domestic insurrection, but no such dark necessity palliated his massacre of 30,000 Persians in cold blood,—that act which calls to the recollection of our historian Queen Elizabeth's execution of the Seminary priests, taken on the veracious authority of Dr. Lingard, and all the wholesale murders perpetrated by great conquerors from Alexander to Napoleon—not omitting, to preserve his characteristic

teristic impartiality, the 40,000 Protestants massacred by 'the fanatical Catholics in Ireland.' In his own dominions the barbarities of Murad produced no permanent effect during the succeeding reigns of Ibrahim and Mahomet IV. The sacred privilege of insurrection was still exercised in Constantinople; it had become, as it were, an established usage, and was acted on by other classes as well as by the unruly soldiery. Once the chief artizans of rebellion were the smiths; on another occasion it spread to the peaceful Ulemas, of whose proceedings there is a most curious account (vol. iv., p. 589); in the reign of Mohammed IV. it gained even the eunuchs of the seraglio, and led to the murder of the Walide, the sultana-mother, in her youth the far-famed Greek Kosem, whose gentleness, ability, and virtue had exercised great influence on the government of the empire during four successive reigns.

This great period of Ottoman anarchy ended only with the appointment of the celebrated Mohammed Koprili to the grand-vizierate. Koprili in his former governments had acquired the character of uprightness and humanity; during his grand-vizierate of five years, the public peace was maintained, but at the cost of 36,000 heads. Yet such had been the state of anarchy, that, according to our author's impartial judgment, this enormous sacrifice was rather a saving than a waste of human life.

The administration of Koprili was not merely the epoch of the cessation, or, when we survey the subsequent history, the temporary suspension of insurrection and of the misrule of an ungovernable soldiery, but likewise of the military fortunes of the Turks. The improvements in European discipline began to render the Christian armies more formidable, while the waning enthusiasm of conquest among the Mahometans assumed a defensive position, —forced to contend for the gradually receding frontier of their power, rather than to advance upon the territory of the enemy. The talents of Montecuculi appeared at the turning of the tide; and though once again the crescent appeared in disastrous and threatening lustre under the walls of Vienna—though that capital was only rescued by the ill-requited valour and activity of Sobieski—yet from the battle of St. Gothard began the visible decline of the Ottoman greatness. This less animating period, when the Porte began to be the scene of European political intrigue—when Turkey, admitted into the fraternity of European nations, had abandoned its lofty vein of dictation, the style and bearing of the heaven-appointed autocrat of the earth, who permitted kings and kaisers to approach and do homage at his footstool—when the lord of the seven regions who, in his former imperial language, would not stoop to treaties with the tributary nations, though he condescended

condescended at times to grant them privileges and concessions—was now reduced to negotiate and send ambassadors like the humblest of his rivals—this decline and fall of the Ottoman power is carried on by our author in his two latter volumes with the same diligence and ability. The last volume comes down to the Peace of Canardschi in 1774.

In the older, we fear we must add, the better days of English literature, a work written in a language so little known to the generality of English readers, and which adds so largely to our knowledge of a nation which has acted so important a part in the history of man, and even in the affairs of modern Europe, would have been rendered accessible to the British public by a translation. But in these days, when literary enterprise is paralyzed by cheap competition, and the quiet pursuit of letters seems to be death-struck by the overbearing noise and turbulence of political strife, what writer, competent to the task, (and it would require a man of no ordinary knowledge and acquirements,) will consecrate his time and his talents to such ill-requited labour? what bookseller will venture to risk an adequate remuneration for such a task? How few of the more valuable works of the most learned literature in Europe have been domesticated amongst us. Niebuhr indeed has had the good fortune to kindle the enthusiasm of two very able Cambridge scholars; and the great works of Boeckh on the Public Economy of Athens, and of Otfried Müller on the Dorians, have found translators in every way qualified to do them justice. One or two theological works have likewise forced their way into our market;* and, greatly to his credit, an enterprising bookseller at Oxford has commenced a very respectable translation of Heeren's valuable *Researches*. From the same quarter we have been surprised with a translation of 'Adelung's Sketch of Sanscrit Literature,' not only enriched with many useful additions, but remodelled—and, from a meagre and imperfect catalogue, rendered a much fuller and even an amusing compilation. But how much remains behind! how ignorant in general are even men of letters in England of the great standard works of Germany! On the other hand, every English book of the least value, we might almost say even though utterly valueless, finds its way to Germany. We are astonished at finding

* Even of these translations, more than one, particularly of the theological works, we must confess, remind us of the perplexed Mr. Dangle in the *Critic*—'Methinks, Sir, the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two.' We find it difficult to decide whether we are reading German or English. Even the translators of Niebuhr—one of whom, in the preface to a former version from the German, showed himself master of a remarkably free and powerful vein of English style—do not stand clear of this charge; though in their behalf it may be very fairly pleaded, that Niebuhr's style and manner of writing are so completely identified with the character of his mind, that his admirers may have felt it a duty, at the sacrifice of ease and perspicuity, to give a close and faithful representation of their original.

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these insatiable scholars quoting some insignificant pamphlet, which has been stifled as soon as born in our heavy atmosphere. —Every work of a higher order, whether of imagination or research, is seized with the utmost avidity, and appears in a German dress at the next Leipsic fair. In this interchange, it is true, besides the few more solid and durable commodities to which we have alluded, we also receive, like certain other islanders, many beads and baubles—some pretty enough in their way—Ondines, and Sintrams, and Peter Schlemils—and some specimens of that very clever novelist, Tieck ;—but as for importing to any extent such substantial products as the work before us, those of Raumur, Wilken, and countless others in every branch of eastern, classical, antiquarian, or historical lore, our literary merchants tremble at such desperate ventures ; and limiting of course their imports to the demand, leave us in a state of seclusion from that part of the learned commonwealth of Europe which is advancing with unrivalled vigour and ability in almost every path of letters.

ART. II.—*Narrative of a Residence at the Court of London.*

By Richard Rush, Esq., Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America, from 1817 to 1825. London. 8vo. 1833.

IN these latter days, when every path of literature is so beaten, this work has at least one *primâ facie* attraction—it is a novelty. We recollect no instance in modern times in which a minister accredited from one power to another has published a professed account even of his domestic and personal intercourse, much less of his political negotiations ; and even those of older date, Sully, Bassompierre,* &c., who have left memoirs of this kind, never dreamed of their being printed till, by the lapse of time, all personal feelings and interests should be extinguished. We thought the memoirs of that coxcomb who entitles himself Prince Puckler Muskau, were in exceeding bad taste, and violated that implied confidence under which social intercourse exists among gentlemen,

* Mr. Rush, having occasion to mention the embassies of Sully and Bassompierre in England, seems to have fallen into an error, which can hardly be one of the press, and which is a strange one—if he had ever read the works he quotes. ‘Sully,’ he says, ‘brought to England a retinue of two hundred gentlemen. Bassompierre, *still earlier*, speaks of an equipage of four hundred persons returning with him to France.’—p. 66. Sully’s embassy to England was in 1603, and Bassompierre’s in 1624 ; and Bassompierre may be said to have flourished in the generation *after* Sully ; so that Mr. Rush’s expression, ‘*still earlier*,’ involves an historical anachronism. Nor does it appear that the four hundred persons mentioned by Bassompierre were all of his own retinue ; on the contrary, seventy at least were priests whom the government had ordered out of England ; and it seems that many other French catholics took the opportunity of accompanying the ambassador, the relations between the two nations appearing somewhat hostile.

and hospitality is extended to strangers ; but we admit that persons who rashly admit individuals into their society, without a sufficient inquiry or due caution, have themselves chiefly to blame if their confidence be abused ; and the silly vanity which is tickled by entertaining a *prince* must, when it has the ill luck to fall in with a Puckler Muskau, pay the forfeit of its folly. The case of a foreign minister is very different—his public character is a pledge for his private respectability—his credentials are not to the Court merely, but to society at large, and he becomes, without any other guarantee, an object of hospitality and confidence. But this, we apprehend, would cease to be the case if it were suspected that he would employ these opportunities in making books out of the dinners he had eaten, the manners he had seen, the conversations he had enjoyed, and the company into which he had been introduced.

Mr. Rush is not altogether unaware that this kind of objection may be raised ; he says, in his Introduction—

‘ The contents of the chapters may startle at first ; but I trust only at first. I am as deeply sensible of the impropriety of making an *ill use* of the incidents of private life, as it is possible any one can be, and flatter myself that what I have said in this connexion (?) will be clear of all exception. I would otherwise burn the sheets. I would burn them, if I thought they contained a line or a word to create a moment's uneasiness in any one person whose name is mentioned.’

This sounds very plausible ; yet we suspect it is founded on a fallacy. Mr. Rush is convinced of the ‘ impropriety of making an *ill use* of the incidents of private life.’ It is clearly improper to make an ‘ *ill use* ’ of anything ; but we are inclined to contend that it is improper to make *any* use of those incidents of private life, of which you obtain the knowledge under the respect paid to your public station and the confidence reposed in your public character. Again ; different persons may give a very different construction to the words *ill use*. For instance, Mr. Rush proceeds to say,—

‘ In giving an account of conversations other than official, I have drawn on my notes sparingly : not that I heard things improper, had all been told ; but that a thousand things pass in conversation not adapted to print, any more than intended for it. Reports, then, or narratives, given under restraints, from which I could never be free, may be found meagre ; and, in such cases, I am the one to blame, desiring always to err on the side of abstinence, where indulgence would be criminal.’—p. vi.

Now some persons may suppose that it is an ‘ *ill use* ’ to tell but half, or less than half the truth ; which must, they may suppose, be the case if you *restrain* yourself to panegyric. If there be a right to praise what is good, it seems to be also a duty to censure
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what is wrong. Nay, Mr. Rush himself admits, that he has been obliged to practise 'abstinence;' and that it would have been 'criminal' to speak the whole truth: very likely—but this is no great compliment to the persons whose eulogy is the result of such avowed 'abstinence.' Mr. Rush is good-natured and discreet; but all diplomatists cannot be expected to be so: and he, by a publication, very innocent in itself, makes a precedent which might have very mischievous consequences; the amity of nations would, we fear, become very precarious, if their diplomatic missionaries were to indulge themselves in a candid criticism and an unreserved exposition of the feelings and the manners of the people they may visit, and of the personal habits, conversations, and abilities of the sovereigns, ministers, and other persons, with whom they may have had political and social intercourse. Another consideration makes all our preceding objections more serious.—We cared little for the calumnies of General Pillet, or the impertinencies of Prince Puckler; writers must have a good character of their own before their estimate of the characters of others can be of any consequence; and of the persons we have just alluded to, the best that can be said was, that they were obscure and unimportant individuals. It is quite another case with a foreign minister—his station invests him with a graver authority—a kind of public sanction—under the censure of which neither nations nor individuals will be willing to lie without remonstrance or retort, or perhaps revenge.

But Mr. Rush not only gives details of private life, but about half the volume is occupied by the relation of his public negotiations. This may at first sight appear to be a mere question of official propriety between him and his own government, but we think that, in truth, the interest of all nations, and the very character of diplomacy itself, are implicated in this precedent. Mr. Rush says,—

'In publishing negotiations which I conducted for my country, and other official communications, it is proper I should say that I violate no duty. It is known to be as well the practice as the principle of the government of the United States, to publish such *documents* for general information: and, in fact, I publish nothing that has not heretofore had publicity in this manner, though piece-meal, and at detached intervals. Even the European rule sanctions the publication of negotiations when no longer pending, and this is the case with all I present. I have only given them in connecting links, and under forms somewhat different.'—pp. vii. viii.

Now here again we fear that Mr. Rush is in a double error—a mistake in fact, and a fallacy in principle. When negotiations are over, governments are indeed at liberty to publish all the *documents*,

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ments, and without any breach of faith; for the documents, as the word imports, are written and exchanged for that very purpose; but this rule has never, that we know of, been applied to mere conversations and interlocutory discussions, which prepare and facilitate more formal proceedings, but which no party could safely permit the other to report from his own, probably partial and certainly imperfect, recollections. To his own court, a minister very properly reports, as accurately as he can, such conversations—but they are not for the public. This is so well understood, that when anything passes at interviews which it is thought important to record, it is always reduced to writing, that each party may at least be the expositor of his own meaning, and not dependent on the memory of his antagonist. Now Mr. Rush does not restrict himself to giving '*such documents*.' Indeed, he gives hardly one—but he gives us the private or extra-official conversations and discussions, the result of which was the *documents* which Mr. Rush confounds with these verbal explanations. Mr. Rush is therefore wrong, both when he calls conversations '*documents*,' and when, because *documents* may be published, he persuades himself that *conversations* are in the same predicament. But Mr. Rush is in a still graver error as to the general principle. He seems to think that if such documents may be published, *he* has a right to publish them. No such thing! The *State* has such a right, but not the servant of the State, without the express permission of the head of the government. In all a minister's negotiations, whether verbal or documentary, he can acquire no personal right—no right to publish or otherwise employ the papers he may have collected, or the information he may have obtained, for any purpose of his own; the whole belongs to the State, and he has no more right to make *any* use of them than a lawyer would have to turn something which he has found among his client's title-deeds to his own private advantage.

We have thought it necessary to make these general observations, because we see in this publication the precedent of a departure from international forms and established principles, which might lead to great inconvenience; and as we have observed that American statesmen of the new school have too frequently shown a disposition to relieve themselves from what Mr. Rush would call '*European rules*,' we feel it necessary to protest against the deviation; and we do so as much in the interest of the diplomacy of the United States as our own; for we are satisfied that all nations will be, in the long run, equally benefited by an adherence to the *jus et consuetudines gentium* which a long and general experience has consecrated for mutual respectability and advantage.

But having thus registered our dissent from the *principle* of Mr.

Rush's

Rush's publication, both as regards private and public interests, we hasten to state that we have little or no complaint to make as to his *details*. Those that relate to private life are, he admits, 'meagre,' and those of a public nature somewhat obsolete. He appears to be a good-natured and kind-hearted man, and we have no doubt was a faithful public servant; but his book is, as he himself seems to have suspected, rather trivial. It certainly does not strike us as the production of a superior intellect—his views do not seem to be very wide, nor his observations very deep;—he appears to be somewhat credulous—and rather too easily amused with objects because they were new. But great allowances are to be made for an American who visits for the first time—not merely Europe—but that celebrated and once glorious country whose language he speaks—whose blood he shares—whose spirit he inherits—whose long line of triumphs in arms and arts, previous to the so-recent separation, he considers, and justly, as *his own*—and which, however their peculiar interests may differ, he can never regard but as the elder branch of the noble family to which he is proud to belong. And it certainly is not for us to complain of those parts of his work which may perhaps be most open to criticism. We may smile at some of the things which excite his admiration, and at some of the terms in which he expresses it, but on the whole the spirit with which he visits the land of his fathers is so good—so *fraternal*, that we should little deserve the favourable opinion which he is willing to entertain and to spread of us, if we did not make light of trivial errors, inevitable by a stranger, and acknowledge with frankness and cordiality our substantial obligations to him for some entertainment and a good deal of kindness.

Yet it is not easy to make satisfactory extracts from his work. His style is not piquant—nor does he deal in anecdotes: to go in special search of errors or ridicules—which, after all, are not many—would be ungrateful and unfair; and his description of English manners and society would, when most correct, be least amusing to an English reader. We confess that our chief entertainment in the book was, that it gives some insight into *American* manners. When something which appears to us a very ordinary matter excites the notice of Mr. Rush, we immediately conclude that it is something which either does not exist in America, or is contrary to American usages. We therefore cannot help considering that his portrait of ourselves affords, by reflection as it were, some sketches of America by the same hand;—and as no one can doubt that the gentleman selected to be envoy to England was in the highest 'grade,' both of manners and talents, we shall have in his observations a kind of standard of comparison between

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his country and ours. Nor will it be useless to our readers to see how some things, which we pass with little notice, may strike an intelligent and impartial stranger.

In November 1817, Mr. Rush and his family embarked for his mission to England, in the *Franklin*, 'a ship of 2000 tons, and, *although rated as a seventy-four, mounting ninety guns!*'—p. 2. Neither the commodore (Stewart), who had been twenty years in the service, nor any of his seven lieutenants, nor the sailing master or mate, *had ever been in the English Chunnel before*—it happened that, for a long period, they spoke no vessels—met none—saw no land—had no observations—the weather was dark and bad, and the ship was navigated by the soundings only, to the great anxiety of the commodore. At last, on the morning of the 16th December, they found themselves abreast of the Isle of Wight, but at a great distance, and a gun brought on board a pilot, who turned out to be no pilot, but a drunken fellow who had been dismissed from that employment—who nevertheless, imposing on the ignorance of the foreigners, took charge of the ship and carried her through the Needles passage to Cowes. Mr. Rush blames severely the supineness of the English pilots who were not on the look out, and contrasts their laziness with the activity of 'the American pilot-boats, who would run out to sea *twenty or thirty miles* to look for vessels.' This censure is not, we believe, just; we ourselves have met the English pilot-boats as many *leagues* at sea as Mr. Rush mentions *miles*:—the fact seems to be that the *Franklin* ran through the chops of the Channel, where the pilot-boats were probably cruising, in the night or in fogs—and, after all, she appears to have found a pilot as soon as she made signal for one.

If we had not before known that the eastern shores of America are of a flat and tame character we should have inferred it from the impression of 'giddy height,' and 'intrinsic grandeur,' which the Needle rocks conveyed to the strangers. But if the Needles were a grand sight, Cowes was full of beauty. When they 'had left America, the leaves had fallen and the grass had lost its verdure; but here, a month later, and in a higher latitude, a general verdure was to be seen.' The minister, with his family, and the commodore, proceeded in their own boat to Portsmouth, where they landed—not without some complaint, on the part of the envoy, that the custom-house officers not only would not permit their baggage to pass unexamined, but examined it closely. Mr. Rush was at first a little inclined to take offence at this as an affront to his public character, but subdued his feelings by 'remembering to have heard Mr. Adams say that the baggage of the allied sovereigns had been inspected at Dover.' In truth, Mr. Rush's proceedings seem to have been rather misman-
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naged from the ignorance of all on board the Franklin of the localities. There appears no reason why the ship did not come to Spithead, which is within half an hour's sail of Cowes, where she and her freight would have been received with the accustomed attentions. No notice was given to any of the authorities of the minister's arrival—he seems to have been landed, not at the proper place, but in the crowd, filth, and confusion of the *Point* or the *Common-Hard*—both very unfavourable specimens of English accommodation. Next morning the admiral and the commissioner heard, by *accident* it seems, of his arrival, and hastened to wait upon him: they offered to Mr. Rush congratulations on his arrival, and to the commodore any supplies or facilities that the dock-yard could afford. As soon as the minister's arrival and character were notified to the proper authorities, an exemption from custom-house interruption was immediately forwarded, and Mr. Rush had every reason to be afterwards satisfied with the civilities and attention that he received from all quarters. We notice these trifles because Mr. Rush does not appear *even now* to be aware that it was his own awkward and unusual mode of presenting himself, which prevented his being received at the first moment with the same courtesy which he acknowledges to have met on all other occasions; and if it appears to us somewhat strange that care was not taken that some one officer of the Franklin should have before visited the seas to which she was destined, it is equally so that no individual of the mission should ever have been in England before. So that on the journey from Portsmouth to London they had no *ciceroni* but the postboys—'to whom they put frequent questions, but they could tell them little' (p. 23); that little, however, is gratefully acknowledged. The travellers passed, it seems, a machine of very stupendous structure and dimensions,—

'a waggon of great size. It had no pole, but double shafts, with a horse in each, and a line of four horses before each shaft horse, making ten in all, of enormous size. Their tails were uncut, and their long shaggy hairs hung about their pasterns. The waggon was loaded with bales, pile upon pile, higher than I had ever seen. Our postillions called it the *Portsmouth heavy waggon*.'—p. 20.

Mr. Rush, with just surprise, remarked the scanty population, and the vast tract of uncultivated land along the road from Portsmouth to London—and found afterwards that other portions of the country were still less peopled—that London and its immediate neighbourhood, with the counties of York and Lancaster, though forming so small a portion of the territory of England, contain one-third of her population—

'It is difficult,' he adds, 'to believe, under such facts, whatever theories we meet with, that England is over-peopled.'—p. 21.

At

At last he arrives in London—

'The roll of chariots, and carriages of all kinds, from two until past four, was incessant. In all directions they were in motion. It was like a show—the horses, the coachmen with triangular hats and tassels, the footmen with cockades and canes—it seemed as if nothing could exceed it all. Yet I was told that the sight in Hyde Park, any day in May or June, was more striking; and that if it happened to be on the same day with Epsom or Ascot races, which keep the roads alive for ten miles with London carriages, a stranger misses none from the Park. Sometimes, with this glitter of private equipages, you saw a stationary line of hacks, the worn-down horses eating out of nose-bags; and sometimes, at a slow, tugging walk, immense waggons, filled with coals, in black sacks, drawn by black horses, large and shaggy, and fat as those in the Portsmouth waggon. . . . Being the day before Christmas, there was more display in the shops than usual. I did not get back until candle-light. The whole scene began to be illuminated. Altogether, what a scene it was!—the shops in the Strand and elsewhere, where every conceivable article lay before you; and all made in England, which struck me the more, coming from a country where few things are made, however foreign commerce may send them to us. Then, the open squares, and gardens; the parks with spacious walks; the palisades of iron, or enclosures of solid wall, wherever enclosures were requisite; the people; the countless number of equipages, and fine horses; the gigantic draft horses;—what an aspect the whole exhibited! what industry, what luxury, what infinite particulars, what an aggregate! The men were taller and straighter than the peasantry I had seen. The lineaments of a race descend like their language. The people I met constantly reminded me of those of my own country,—I caught the same expression,—often it glided by in complete identity; my ear took in accents to which it was a native, but I knew no one. It was like coming to another planet,—familiar with voices and faces, yet encircled by strangers.'—pp. 27, 28, 29.

The fogs in London surprised him, and he was 'tempted to ask how the English became so great with so little day-light? It seems not fully to come out till nine in the morning, and immediately after four it is gone.'—p. 29. But Mr. Rush should not, as he seems to do, lay all the blame of the shortness of our day on our *climate*. Something, he might have recollected, depends on our *latitude*. In 52° north, in which London is situated, and on the 31st of December, the sun, unhappily for us, does not rise till past eight and sets about four, which will sufficiently explain the phenomenon that surprised him. We think, however, he must have remarked, during his residence in England, that the day-light lengthens considerably at certain seasons; for instance, in June it lasts from half-past three in the morning till a quarter past

past eight in the evening. We suggest this fact to his notice the rather, because Mr. Rush does not seem fully aware of it; for referring to the observation attributed to Charles II., 'that the English climate interrupts out-door labour fewer days in the year than any other,' he asks, and the question is under the date of the 31st of December,—'Did his majesty remember how very short the day is for labour during a portion of the year?' Mr. Rush, indeed, does not quote accurately King Charles's remark, which applied to *climate*,—*weather*,—and not the *length of the day*—to *exercise* in the open air, and not to *labour*; but, taking it as Mr. Rush has done, he ought, in fairness to his majesty, to have brought into account the long days as well as the short; for the observation applied, not to any *portion* of the year, but the *average* of the *whole*. Nor should Mr. Rush have forgotten that he had just told us, that, although a month later, and in a higher latitude (by about 12°), he had found more rural verdure on our shores than he had left behind him.

We suspect, indeed, that Mr. Rush's notions about latitude and longitudes are not very precise, for elsewhere he observes, to the praise of our government, that it encourages by premiums the making chronometers, by which 'the navy gets a supply of the best instruments for measuring time in all *latitudes*.'—p. 145.

On the 20th January, 1818, Mr. and Mrs. Rush dined at Lord Castlereagh's, with some of the English cabinet and many of the *corps diplomatique*, to whom, as to himself, it was, he says, 'a first dinner.' The minuteness with which he notices some of the little etiquettes of the reception and the table surprised us. We should have thought they would not have been novelties.

We find, indeed, in several passages of this book, as we remember to have observed when we have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Rush himself and other Americans in this country, instances of ignorance of our habits and customs for which we were not prepared; but the fault is partly our own. We overlook in a Frenchman errors which we notice in an American. We too hastily infer from the community of language a community of customs and ideas. It is true that, by books and conversation, Americans may learn what other foreigners can attain only by actual experience, and an experience rendered more laborious by the difficulty of verbal intercourse: but still there are numberless things which it is too much to expect that the best read or best bred American can be familiar with. What solecisms do not the inexperienced English commit in France, Germany, and Italy! How used we to laugh (before roads like floors, and stage-coaches like gentlemen's carriages—only that they travel twice as fast—had brought all England to town)—how used we to laugh at the

the Squire Richards and Miss Jennies, when any of them happened to stray into the good society of the metropolis! Nay, how often do we still smile at some new importation from Scotland or Ireland? We therefore should be indulgent to any peculiarities which the Americans may exhibit; and on the other hand, if we do betray a little surprise, the Americans should not be too sensitive of a species of censure which we exercise on one another, and which we really exercise on the Americans because we look upon them as a portion of ourselves—somewhat remote in place,—somewhat different in interests,—but still our own flesh and blood. John Bull may be allowed to droll a little with his cousin Jonathan as he does with his brothers Sawny and Paddy: and let it be recollected, John himself, while he deals so largely in horse play towards others, has, least of all men, any disposition to quarrel with a reciprocity of raillery.

But, with all allowances for strangers, there appear here and there circumstances which, sensitive as Americans are, we wonder Mr. Rush did not take care to avoid; for instance, on his arrival in London, he was struck by seeing every body, even the lowest orders, in mourning for the Princess Charlotte. While this mourning still continued he dined at Lord Castlereagh's—

'The company had chiefly assembled when we arrived. All were in full black, under the court mourning for the Princess. I am wrong—one lady was in white satin! It would have been painfully embarrassing, but that her union of ease and dignity enabled her, after the first suffusion, to turn her misfortune into a grace.'—pp. 57, 58.

This lady we presume was Mrs. Rush. Now, this mourning for the Princess Charlotte was not merely a court mourning,—it was a national mourning; but had it been the most absurd court mourning that the 'Gazette' ever notified, these amiable strangers would, we are satisfied, not have failed wittingly to conform to the usage. Their error was from mere ignorance; but how it was possible that a fact so universally visible, and which Mr. Rush had himself specially noticed, should have escaped not only the lady but her milliner, seems quite unaccountable. It excites a very favourable idea of Mr. Rush, and, let us add, of his lady, that he relates this little mortification. Most people would rather be accused of an offence than of a ridicule, as Talleyrand thought that, in politics, a blunder was worse than a crime. But, though the consolation be somewhat tardy, we can inform Mr. Rush that, within a few years, an English lady of rank went to court during a mourning—in white satin, and when it was observed upon, she insisted stoutly—and, for aught we know, correctly—that white satin was deep mourning. This reminds us of an anecdote which, as our substantial topic is national manners, may not be quite irrelevant—we think it at least amusing. The

French court used to play at cards every night—the sole resource of circles where there cannot be conversation: on the death of Marie Lezinska, cards were intermitted, and a double melancholy overspread the court. M. de Maurepas, then in his first ministry, came into the royal apartments, and found the inmates dying of ennui rather than grief. 'And why not cards?' said he.—'Cards? the mourning!' 'Mais,' replied he, '*le piquet est de deuil!*' Piquet is mourning!—'Piquet is mourning!' said one; 'Piquet is mourning!' repeated another. It reached the king. M. de Maurepas's authority was conclusive,—his majesty was of the opinion of the minister. The whole court sat down in couples to piquet, and the general grief for the loss of the good queen was no longer disturbed by the extraneous irksomeness of not knowing how to spend the evening.

The 'first dinner' produces another observation, on which we have a remark or two to make.—

'The general topics related to France, and French society. The foreigners spoke English; nevertheless, the conversation was nearly all in French. This was not only the case when the English addressed the foreigners, but in speaking to each other. Before dinner, I had observed in the drawing-room books lying about. As many as I glanced at were French. I thought of the days of Charles II., when the tastes of the English all ran upon the models of France. Here, at the house of an English minister of state, French literature, the French language, French topics were all about me; I add, French *entrées*, French wines! I was unwilling to believe that the parallel to the days of Charles II. held throughout.'—p. 59.

Now this remark shows that Mr. Rush sometimes looks only on the surface. He had before enumerated the company, and we find there were at table 'the French ambassador and his marchioness, the Portuguese ambassador and his countess, the Austrian ambassador, the Bavarian minister, the Marquis Grimaldi of Sardinia, and a few others,' not one of whom probably could speak English readily—many of them we know did not speak it at all. Did it not strike Mr. Rush that, if there had been but one lady at table who could not speak English, good manners would have required the conversation to be in French? As to the books on the table, the secretary for foreign affairs might be expected to read foreign publications; with regard to the French cook, Mr. Rush himself quotes an American authority for wishing that the French, instead of revolutionizing the kingdoms, had revolutionized the *kitchens* of Europe; and finally, as wine is not made in England, Lord Castlereagh could not well help giving his guests foreign wine; and though Mr. Rush does not choose to mention it, we think we may assert that Sherry, Port, Madeira, and Rhine-wine

(to

(to say nothing of rarities), were not excluded from Lord Castlereagh's table, by devotion to Champagne, Burgundy, and Bourdeaux. And then Mr. Rush talks to us of the times of Charles II. ! Our only conclusion from all this is, that Mr. Rush was not himself a very fluent speaker of French, and that he felt a little embarrassed at not understanding what the majority of the guests had made the leading language of the conversation. Mr. Rush, however, proceeds in a better strain, and he contrasts with approbation the attainment by every well-educated person in England of the French language, with the comparatively utter ignorance of English in the similar classes in France.

At this dinner, Mr. Rush met, for the first time, the Duke of Wellington, and records Lord Castlereagh's early testimony to the political and civil abilities of that every way illustrious man.

'To Lord Castlereagh, I expressed the pleasure I had derived from making the acquaintance of his guests: amongst them, the Duke of Wellington's. He spoke of the Duke. He said that his achievements in war were known; but that his ability in council, his caution, his conciliation in dealing with the complicated arrangements of the continent that had followed his battles were not so much known; these formed not less a part of his character, and had gained for him, perhaps in a higher degree than centered in any other individual in Europe, the confidence of its cabinets and sovereigns.'—pp. 61, 62.

We select with pleasure as a favourable specimen of Mr. Rush's accuracy of observation and easy strength of expression, a sketch of the late Lord Liverpool and of his administration:—

'Lord Liverpool was called to the helm. History will view his administration as one of renown to England. In the exertions of Europe against Napoleon from 1812 to 1815, the part which she acted by her arms and resources is before the world. Both were directed by this ministry, until the achievement at Waterloo closed the momentous struggle. . . . Lord Liverpool was not a person to lose confidence so acquired. Splendour of genius was not his characteristic; but among his talents was that of assembling able men around him. . . . These, though differing in important points among each other, and from the Premier, remained in harmony under him as leader. Each was made efficient in his sphere, and the power of the whole augmented. If Lord Liverpool was not the ablest man of the body, he was essentially its head. With a sound judgment improved by public affairs, he was fitted for the business of a nation. What he did not take in by promptitude, he mastered by perseverance; not that he was deficient in the former, but that he paused upon his first conclusions. Systematic and grave, educated in maxims which he conscientiously approved, however others may have dissented from them; courteous, yet inflexible; with a personal character eminently pure, and a high reputation for official probity, his influence, as it rested upon practical qualities, went on to in-

crease; so that, during the whole term of my residence, I never heard that a change of ministry was for one moment seriously in contemplation.*—pp. 45-47.

Of Lord Castlereagh, he seems to have received impressions equally favourable—but the touches by which he gives the character of that able minister and amiable man, are so scattered over his pages, that we are sorry not to be able to collect them into any manageable extract.

Mr. and Mrs. Rush were, of course, presented to the Prince Regent and his royal mother. Let us indulge ourselves and our readers with a memorial, by a foreigner, of things august and venerable—gone by, never, we fear, to be seen again: and first, the audience with the Prince Regent—

‘I entered alone. The Prince was standing; Lord Castlereagh by him. No one else was in the room. Holding in my hand the letter of credence, I approached, as to a private gentleman, and said, that it was “from the President of the United States, appointing me their Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of his Royal Highness; and that I had been directed by the President to say, that I could in no way better serve the United States, or gain his approbation, than by using all my endeavours to strengthen and prolong the good understanding that happily subsisted between the two countries.” The Prince took the letter, and handed it to Lord Castlereagh. He then said, that he would “ever be ready on his part to act upon the sentiments I had expressed; that I might assure the President of this, for that he sincerely desired to keep up and improve the friendly relations subsisting between the two nations, which he regarded as so much to the advantage of both.” I replied, that I would not fail to do so.

‘The purpose of the interview seeming to be accomplished, I had supposed it would here end, and was about to withdraw; but the Prince prolonged it. He congratulated me on my arrival. He inquired for the health of Mr. Adams, and spoke of others who had preceded me in the mission, going back as far as the first Mr. Pinckney. Of him, and Mr. King, his inquiries were minute. He made others, which it gave me still more pleasure to answer—he asked if I knew the ladies from my country, then in England, who had made such favourable impressions, naming Mrs. Patterson, and the Miss Catons. I replied that I did, and responded to his gratifying notice of these my fair countrywomen.* A few more remarks on the climate of the two countries closed the audience.

‘It would be out of place in me to pourtray the exterior qualities of this monarch. The commanding union of them has often been a theme in his own dominions. He was then in his fifty-sixth year;

* One of the ladies in question is now, we need hardly say, the Marchioness Wellesley.

but in fine health, and maintaining the erect, ambitious carriage of early life.'—pp. 83—85.

The private audience of Queen Charlotte is still more striking—

'When five o'clock came, I was conducted to the audience-room, which I entered alone. Immediately before me was the Queen. On her right was one of the Princesses, her daughter; on the left, another. Near them were two ladies in waiting. All were in full court-dresses; and all standing. In another part of the room were her Majesty's Chamberlain, and the Duke of Montrose. These made up the whole assemblage. All was silence. Approaching the Queen, I said, "Having been accredited by his Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States, I have now the honour to present this letter to your Majesty. In executing the duties of my mission, I have it in charge from the President so to bear myself as to give hope of gaining your Majesty's esteem; and this I beg to assure your Majesty will be my constant ambition." She received the letter. As she took it, she said, that the sentiments I expressed were very obliging, and entered into conversation. Learning I was from Philadelphia, she asked questions about it, and others respecting the United States, generally; all put in a very kind spirit. The interview lasted about fifteen minutes.

'The Queen was then seventy-six. Her birthday was the day following. As I entered the room, and during the whole interview, there was a benignity in her manner, which, in union with her age and rank, was both attractive and touching. The tones of her voice had a gentleness, the result, in part, of years; but full as much of intended suavity to a stranger. The scene as it first broke upon me; its novelty, its quiet yet impressive stateliness, became, almost immediately, by her manner, one of naturalness and ease. . . . Throughout a long life, she had been uniformly distinguished by her private virtues, and her efforts to imprint them upon the times. I saw her sinking below the horizon. But the serenity that I saw, betokened, that as the splendours of her day were setting, she had a consciousness that it was not for them alone she had lived.'—pp. 98—100.

We cannot refrain from adding the account of her majesty's public drawing-room:—

'We were soon set down, and entered the great hall. What a contrast! The day before, I had gone up the staircase alone. Now, what did I see? . . . Hundreds were still arriving, hundreds were endeavouring to come away. The staircase branched off at the first landing, into two arms. It was wide enough to admit a partition. The company ascending, took one channel; those descending, the other, and both were full. The whole group stood motionless. The openings through the carved balusters brought all under view at once, whilst the paintings on the walls heightened the effect. The hoop dresses of the ladies, sparkling with lama; their plumes; their lappets; the

the fanciful attitudes which the hoops occasioned, some getting out of position as when in Addison's time they were adjusted to shoot a door; the various costumes of the gentlemen as they stood pinioning their elbows, and holding in their swords; the common hilarity, from the common dilemma; the bland recognitions passing between those above and below, made up, altogether, an exhibition so picturesque, that a painter might give it as illustrative, so far, of the court of that æra.

'Four rooms were allotted to the ceremony. In the second was the Queen. She sat on a velvet chair and cushion, a little raised up. Near her were the Princesses, and ladies in waiting. The general company, as they reached the corridor by one arm of the staircase, passed on to the Queen. Bowing to her, they regained it, after passing through all the rooms, by an outlet that led to the other arm; which they descended. When my wife was presented, her Majesty addressed some conversation to her, as a stranger. This she could not do to all, time not permitting.

'If the scene in the hall was picturesque, the one upstairs transcended it. The doors of the rooms were all open. You saw in them a thousand ladies richly dressed. All the colours of nature were mingling their rays together. It was the first occasion of laying by mourning for the Princess Charlotte; so that it was like the bursting out of spring. No lady was without her plume. The whole was a waving field of feathers. Some were blue, like the sky; some tinged with red; here you saw violet and yellow; there, shades of green. But the most were like tufts of snow. The diamonds encircling them caught the sun through the windows, and threw dazzling beams around. Then the hoops! I cannot describe these. They should be seen. To see one is nothing. But to see a thousand—and their thousand wearers! I afterwards sat in the Ambassadors' box at a coronation. That sight faded before this. Each lady seemed to rise out of a gilded little barricade; or one of silvery texture. This, topped by her plume, and the "face divine" interposing, gave to the whole an effect so unique, so fraught with feminine grace and grandeur, that it seemed as if a curtain had risen to show a pageant in another sphere. It was brilliant and joyous.

'The ceremonies of the day being ended, as far as myself and suite were concerned, we sought the corridor to come away. In good time we reached the head of the descending channel. Will it be believed? both channels were full as ever of hoops and plumes. There was something in the spectacle from this position that presented a new image. Positively, it came over the eye like beautiful architecture; the hoops the base, the plume the pinnacle! The parts of this dress may have been incongruous; but the whole was harmony. Like Old English buildings, and Shakspeare, it carried the feelings with it. It triumphed over criticism.'—pp. 101-105.

It triumphed over criticism; but, alas! it has vanished before the dry utilitarian principles of the age. And kings, forgetful that, as the French chancellor said to Louis XV., *they are themselves only*

only ceremonies, have lent their hand to level those barriers and to obliterate those distinctions which—trifling as they may seem—are essential to a monarchy. Lord Chesterfield's reprimand to old Austis the herald, 'You foolish man, you do not understand your own foolish business,' may with perfect truth be applied to the chamberlains and other ministers of court etiquette in the present day, who do their foolish business so foolishly, as to involve in their own ridicule the highest objects of our respect. One day, the 'Gazette' informs us, that boots may be worn at court—a subsequent announcement requires that gentlemen should 'come in shoes and stockings,' as if any one could come in shoes without stockings, or as if even those who came in boots did not come in stockings; and finally, to remedy a too liberal interpretation of this latter order, which had been practically exhibited to her Majesty, the 'Gazette' of last week added to the injunction of wearing shoes and stockings, a further and most necessary amendment, namely, that gentlemen must not go to the Queen's drawing-room, (whatever they may do to his Majesty's levee,) without breeches! There are deep consequences connected with all this laborious trifling, on which we wish we had time to say a few words; but we must restrain ourselves to wishing that—for the short time we are likely to have a court—the graceful, elegant, and distinctive character of what the poet calls 'the hoop's enchanting round,' and which produced so lively an impression on even the republican and unsophisticated eye of Mr. Rush, might be revived. We may be laughed at for our passion for these old etiquettes, but like Milton, we cannot separate the monarchy from its trappings; the hoop was, it is true, a mere court ceremony,—useless, expensive, inconvenient, as an ordinary dress—but is it not the essence of a ceremony to be all that? If a thing be useful, economical, and convenient, it is for every day wear,—ceremonies ought not to be quite à portée de tout le monde: if hoops are abolished for the ladies, why are men obliged to wear bags, and laced coats, and swords—all much more useless—if there can be degrees in inutility—than the prohibited hoops? But it is idle to dwell on such trifles: we observe them merely as tokens and harbingers—the leaves fall before the tree dies!

In mentioning another court ceremony, Mr. Rush falls into an historical error, very strange in any well-informed person—unaccountable in a contemporary statesman:—

'All were in black,' he says, 'on the 19th March, 1818, for a new court mourning for the late king of Sweden, Charles XIII., who, however, did not die king; Bernadotte, the remnant of Napoleon's royal creations, occupying the Swedish throne.'—p. 119.

Charles XIII. did die on the throne, and on his death, Bernadotte,

dotte, till then only prince royal, acceded. Mr. Rush confounds, we suppose, Charles with Gustavus, his exiled predecessor.

Our readers will probably have already perceived that Mr. Rush exhibits a good deal of—to call it by the softest name—simplicity. He is prone to wonder—rather credulous—and if he did not, which we think likely, altogether misunderstand his informants, he has often received and recorded as literal truth, statements which could, in fact, have been only irony or *persiflage*. It is necessary to give a few examples of such blunders, as a warning to our trans-Atlantic brethren, (for so we are always anxious to consider them,) that although our Court was bound to give credit to all Mr. Rush might say on behalf of America, America is not reciprocally bound to believe all that he may tell her about England.

Mr. Rush partakes the intellectual hospitality of Holland House, and is much pleased with its venerable architecture, and indulges in recollections of Addison, concerning whom he repeats one or two puerile, and we beg to assure him fictitious, anecdotes. He proceeds to say, that the room in which he dined, 'had been painted and gilded by an ancestor of Lord Holland's in the reign of Charles I.'—p. 136. The family of Fox is so recent in our peerage, and so eminent in the history of the last century, that it is no great compliment to Lord Holland, and no great proof of Mr. Rush's acquaintance with English politics, to confound Mr. Henry Fox—who, in 1763, purchased Holland House from the collateral successors of the old possessors, and when advanced to the peerage, chose to take his title from this villa—with the heir of the Earls of Holland, so celebrated—so historically and tragically celebrated—in the reign of Charles I. The commonest and lightest reading—the peerage and Horace Walpole, if even he did not consult graver authorities—should have guarded him from such a mistake.

In Carlton House—

'the rooms were historical: as I looked through them I thought of the scenes in Doddington—of the Pelhams—the Bolingbrokes—the Hillsboroughs.'—p. 82.

We know not why the *rooms* which Mr. Rush saw should have called up these recollections, for not one of them existed at the time he refers to—and as to the 'scenes in Doddington,' we do not recollect anything in Doddington, to show that Pelham, Bolingbroke, or Hillsborough, were ever present at any 'scenes' of any kind, even in the Carlton House of their day. Pelham and Lord Hillsborough belonged to the party which the then Prince of Wales opposed: and to the mysterious connexion said to have existed between his Royal Highness and Bolingbroke, Doddington

Doddington makes no allusion that we recollect. We believe that he mentions Bolingbroke's name but once, and that is to say drily, under the date of 12th December, 1751—'this day died Lord Bolingbroke.'

He attends the marriage of Princess Elizabeth :—

'In one room was a table of refreshments—I went to it with Sir Henry Torrens, distinguished by services and wounds—on the table were urns and tea-kettles of fretted gold. Sir Henry recommended me to a glass of what I supposed wine, in a flagon near me, but he called it *king's cup, given only at royal weddings*.'—p. 151.

We believe Sir Henry Torrens was too well bred to attempt to *hoax* an American envoy, and we therefore conclude the last absurd assertion could be only the error of Mr. Rush's recollection.

Speaking of the law reports in the newspapers, he says, that—

'he understood *from a high source*, that the newspapers are as much to be relied upon as the books of law reports in which the cases are afterwards published ; that, in fact, the newspaper report *is apt* to be the best, being generally the most full, as well as quite accurate.'—p. 199.

We assure him he must have misunderstood his *high* informant ; the newspaper reports are *always* much less full, and often very inaccurate.

He dines at the French ambassador's :—

'The arrangements were on the model of France ; for *wines* we had Burgundy—Tokay—St. Julian—Sillery Champagne, and others in esteem at *such tables*.'—p. 291.

Did he fancy Tokay was a French wine ? and at what English table did he not meet French wines ? He goes on—

'The fruit course displayed the mingled fruits of France and England ; from the gardens of the former and the hot-houses of the latter. In England, it is only by heat so obtained, that fruit can have its full flavour.'—*ib.*

Now we will venture to say, that there was not, at this entertainment, on the 30th July, one dish of fruit from a French garden ; and that, with perhaps the exception of pines and grapes, the best fruits in a July dessert in England were not derived from the hot-house. He has the honour of meeting his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, whom he pronounces to be—

'an excellent linguist ; to his knowledge of the classics, he adds German, Italian, French, *Hebrew*, and, it may be, others of which I am not informed.'—p. 124.

This confession of a want of exact information about 'the unknown tongues' that his Royal Highness *may* speak, gives force to Mr. Rush's positive testimony as to the others ; and yet we doubt very much

much as to his Royal Highness's skill in *Hebrew*, which nevertheless Mr. Rush marks in *italics*, as a circumstance, we presume, on which he had satisfied himself. This reminds us, we are sorry to say, of the foolish twaddler, that we laughed at in our last Number, for asserting that Mrs. Piozzi had, for forty years of her life, read the scriptures in the *original Hebrew*.

Indeed, the Duke of Sussex seems to have been a stumbling-block to his American admirer, and we should, from the following extract, suspect that he conversed with the envoy in some of those various tongues which his Royal Highness possesses, and which Mr. Rush does not. Both his Royal Highness and Mr. Rush appear to have disapproved of the custom of drawing up treaties and other international communications in *French*. It is giving, they both thought, that nation a superiority it is not entitled to.

'His Royal Highness would suggest as a remedy, that treaties and other solemn state papers should be drawn up in Latin—this would put modern nations on a par; each would stand on the scholarship of their public men. It was to this effect he spoke. I thought it a natural feeling in an English prince.'—p. 122.

Now, we are satisfied that it was *not* to this effect he spoke—his Royal Highness, though he may not understand Hebrew, is a remarkably well-informed gentleman, and knows perfectly well, that what Mr. Rush attributes to *him* as an original suggestion, was the practice of all Europe till a very late period, when, thinking it no longer quite so safe 'to stand upon the scholarship of their public men,' nations adopted the custom of writing their treaties each in its own language. It seems incredible to us, that the United States should have sent hither, at so important a crisis, a minister so little conversant with diplomatic history, as not to know that, up to a comparatively recent date, all European treaties were *written in Latin*. Mr. Rush has a suggestion of his own, which is, that *English* should become the international language, which he supports on true arithmetical principles—alleging that, including the United States, English is vernacular to a greater number than French, and that the foreign commerce of England and the United States exceeds that of the whole world—*ergo*, English ought to be the diplomatic language of the whole world: *Q. E. D.* We are ready to admit that it ought—but unfortunately it is not; and although we have met persons of all nations, and particularly Russians, who spoke French almost as natives, we never have met any European foreigners, who could speak or write English sufficiently well to use it as an official medium. Mr. Rush is a fair and honest man, and admits that our common tongue is entitled to be called *English*—but all his compatriots are not so complaisant. We remember to have heard that when Copenhagen

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was captured by us in 1807, our army was amused by a sign over the house of a schoolmaster—'American taught here!'

It is, however, in a not dissimilar spirit from the Copenhagen schoolmaster, that Mr. Rush quotes, as American, some things which we have hitherto considered as European. He is talking of English dinners—which, considering our morning occupations, he very justly considers as the rallying point of our society:—

'They are,' he says, 'seldom large—from twelve to fourteen seem the favourite number.' *Mr. Jefferson's* rule was not fewer than the Graces, nor more than the Muses.'—p. 259.

We confess that we should not have been more surprised, if he had told us that Mr. Jefferson had written the *Iliad*.

Sometimes he is not quite certain as to our customs—but guesses at them by analogies—when one word of inquiry would have cleared up the doubt. 'The privilege of the *entrée* at court is given,' he says very truly, 'to cabinet ministers—the diplomatic corps—persons in chief employment about the court, and a few others, the privilege being in high esteem; knights of the garter appeared to have it, for I observed the insignia round the knee of several.'—p. 82. But this, we beg leave to inform Mr. Rush, is an instance that the *argumentum à particulari ad universale* is not good logic. It might be very proper, that knights of the garter should have the *entrée*, but they have not, unless they belong to the classes before enumerated; and because some cabinet ministers and household officers, who happened to have the blue ribbon, enjoyed the privilege of the *entrée*, it was erroneous to infer that all knights of the garter had it—particularly when Mr. Rush himself subsequently observed knights of the garter in the crowd of the general levée. All these are very venial and trifling mistakes, and are only worth notice, because an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary makes them. It is one of the inferior duties, but still a duty of that class of persons, to understand the etiquette of the courts to which they are accredited; or if the minister of a republic should despise, and, to use his own expression, 'pretermit' such matters, we should have nothing to say; but when he chooses to record them he ought to do so correctly.

It may amuse Mr. Burke's countrymen to know that every dinner in England begins with *soup* followed by *fish*, but he need not have represented '*turbot* as the only fish ever produced.'—p. 146. It was hardly necessary to tell us, that—

'*Austrian* connoisseurs do not prize hock so much on account of its age, as of its original quality.'—p. 146.

We suppose even American connoisseurs know that a sour wine is not likely to be made good by keeping.

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He heard, he tells us, a physician call the parks the '*lungs of London*.' Very likely; but it must have been a quotation—the phrase was for years current in society, and attributed, we believe justly, to Mr. Windham.

Mr. Rush was much interested by the case of wager of battle which occurred (*Ashford v. Thornton*) in 1818, and thinks, sensibly enough, that the *desuetude* might have been taken as an abrogation of that old form; but he does not seem to have understood the exact case; he says—

'By the ancient law of England, when a person was murdered, the nearest relative of the deceased might bring what was called an appeal of death, against the party accused of the murder. Under this proceeding, the accuser and accused fought.'—p. 178.

In this he has omitted the chief point of the case. The appeal was not, as he seems to think, a mode of trial for the murder at the option of the nearest relative—but, *after* a trial and acquittal by the usual processes of the law, if the nearest relative were still dissatisfied with the verdict, to such a degree, as induced him to risk his own safety in avenging his murdered kinsman, he had then a right of appeal from the verdict which he considered erroneous, to what was called the *wager of battle*. This was no doubt a proceeding little suited to our times—and since there was any doubt as to the effect of *desuetude*, Sir Samuel Shepherd did well to put an end to all chance of its recurrence, by an act of parliament, but it was not so entirely absurd as Mr. Rush supposed.

We are very much obliged to Mr. Rush for one piece of information which he gives us about our own court, and by which we hope our government will profit. He states that, after foreign ministers have been presented, they are waited upon by some classes of the *king's servants*—the *king's music*—the *king's waits*—and so on, who demand certain fees, to which they prove themselves entitled by the production of '*their book*,' as they call it, in which they keep a register of the donations they receive; and of course, the foreigners, under the authority of '*the book*,' cannot resist this, as it seems to us, scandalous extortion. Mr. Rush is so good-natured as to make no complaint about it—nay, he tries to excuse it, for he says, that he finds that whenever a foreign minister leaves this country, he is presented with a sum of money—if an ambassador, 1000*l.*; and if an envoy, 500*l.*: which he kindly and ingeniously supposes may be intended to cover the before-mentioned contributions: if that were the case, we hope the compensation would be ample, for surely those fees cannot amount to anything like such sums. But we fear, that the excuse he makes for us is not well founded—there is, we understand, no connexion

connexion at all between the two circumstances; and the contributions are levied, or attempted to be levied, from every one who is presented at court, whether he may belong to the fortunate class so remunerated or not. We suppose the sums given to foreign ministers may be a commutation of the old presents of snuff-boxes, usual at courts; but we have heard, in answer to the inquiries which Mr. Rush's statement induced us to make, of another still more objectionable circumstance connected with these money payments;—it is stated, that the officer who is charged with making them, informs the foreign minister that he expects to receive ten per cent. for his trouble, and does actually receive that amount.

We have heard that, four or five years ago, something of this kind was brought to the knowledge of the Lord Chamberlain, who forthwith corrected the irregularity in the special instance; whether the abuse was 'reformed altogether,' or whether it has since revived or not, we have no means of knowing; but after this authentic disclosure of so shameful a fact, we trust that a full inquiry will be made into all such practices, and that if any of them still subsist, they may be extinguished without a week's delay. We learn from Mr. Rush, not without some mortification, that though the American ministers acquiesce in these demands for fees, they invariably decline receiving the snuff-boxes, or the still grosser *douceur* in money; about which it seems the envoys of other powers are not so scrupulous. We should have no objection to the *bonâ fide* present of a snuff-box, of a moderate value—it is a trifle which a gentleman might prize individually, and feel gratification in leaving to his family, as a memorial of his having filled a great public station; but we fear these snuff-boxes have been made an article of traffic; and we have heard, that the royal goldsmith, who charges his majesty 1000*l.* or 500*l.* for the box, is in the habit of purchasing it, next day, from the donee for about half or at most two-thirds of the nominal value; and that the same box is again supplied, and again re-purchased, and continues to circulate in this way till some foreigner, not liking the practice or the price, puts the box in his pocket. We know that this matter, as far as related to exchange of snuff-boxes on the signatures of treaties, was regulated in the time of that high-minded gentleman Lord Castlereagh; but we believe that the other practices to which Mr. Rush alludes, are not within the jurisdiction of the *Foreign Office*, but in that of the *court*-functionaries. In whatever department it may be, we trust that it either has been regulated since Mr. Rush wrote, or will be so immediately; and again, we heartily thank Mr. Rush for having mentioned, with so much good nature, so scandalous a practice.

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• Lord

'Lord Castlereagh gives an official dinner to-day, to the members of the cabinet and privy council, amounting in all to between thirty and forty. The object is, to agree finally upon the Prince Regent's speech to parliament.'—p. 413.

Here is a trifling error, which would not be worth noticing in an ordinary foreigner, but the minister of a representative government might have been expected to be more accurately informed of our proceedings: the king's speech is not read by the leader of the house of commons only—it is read by the leaders of both houses; and of course not to the same audience, the cabinet and privy council—but respectively to such of the cabinet and privy council as happen to be peers or commoners, to whom are added all the official members of either house.

But Mr. Rush had another informant, who gave him, it seems, more important intelligence—no less than of a plot against the dignity and character of his country, in which we find, to our infinite surprise, that we ourselves were implicated:—

'July 21. Mr. * * * * called upon me. He said that there would appear in the next Quarterly Review, an article on the life and character of Franklin. It was to be the medium of an attack upon the United States. It would disparage the people, and under-rate the resources of the nation. It would particularly examine the claims of the United States as a naval power, and strip them of importance. It would state their tonnage at less than nine hundred thousand, and as decreasing; endeavouring to show from this and other things, that their maritime resources were not only inconsiderable at present, but not formidable in prospect. The object of the publication was to lower the reputation of the United States in Europe. To this end, it would be translated into French, republished in Paris, and thence widely circulated. Finally, that the article was already known to persons who stood high in England, and countenanced by them. The last part of what my informant communicated may or may not be true.'—pp. 275, 276.

But all the former part is, of course, gospel. Unfortunately, the Number of our Review, published shortly after the time he refers to, happens—which is rather unusual—to contain *nothing* whatsoever concerning America; and up to this day we have never produced this formidable 'article on the Life and Writings of Franklin.' We are really surprised that Mr. Rush should have known so little of our government, and of our literature, as to have thought such an absurdity worth recording in his diary, but still more so that he should have now published it, when, if he had turned to the Number in question, he would have seen that the story was a fiction. We are personally flattered, no doubt, at the European influence which he ascribes to us, and not less so at perceiving how sensitive this soberminded and kindhearted man is

of

of our observations; but we had rather that he had paid us these compliments on some occasion in which there was a colour for believing that we might have deserved them. 'The whole,' he adds, with an air of proud indifference, 'is of small concern'—certainly; a mere nonentity, the vision of his officious informant's brain, was of small concern—but, somehow, his observations upon this small concern will be found to spread themselves over five pages of his book. By any rule of proportion, if such an article had really appeared, it must have occupied a whole volume.

Amidst all this 'bald unjointed chat' Mr. Rush interposes the accounts we have already alluded to of his official conversations and negociations, into which we have neither space nor wish to follow him. The greater part, as he truly says, relates to matters since arranged, and no longer of any immediate interest: their greatest merit is that they give shortly and clearly the American view of the several negociations,—for that purpose they may be worth consulting; but, as we have already hinted, such unilateral statements must be of very small authority, however we may personally respect the narrator. On one of the principal questions, and *one which is not yet settled*, we must take the liberty of entering our protest against some of Mr. Rush's statements,—we mean the subject of impressment. Mr. Rush states,—

'Britain disavows, unequivocally, all claim to impress, from American ships, any other seamen than her own. Her sense of justice would not allow her to set up any pretence of claim to take Americans; yet these she unavoidably does take, and in numbers sufficient to surprise those not informed upon the subject.'

'From a report made to Congress, by the Secretary of State in April, 1816, it appeared, that the *impressed* American seamen on board of British armed ships at the commencement of the war of 1812, a war occasioned chiefly by this cause, amounted to *one thousand four hundred and twenty-two*. Here is no exaggeration. The fact comes from the archives of Britain. It is taken from official lists, furnished by functionaries of the British government to the American agent for prisoners of war in London. These men had been transferred from English ships to English prisons, on the breaking out of the war, or during its progress.'—pp. 162, 163.

Now this, instead of being 'no exaggeration,' is, in our opinion, an exaggeration so gross of the fact, and so entire a mis-statement of the principle, that we beg leave to say a word or two on the subject. We are confident that no such list was ever furnished by British functionaries, and there is evidence that the British archives furnish results *toto cælo* different. We have before us a most convincing pamphlet, published (by Mr. Murray) in 1814, entitled 'The Right and Practice of Impressment as concerning Great Britain and America, considered'—and drawn up, as we have

have reason to believe, by the authority of the British government from the information of the 'British archives.'

In that pamphlet we find the following passage:—

'It may be now proper to state why the British government has, since the American war, consented to consider as Americans, persons whom, before, it detained in its service as *not* being Americans.

'Great Britain *never impressed an American, knowing him to be such*; and she never held in her service an American who was *proved* to be such; and, in her liberality, she admitted the *collectors' certificates*, and the *certified lists of the crew*, to be proof, where there were no contradictory evidence; and it will, I think, now be admitted, that though we may perhaps accuse ourselves of being too lax in our concessions, America at least has no right to complain that we were too strict; and it will also be allowed, that, at a time when America was at peace with all the world, and Great Britain was carrying on a war for her own existence and the independence of Europe, the detention of seamen suspected to be British subjects, *until they should produce some proof of their being Americans*, was no more than, perhaps not quite so much as, the rule of self-preservation required.

'But, when America declared war against Great Britain, the case was in a material degree altered;—the consequence of any mistake in impressing, and, even for a time, detaining in our military service, an American, would have the effect of forcing the citizen to bear arms against his native country. This was a *risk* to which Great Britain, true to her principles, and revering the first duty of a citizen—his natural allegiance—would not, even for a week, expose any man.

'She therefore consented to release from her military service, and to consider as American prisoners of war, those who should *claim* this admission. Some produced documents—some offered assertions—and some made oath to their American citizenship. The British Government had not altered its opinion of these documents; it knew that these assertions were probably untrue, and it was not bound to give credit to oaths which there was every reason to fear would be too readily and loosely taken; but, I repeat it, the risk of forcing a man to incur the crime of treason, and the penalty of death, was too serious to be put in a balance of evidence and probabilities. It was besides felt, that though there would be many cases of fraud, there would probably be some real cases of American citizenship; and, in consideration of the difficulty which a poor and illiterate seaman might have in procuring perfect documents to prove his citizenship, it was very justly determined that the ordinary strictness of proof ought not, in such a case, to be required; and accordingly *between seven and eight hundred seamen* were discharged from his Majesty's ships, on their *allegation* that they were Americans, and on our admission that no man can be held to fight against his country.'—pp. 44—52.

These were just and liberal sentiments, and were carried into practice

practice to the full extent of releasing from our navy *all* that *claimed* to be Americans: and the number, instead of 'one thousand four hundred and twenty,' was, it seems, 'between seven and eight hundred' only. But the British Government did not stop there: it released from its service at once, and without further inquiry or delay, the *whole* number of *claimants*; but

'These men were acquainted, that though, on their *allegations* of being Americans, they should not be forced to fight against America, yet that they could not be permitted to go to America to fight against Great Britain, without *proof* that they were *bonâ fide* what they alleged themselves to be. The proof required was that which any real American could most easily procure—a certificate from his parents, or from any clergyman or other respectable person, in America, that he knew the man or his parents; or letters from his family or friends in America, from which the man's nativity could be inferred; in short, anything that afforded a fair presumption that the man was really an American, was accepted for proof. Now how many of these eight hundred men have (during an interval of two years) produced such proof?—Only, as I am informed, *seventeen!*'—*Right and Practice of Impressment, &c.* pp. 55, 56.

So that the 'British archives,' instead of furnishing Mr. Rush's number, 1462, give only 17! We are not now arguing this question; we are only examining Mr. Rush's statement; and we think we have satisfied our readers that his assertion, as to the number, is '*exaggerated*,' and that it cannot be true that it is supported by 'the official lists furnished by British functionaries.' The question is one of great interest and importance; and we think that the state of it—the law on which we founded our practice, and the extent to which we carried it—are no where better explained than in the pamphlet which we have quoted, and which should be carefully perused by every one who wishes to understand the real, unexaggerated state of this difficult case.

But we must hasten to a conclusion:—we part from Mr. Rush in good will; his work has not exalted our opinion of his knowledge or his talents, but it has confirmed our personal recollection and opinion that he is a lover of truth, of amiable manners, of a kind and candid disposition, and, though a warm friend to America, not hostile to England. Except on this question of impressment, we charge him with no important error, and the trivial and sometimes laughable mistakes into which he has fallen appear to be the result not of any desire to misrepresent, but of a good natured credulity and an over desire to say something, and that, generally, a civil something, where there was perhaps little or nothing to say. Copious as our extracts have been, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of quoting from the Introduction some account of a second visit which this amiable gentleman made us, and in which

he shows that his spirit of amity and conciliation is not diminished.

'I went to England again on a short visit in 1829. An interval of but four years had elapsed; yet I was amazed at the increase of London. The Regent's Park, which, when I first knew the west-end of the town, disclosed nothing but lawns and fields, was now a city. You saw long rows of lofty buildings, in their outward aspect magnificent. On this whole space was set down a population of probably not less than fifty or sixty thousand souls. Another city, hardly smaller, seemed to have sprung up in the neighbourhood of St. Pancras Church and the London University. Belgrave Square, in an opposite region, broke upon me with like surprise. The road from Westminster Bridge to Greenwich exhibited for several miles compact ranges of new houses. Finchley Common, desolate in 1819, was covered with neat cottages, and indeed villages. In whatever direction I went, indications were similar. I saw nothing of Carlton Terrace, for Carlton House was gone, or of the street, of two miles, from that point to Park Crescent, surpassing any other in London, or any that I saw in Europe. To make room for this new and spacious street, old ones had been pulled down, of which no vestige remained. I could scarcely, but for the evidence of the senses, have believed it all. The historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire remarks, that the description, composed in the Theodosian age, of the many stately mansions in Rome might almost excuse the exaggeration of the poet; that Rome contained a multitude of palaces, and that each palace was equal to a city. Is the British metropolis advancing to that destiny? Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and other provincial towns that I visited, appeared, on their smaller scales, to have increased as much.

'In the midst of it all, nearly every newspaper that I opened rang the changes upon the distress and poverty of England.* Mr. Peel's bill, banishing bank-notes under five pounds from circulation, had recently passed. There was great clamour—*there is always clamour at something among this people*. Prices had fallen—trade was said to be irrecoverably ruined, through the *over-production of goods*. I have since seen the state of things at that epoch better described, perhaps, as the result of an *under-production of money*. Workmen in many places were out of employ; there were said to be 14,000 of this description in Manchester. I saw portions of them walking along the streets. Most of this body had struck for wages. I asked how they subsisted when doing nothing. It was answered, that they had laid up funds by joint contributions among themselves whilst engaged in work. In no part of Liverpool or its extensive environs did I see

* We think it is Goldsmith who shrewdly observes, that no man can hope to be popular with the English people who will not tell them that they are in a state of the greatest poverty and distress; and one of the causes of the overthrow of the Duke of Wellington's ministry was an assertion in the king's speech, in the beginning of 1830, 'that distress, though partially severe, was not general.' It was, and always has been, John Bull's pleasure to be miserable,

pauperism; the paupers for that entire district being kept within the limits of its poor-house; in which receptacle I was informed there were 1500. I passed through the vale of Cheshire; I saw in that fertile district, in Lancashire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Warwickshire, Worcestershire, appearances of wide-spread prosperity, in the lands, houses, canals, roads, public works, domestic animals, people—in everything that the eye of the merely transient traveller took in.—pp. xi.—xiii.

We earnestly recommend to the attention of thinking men this description by a republican, by an impartial and not unintelligent observer, of that state of a country which his Majesty's present ministers and their *drivers*, the mob, (*followers*, they have none) thought so deplorable as to render urgent and inevitable the 'perilous experiment' of parliamentary reform—and all the other changes in every branch—legal, financial, clerical, commercial—of our national policy, by which this once happy and, by all mankind, admired and envied country is now menaced.

ART. III.—*Bibliotheca Græca, curantibus Fr. Jacobs et V. C. F. Rost.* Vol. XIX.—*continens Anacreontis, quæ feruntur, Carmina, Sapphus et Erinnae Fragmenta.* Edidit Ern. Anton. Mæbius. Gothæ et Erfordiæ. 1831.

2. *Collections from the Greek Anthology.* By the late Rev. Robert Bland and others. A new edition, comprising the *Fragments of early Lyric Poetry, with Specimens of all the Poets included in Meleager's Garland.* By J. H. Merivale, Esq., F.S.A. London. 1833.

THE elegy and the ode of the Greeks flowed out of the Homeric poetry like two streams from a common fountain-head. They both preserved, throughout, some touch of the quality of the parent waters, whilst they mingled with it, in varying proportions, and not by the same process, the new elements which each took up in its particular course. The chief and most characteristic of those new elements was a distinct expression of the personal feelings of the individual. Poetry, thenceforth, ceased to be a sound of many voices, kept in tune by common subjects and an all-pervading spirit, and became, instead, the out-pouring of the poet's own heart, the record of his hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows, the escape of his patriotism or his love, the vehicle of his flattery, or the instrument of his revenge. The fragments of Callinus and Tyrtæus seem to show that the elegy was in its inception deeply imbued with the warlike spirit of the old heroic poetry; but it was not long before the unerring instinct of the Greek taste restricted the use of the couplet to the expression of feelings connected with the natural incidents or pru-

dential ethics of private life, to the complainings of disappointed love, or the lamentations of bereaved affection.* But whatever the immediate theme or occasion might happen to be, so far as we can judge from the remains of Mimnermus, Theognis, and Simonides, there breathed in every elegiac poem a characteristic spirit of melancholy—that gentle melancholy, in which the transient flashes of a reckless gaiety are as natural and sweet as the intermittent twinklings of the lesser fire-fly in the silent darkness of a tropical night. How true to human nature—how true, more especially, of those whose minds and bodies are of the subtlest fabric—that temper is, which produced such a strain of poetry, many of our readers can, by personal experience or observation, abundantly testify. It exists in us, as men, now as of old; but Christianity, whether we have faith in it or not, has, by necessity, much altered in any of us the genuine character of the Greek melancholy;—for how can the true believer ever be without hope, or how can the infidel, say what he may, be entirely without apprehension? Whereas, in the paganism of antique Greece, there was neither promise nor threat by revelation, and the spirit which then moved in the minds of men—with reverence be it spoken—was a spirit that knew not the living God.

But there is another mood of feeling, as truly natural, and more common to men in social life, which requires, and works out for itself, a freer issue, and a more splendid vehicle of poetic expression. Moreover, there are many subjects and occasions which are calculated to excite the passions so vehemently as to suspend all sense of melancholy, and which demand an utterance too rapid, too figurative, and peremptory, to be compatible with the character or capacity of the elegy. In thankfulness for national deliverance, in exultation at national victory, the ode had its first rise; and it is in the state of feeling, called into energy by such and similar emergencies—in anger, desire, admiration, joy—in danger and difficulties, in conflict and success—that it has ever since found its spring and its aliment. Ages before that marvellous instrument of music, the Greek language, was ready for the touch of a Sappho or a Pindar, the venerable Hebrew of the patriarchs had been wrought up to the very highest pitch of human sublimity in the triumphant songs of Moses and Deborah.† In these,

* The reader may find this subject more fully treated in a late article in this *Journal on Greek Elegy*.

† Exodus xv. Judges v. Perhaps there does not exist a more perfect instance of the pure lyric impetus—of the transition with a link, than in vv. 9, 10, 11, 12, of the fifteenth chapter of Exodus. Conceive them arranged to music, or sung by Miriam and all the women, in this manner:—

Semi-chorus (*rapidly*)—"The enemy said, 'I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide

these, the total being, the very soul and body, as it were, of the poet—become vocal; and images of national delivery, of conquest, and revenge, are glanced forth, like sparks of fire, from the solemn, because intense, enthusiasm of the leader out of Egypt, and the victorious mother in Israel. Although every thought, every word, in these effusions be very Hebrew of the Hebrews, how easy to distinguish the diverse operation of personal feeling in the more dignified and devout rejoicing of the meekest of men, and in the fierce thanksgiving, the bitter imprecation, the blessing of Jael, and the picturing of Sisera's mother, which perhaps could only have come from the heart of a flushed and exultant woman! But admirable as these poems are, under all the disadvantages of translation—if indeed they *do* suffer much disadvantage in the nervous diction and fine rhythm of our English Bible—they by no means present the only models of lyric expression, even amongst the people of Israel. Besides the second song of Moses*—his departing hymn—we need not point out the many noble and affecting, but less impetuous, effusions of praise and thanksgiving, with which we are all so familiar in the book of Psalms, in the authorised translation of which, strange to say, there is, if not less genius, certainly less accuracy than in any other part of our version. The force and the colouring, indeed, may vary according to the age, and circumstances, and temper of a Moses, a Deborah, and a David; but, in every age, and under all circumstances—so long as Israel was truly Israel—the Hebrew Muse was uniformly simple and sublime—in her birth and development always essentially lyric—bursting forth with a boldness of imagery, a ruggedness of address, a dogmatism of passion, a divinity of enthusiasm, which might have failed in producing a result of moral harmony, had not her feet been planted on the Rock of ages, and her lips touched with fire from the altar of the Lord!

The character of the Greek lyric muse was as different as might be expected from the very different circumstances under which she first sprang forth into form, and continued to flourish. In her power of moving and concentrating passion, of embodying national or personal enthusiasm, she was, perhaps, not inferior to her elder sister; but with that deepness of tone, that awfulness of import—yea, sometimes that terror and weakness—which distin-

divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them!"

Semi-chorus (*slowly*)—"Thou didst blow with thy wind—the sea covered them—they sank as lead in the mighty waters."

Chorus (*quicker, but in solemn time*)—"Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? Who is like unto thee,—glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders? Thou stretchedst out thy right hand—the earth swallowed them."

* Deut. xxxii.

guish

guish the songs and singers of Israel, she had little sympathy or correspondence. The national separation, the miraculous history, the typical ritual, the worship of a God against whose direct government idolatry was treason—these mysteries, or such as these, which overshadow the face of the Hebrew poetry, did not affect the imagination of the Greek poet, excepting, perhaps, in his connexion with the earlier tragic drama. With that single exception, all the elder poetry of Greece breathes a spirit of undoubting obedience to the popular or Olympian polytheism—a scheme of gods compounded, partly of the canonized heroes of the ante-historical times, and partly of the personified forms, functions, and powers of the material world, in conjunction with, but generally as agents superior to, some of the passions and moral qualities of man, also personified. That something, too, of the popular religion and worship was borrowed from Egypt and Phœnicia few can doubt; but whatever was so borrowed was re-cast, or at least re-coloured, by fancy and art; and, let the deity or the rite come from what region soever it might, there soon fell upon it and around it, the same sunshiny hue, the same elegance of form and rhythm of motion, which the spirit of Beauty—the aboriginal genius of Greece—continually poured forth upon the games, the sacrifices, and the funerals, the

‘Statues, and temples, and memorial tombs.’

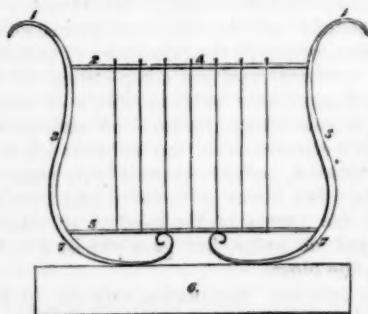
of that renowned land. To this spirit, as to an imperial sovereign, the whole poetry of Greece was subject; to its rules and requisitions, all peculiarities of theme, all shapings of the individual imagination, were uniformly reduced. It was a veritable *presence*—a power of light, and life, and harmony, prevailing with a gentle but strong coercion over all thought, and passion, and purpose—raising the low, illumining the obscure, repressing the extravagant, and infusing throughout a unity of its own creation. It is the energy of this living principle that, in our judgment, strikingly distinguishes the Greek from the Hebrew poetry—giving that symmetry of form and ordonnance* of composition to the first, which are the characteristic deficiencies of the last. A Greek poem is obviously, to the critical eye, a work of art, the end of which is to produce pleasure, consistently with perfect beauty in the instrument of production; the Hebrew song was an outbreak of the heart, the only law and object of which were a significant expression of strong emotion. In the one, the workmanship is sometimes more valuable than the materials; in the other, the

* We venture to suggest the naturalization of this expressive word, as being, in its formation, in accordance with the genius of our language—and itself without a synonyme—the two pre-requisite conditions, in our judgment, to the use of a foreign term in pure style.

materials are frequently no otherwise wrought upon than by the unavoidable action of the passion which animates them. Not in the poetry only, but in all the arts and spectacles of Greece, the same influence of proportion and completeness operated: in no form of the Greek poetry did it work more powerfully than in the mature and perfect ode; and it was the same Protean spirit which raised a Parthenon instead of a pyramid, that produced a Pindar instead of a David.

Nor is it difficult to assign a cause for the more immediate subjection of the lyric poetry of Greece to the influences of this law of beauty and proportion. Whether the elder verse—the Homeric and Hesiodic—was sung, or as we rather believe with Ilgen, recitativèd, there can be no doubt that the poetry which succeeded, and which became emphatically associated with the lyre,* was primarily composed with a view to its being actually sung, in our popular sense of the word. We have a remarkable proof of it in a fragment of Archilochus—the very earliest of the lyric bards—in which there is the first instance of a *burthen*, imitative of the twang of the instrument to which it was intended to be sung:—

* The following rough sketch of the *κithára*—whence our word, guitar—is offered for the purpose of helping some of our younger readers to the true meaning of the terms used in the descriptions of that instrument, or of the *λύρα*, which differed only from the *κithára* by being longer and narrower.



1. κίθαρα.
2. { ζυγίς
3. { ζύγωνα.
4. { πηχίς.
5. { κίλλοις } pegs.
6. { κίλλοις }
7. { κίλλοις }.

The strings were passed through holes in the ζυγίς, or upper bridge, and fastened round the pegs on the top of it. The strings were tuned in the present way by a key or screw, called *χειρίστρον*. The *πρίγανον*, or harp of modern times, was a Syrian instrument, and not introduced amongst the Greeks till much later. The common lyre had seven strings; Simonides added an eighth. Timotheus, the great musician in Alexander's time, played on twelve strings. The *μάγαδον*, a barbarous instrument, had twenty strings; the *simicon*, thirty-five; and the *epigonion*, forty. It may seem odd, but we venture to assert, that *ἁρμονία* meant melody, and not harmony, in our musical sense; and that the true Greek word for our harmony was *ἁρμονία*. But enough of this craft,

ὦ καλλιμένη,

ὦ καλλίνικε, χαῖρ' ἀναξ' Ἡράκλειε,
αὐτὸς τι, κίσλας, αἰχμητὰ δύω,
τὴν ἐλλὰ καλλίνικε.*

It is certain that the pauses and intonations required by the ear in the musical accompaniment must have affected the construction of the words so accompanied: many pieces were probably composed to be sung to already well-known airs; and even when the poet indulged, as was, no doubt, often the case, in effusions not designed for any public occasion or actual singing, he still was mainly governed by the rules which belonged in general to that class of composition in which his own poem was ostensibly comprehended. Nor must we forget the intimate combination of the choric dance with music and poetry—not precisely that manner and form of dance now inculcated by Frenchmen, but the art of evolving beauty by motion and gesture, and of exciting a pleasure, of which the basis should be a sense of the natural difference between the two vehicles of expression, and a curiosity to witness the incongruity overcome. It may seem a strong thing to say, that the Greek ode was composed to dance as well as to music; and yet it is certain, that the verse, the air, and the measure or motion, were all three, if not coefficients, at least influencing principles, in the conception and formal construction of every one of Pindar's immortal hymns. The mind of the Greeks, within its own sphere, was a truly catholic mind; the Muses were sisters, and the arts all related; and the self-same genius which, in sculpture and architecture, preferred the harmonies of exquisite proportion of parts, and a thence resulting completeness of the whole, to the imposing and sometimes sublime effects of simple magnitude, diffused also a controlling rhythm—an attempering tone—over all the formal peculiarities of the different kinds of their literature. That literature, indeed—especially its poetry—was fundamentally artificial; but it was an inwoven and incorporate artifice, which, like the cæstus on the hand of an athlete, impeded no motion, marred no grace, but gave precision to the aim, and added weight to the blow.

We need not re-iterate here our lamentation over the broken lyre of ancient Greece; the scattered fragments prove our loss to be as irreparable as it is inestimable, and perhaps we may, with more reason, wonder that time and barbarism have spared any, than that they should have destroyed the greatest part of so subtle

* Ed. Gais. lx. Suidas explains τήν ἐλλὰ—as referable to the sound of the pipe—*μήμημα φωνῆς προύμενος αὐλῶν*; the admirable scholiast on Pindar Olymp. ix. 1, considers it an imitation of the sound of the lyre. We cannot guess which it is most like, or would have been most like in a Greek mouth, but it is enough that it was certainly meant to represent the tones of some accompanying instrument or other.

and complex an instrument. For not altogether has the passion of Sappho, the gaiety of Anacreon, or the tenderness of Simonides perished: some breathings and flashes still remain, and even if all these had been extinguished, the best part of the majesty and picturesqueness of Pindar would still be ours, to give the world the measure of a lyric poet. We shall shortly devote an entire paper to that great master; but our view of his wonderful odes will be more complete, if we give a previous summary of the characters of the several lyric writers who preceded or were contemporary with him.

The first two of whom we have any distinct account, or, at least, any genuine fragments preserved, are Archilochus and Alcman.* Of Archilochus, the greatest of these two, we have said something lately, when treating of the Greek Elegy; he is a famous name in the old world, and must surely have been deserving of it, for good or for evil of uncommon quality—there being scarcely half-a-dozen, amongst all the ancient classics, in whose works we may not trace some instance or record of his universal invention or exquisite skill—of his vigour of genius or bitterness of spirit. Besides writing a man, and his daughter who should have married him, into hanging themselves, he founded a colony, and then lampooned it; struck out a score of new metres—and, if we may judge by the diversity of the numerous but slender fragments of his poems still existing, was grand master of Olympic odes, Bacchic hymns, warlike, moral, and consolatory elegies, *bird-and-beast* fables, love-songs, and libellous epigrams—throughout Greece and all her islands. ‘Touch me who dare’—*Ἀρχιλόχον πατεῖς*—was his motto; which nevertheless he appears to have said once too often; for it is certainly not greatly improbable that the man who is said to have assassinated him—Calondas the Crow—had previously been hitched by him into the gripe of some fierce iambics, or exposed to ridicule in some tale of a fox and a crow. The charge of licentiousness lies heavy on the poetry of Archilochus, and some proofs still remain that such charge was not without foundation; yet what proportion these polluted parts bore to the

* There is, no doubt, an authentic account of Thaletas, a Cretan lyric poet, earlier, in all probability, than Archilochus. There is, however, some uncertainty about this.—Arist. Polit. ii. c. 10; Strabo x. 482; Plutarch; Vit. Lycurg. His songs and airs—for he was a great improver of music—were very popular at Sparta, where they were constantly in use at the Gymnopaedic festivals, with the songs of Alcman, and the pæans of Dionysodotus.—Athen. xv. c. 6. Athenæus also tells us of one Xanthus, a lyric poet, the author, as it seems, of a poem either called the Orestiad, or on that subject; and we collect from the name of this work, and also from the remark of Athenæus, that Stesichorus had stolen and spoiled—*τραυματίζουσιν*—much from Xanthus, that his compositions were predominantly of the grave or heroic kind, like those of his imitator.—Ath. xii. p. 513. Not a line, we believe, belonging to Thaletas or Xanthus now remains.

whole body of his works we know not; and it is almost impossible to conceive the author of several of the more serious fragments in the collection to have been habitually a perpetrator of ribald verse. Consider the spirit of those noble lines:—

Θορή, θύρε' ἀμυχάνουσι κήθησι κυκώμενι.—α. τ. λ.

'My soul—my soul, though cureless seem the ills that vex thy rest,
Bear up—subdue the hostile crew with right opposing breast.
Take thou thy stand within spear-reach, and if thou win the day,
Boast not!—nor beaten once, at home with vain repinings stay;
But in misfortune wisely mourn,—in joy rejoice with heed,
And bear in mind, to all mankind, the measure that's decreed!'

Or of these:—ταῖς θείοις τίθει τὰ πάντα· πωλλάκις μὲν ἐκ παπῶν
ἄνδρας ἐρθεῖν.—α. τ. λ.

There are many other fragments in which the same tone of stoic patience, and a resolute manliness prevail; and from the impression made upon us by a careful perusal of all the remains of Archilochus, we should conjecture that the offensive passages in his poems, of which we hear so much, were rather the occasional result of satiric sport or anger, than the fruits of an impure and lascivious mind. Amongst the fragments are the commencements of two fables of the Fox and the Eagle, and the Fox and the Ape—the first to be found in Greek literature after the Hawk and the Nightingale of Hesiod. These Archilochian fables were very famous, were adopted and incorporated in the Æsopic collection, and are sometimes quoted by distinguished writers as the composition of Æsop himself—the Homer of apologue.* *Αἶνος* seems to be the old word for a bird and beast fable; *μῦθος* is later.

Αἶνός τις ἀνθρώπων ἔστι,
ὡς ἄρ' ἀλώπηξ καὶ τὸς
ἐπιωρίην ἴδυστα.†

'Once on a time, the story goes,
Eagle and Fox together chose
A league to make.'—&c.

Ἔρεω τιν' ὁμῖν αἶνος, ὃ Κηρυκίδη,
ἀχνημένη εὐσεδέην.‡

'A

* Aristoph. Aves, 652.

† xxxviii. Ed. Gaisf.

‡ xxxix. lb. This is the model of . . . Pecti, nihil me, sicut antea, juvat
Scribere versiculos—

Horace adding an unconnected dimeter iambic.

ὃ Ζεῦ, πάτερ Ζεῦ, σὸν μὲν οὐρανοῦ κράτος,
σὺ δ' ἔργ' ἰσ' ἀνθρώπων ἔχεις.—xvii.

is the model of . . . Beatus ille qui procul negotiis
Ut prisca gens mortalium.

Solvitur acris hiems, &c., is taken from

ταῖς γὰρ φιλότατος ἔρως ἐκὼς καρδίην ἱλασθῆναι
πολλὰν κατ' ἀχλὺν ὁμμάτων ἔχουσιν.—xxiv.

Mollis

' A Monkey once, far from his race,
Was pacing in a desert place;
Him meeting Reynard by the way,
Began a stratagem to play.' &c.

It is said that in both these fables Lycambes was meant by the fox, and that Archilochus, like Pindar, took the eagle to himself. Yet in the common Æsopian fable, which we now have, the eagle is very clearly the wrong-doer. As to the appropriation of Jacco, we cannot speak. In *our* Fox and Monkey, although Reynard behaves like a great rogue, yet Monkey behaves like a greater fool; and Archilochus certainly thought himself neither one nor the other. And so we must part with the poet of Paros—the most wise Archilochus—as Plato calls him, after quoting from another of his fragments the earliest notice of a solar eclipse which we remember in classic literature. (Polit. ii. xvi.) It seems to have amazed him as a new phenomenon.—*Χερμάτων δ' αἰλᾶται οὐδὲν ἴσται*—κ. τ. λ.

' Well! now, I swear no wonder's left man need despair to see,
Since Jove at noon hath made it night, and sunshine dark to be!' &c.

Of Alcman—so the Spartans contracted Alcmaeon, the true name of this famous poet who lived and flourished amongst them, but whom, according to Paterculus,* they falsely called their fellow-countryman—of Alcman we can hardly say that we have more than the name and character left; the page or two of single phrases and disjointed lines to be found in our collections being inadequate materials for any judgment whatever of our own on the merits of his poetry. He was esteemed by common consent the father and master of pure love lyrics; and his six books of what were called Parthenia, formed, with the songs of Terpander, the staple poetry of Sparta, and procured him the common title of Γλυκὺς—the Sweet. These Parthenia were odes composed in praise of women, and sung by choruses of virgins; they were very popular amongst the Spartans. We may judge of his combustible disposition by his own words:—*Ἔρως μὲν δ' αὖτις, Κόρηδος*

*ἵκται, γλυκὺς κατέβηκεν
καρδίαν ἱκύν.*

' Desire again, by Venus willing,
Into my soul its sweets distilling,
Bathes me in bliss!'—

Mollis inertia cur, &c., is from

*ἄφρονος, χαλκωπῆς δὲ τὸν ἰδόντων ἵκται
παραμυίνης δὲ ἱερίας*—ad xxiv.

The whole line, . *Scribere versiculos || amore percussum gravi, is from*
ἀλλὰ μὲν δ' λυσυμυλῆς, || δ' ταῦτι, δάμναται στίχους—xxvi.

* *Alcmana Lacones falso sibi vindicant, i. c. 18.* It is said by some that he was son of a Lydian slave, and born in Sparta; and again, that he was a native of Sardinia. Statius notices his peculiar popularity in Laconia:—

tetricis Alcman cantatus Amyclis.

His

His mistress's name was Megalostrata—a pretty poetess herself, as is said—yet had it not been for a morsel of her lover's verse, which, it may be, she but lightly regarded at the time, neither her beauty nor her books would have saved her from that oblivious fate, to which many a lady-poet has submitted, and to which many a lady-poet must hereafter submit.—

τοῦτ' ἀδίκην Μουσᾶν ἰδίῃ
 δῶρον μάκαρα παρβίων
 ἂ ξανθὰ Μεγαλοστράτα.

'The fair-hair'd Megalostrate—
 Most blest of maidens she—
 The sweet-voiced Muses' gift
 Doth thus uplift!'

We think it is Plutarch who somewhere preserves the saying of Alcman, that Fortune is the daughter of Prudence, and the sister of Order and Persuasion.

Stesichorus, a native of Himera in Sicily, was born B.C. 632, and died B.C. 556, about seventy-six years old. Poetry (especially lyric poetry) seems to have been favourable to longevity amongst the old Greeks; Alcman, Stesichorus, Anacreon, Simonides, and Pindar, all lived to extreme old age; and, without citing *Homer*, we may remark the same of Hesiod, Æschylus, and Sophocles. As far as we know, all these worthies understood good living as well as good poetry, and hence, perhaps, and by not being over studious of books, they were not so liable to be cut off in the flower of youth by a consumption, or an article, as in our degenerate days. It is said that the original name of our poet was Tisias, and that he acquired the more expressive one by which he is known from having first established, and generally arranged, the movements of the chorus, or from having first introduced the episode or stationary union of the two parts or divisions. Whatever may be thought of this, certain it is that the strophe, antistrophe, and epode of the chorus, became so associated with the name of Stesichorus, as inventor, that—οὐδὲ τὰ τρία Στσησιχόρου ἔγνωκας—'thou knowest not even the triad of Stesichorus,' was a proverbial expression in use throughout Greece, towards an extremely ignorant person. The collection of the fragments of Stesichorus is rather more numerous than of those of Alcman, but much too meagre to enable us to form any original opinion of the general quality of his poetry. His brilliant fame we know,* and some of the passages remaining sufficiently bear out the character of epic grandeur attributed to his odes by Dionysius and Quintilian.† In

* Stesichorus et est, et fuit tota in Græcia summo propter ingenium honore et nomine.—Cic. in Verr., Act. ii. L. ii. 35.

† Dion. De vet. Script. cens.; Quint. Inst. x. 1. 62—Epic carminis onera lyra sustinentem, &c.

this path of lyric verse Stesichorus seems, as we mentioned before, to have followed the footsteps of Xanthus; and it was Quintilian's opinion, that if he had known how to control the luxuriance of his powers, he would have approached nearer to Homer than any one else had ever done. Alexander did in fact class him with Homer, as the two poets worthy to be read by kings and commanders. His works extended to no less than twenty-six books, and the names of some of them still preserved show that he must have composed several great poems on heroic subjects. Yet it is said that these poems were all properly lyrical, and for this purpose Stesichorus appears, like most of the great poets of that age, to have invented metres of his own. Amongst others, one which became particularly known by his name, was the heptameter; as for example—

Ταρσηνεῦ ποταμοῦ παρὰ πηγὰς ἀπείρονας ἀργυρεῖζους—

from his Geryonis. We hear of no other poet employing this epico-lyric style, and we have great reason to lament that no considerable specimen has reached us. Perhaps we may guess that something of the spirit of such a union may be found in the Kehama and Marmion of modern times; the narrative parts of Pindar are quite different, as we shall hereafter point out. One of the remarkable stories told of Stesichorus is, that in consequence of having dealt rather freely with the character of Helen, in his poem on that heroine, he was struck blind by Venus; and it may be that a few lines of this poem still preserved were amongst those to which Helen's patroness took exception:—

*Οὐνεκ Τυνδάρειω
ρίξων πᾶσι θεοῖσι, μῦς Κορινθὸς λάβει' ἀποδάσσει,
αἶψα Τυνδάρειω κόρυμμι χελουσαμένα δαγ-
μους σριγύμους τε τίθησι,
καὶ λισσέουσας.*

‘For whereas Tyndarus,
Midst all his rites to all the gods above,
The giver of sweet gifts, the Queen of Love
Alone forgot,—
Wroth with the daughters for the father's sake,
The goddess caus'd them straight,
Twice, thrice, their nuptial-bands to break,
And each desert her mate.’

But although Venus suffered Homer and Milton to end their days in darkness, she had a favour towards our Sicilian poet for many a passionate song he had written and might write, and something, perhaps, for the very name of his native town, for surely Love was worshipped in Himera; and, accordingly, Stesichorus received a suggestion—whether from Olympus, or his own knowledge

knowledge of that better heaven, a woman's heart, is uncertain—that if he would appease the spirit of Helen by a sufficient palinodia, he might recover his sight. The sensible man made no difficulty, and we doubt if all the newspapers in London, for the last two years, contain a more satisfactory recantation :—

Οὐκ ἴσα' ἱππομας λόγος εὐνός—

‘ There's not a word of truth in what I said ;’—

οὐ γὰρ ἴβας ἐν

θησὶν ὑπὸ σιλαιῖς, εὐδ' ἴαιε πύργημα Τροίας.

‘ For in the well-built ships thou didst not leave our clime,
Nor e'er in truth arrive the towers of Troy sublime.’

And he afterwards accounts for the mistake, by stating that the Trojans, in fact, carried off a mere counterfeit image of Helen :—

Τρῶες δ' αὖτ' ἴσαν, Ἑλένης εἰδωλὸν ἔχοντες.

‘ Madam, as I am alive, I took you for Miss —— !’ This anti-Homeric fetch, for the honour of Helen, became common enough afterwards ; but we forget whether Jacob Bryant quotes this early deposition of Stesichorus in its behalf. After all, can we much mend fair Helena by taking from her her Paris and her Troy ? She is well enough where and what she is, we think : let us remember the 24th Iliad, and leave the heroine alone with all her glory.

The very names of the various poems of Stesichórus seem, as we said before, to prove their grave and epic character. Besides the Helen and its Palinodia, we read of the Destruction of Troy, the Eriphyle, Europa, Calyce, Cynus, Rhadine, Scylla, Sutherlandæ, Oresteia, in which he had borrowed largely from Xanthus ; and an Encomium on Minerva, in which, according to the scholiast on Apollonius,* the first mention was made of the fable of that goddess breaking out of the head of Jupiter. Hence it may be inferred, that the critic did not hold the Homeric hymn to Minerva, genuine ; otherwise the very splendid description of this allegoric birth could hardly have been overlooked.

——— τὴν αὐτὴν ἱγίστατος μαντίσθαι Ζεὺς
εὐμνήϊς ἐν κρηναῖς—κ. σ. λ.

‘ —— Her, the deep-thoughted Jove,
In golden arms all shining, first begot
Out of his awful head. Amazement seiz'd
The gazing deities, what time she burst
Forth-rushing from the ægis-bearer's front,
And shook a dreadful dart ;—the vast heav'n quak'd
In fear beneath the Azure-eyed ; the earth
Groan'd terribly the while ;—the sea was mov'd
With all his dark-blue waves.’

* Argon. vi. 1310.

The Geryonis was a poem on the story of the expedition of Hercules against the Spanish monster Geryon, who lived in Cadiz; and there is a fragment preserved, in which, perhaps, the earliest mention is made of that ancient mystic legend of the sun's passing over the sea in a golden cup, which cup was lent to Hercules, for his voyage through the Mediterranean, and has given occasion to more learned criticism than any other cup, heathen or Christian, glass, metal, or wood, in the world:—

Ἄλκιος δ' Ὑπεριωνίδης δίδωκε
ἱερὰ κούπεσσιν χρύσειον—*μ. τ. λ.*

‘ Now did the Sun of old Hyperion hight,
In golden cup embark,
That o'er the ocean sailing,
He might by day-light failing,
Reach the recesses dark
Of sacred Night,
Where dwell his mother and his youthful wife,
And all his children bright;—
What time into the laurel grove
Enter'd the son of Jovè.’

Before we leave Stesichorus, we should mention that he had several daughters, whose talents for music and poetry were considered only inferior to those of their father; that he is reputed the inventor of pastoral lyrics, and the author of the well-known fable of the horse who requested the assistance of man against the stag, repeated by Horace, and now to be found in the common *Æsopic* collection. He addressed this fable, by way of advice, to the people of Himera, when they were about to solicit the assistance of Phalaris.

Ibycus of Rhegium, in Italy, was contemporary with Stesichorus, and may be fitly noticed next to him. He is more known by the circumstances related of his death than by anything now remaining of him. The story is, that he was waylaid by thieves, who murdered him; and that, in dying, he remarked some cranes flying overhead, and said, that perhaps those birds would be the avengers of his death! Afterwards, two of the murderers, being seated in the theatre, one of them saw some cranes, and said jocularly to his fellow, ‘Behold the avengers of Ibycus!’* This was overheard, suspicion was excited, and ultimately the truth was discovered. Hence Ἰβύκου ἑκδίκαι, became proverbial of a culprit punished, or felony brought to light. He was almost exclusively an amatory poet, and the warmth of his images, and the vehemence of his expressions were so excessive, that he is called by Suidas ἔρωτομανίστατος—most love-mad of poets;

* *Æli. V. H.*, x. 18.

and Cicero says,* that he appeared from his works—maxime omnium flagrâsse amore—to have outdone all men in his passion. There are two short fragments preserved, which leave a strong impression of his fiery temperament, and of the splendour and picturesqueness of his language:—

Εὐρύαλι, γλυκίαν Χερῶν
θάλας, παλλικίμωνι μελίσσημα,
σὶ μιν Κύπρις ἃ τ' ἀγανοβλήφαρος
Πιπῶ βόδιαισι ἰν ἄνθεσι θρίψαν.

'O, my Euryalus! thou bud and care
Of the sweet Graces of the glorious hair;
Sure Venus, and Persuasion mild,
With eyelids softly fair,
In rose-flower cradle nourish'd thee a child!'

And, as for Ibycus, says Athenæus, he cries out and shouts—
βοᾷ καὶ κέκραγεν—

Ἡεὶ μὲν αἶ τι Κωδώνιαι
μηλίδις—π. τ. λ.

'In spring, bedew'd with river-streams
From whence for everlasting gleams
The garden of th' Hesperides,
Blossom Cydonian apple-trees;—
In spring the saplings freshly shine
Beneath the parent-vine,
In shadow and in breeze;
But me, Love's mighty power,
That sleepeth never an hour,
From Venus rushing, burneth with desire,
As with the lightning fire;
Black as the Thracian wind,
He seizes on my mind,
With dry delirious heat
Inflames my reason's seat,
And in the centre of my soul

Keeps empire for a child, beyond my own control!'

—'Next see a lady and her lovers twain'—Sappho, Alcæus and Anacreon. Who come forward to support this tableau? Has the mantle of any one of these three fallen upon living shoulders? But we forget; we have no business now with any but Greeks, and old Greeks too. First, then, we must decree a divorce *à vinculo* between Sappho and the Teian; this gives us pain, but we are sitting as judges. The lady died, in middle life, in the reign of Alyattes, whose death took place B.C. 559; Anacreon was alive at Athens in the time of Hipparchus, and survived his death in B.C. 514; how is it possible, then, that Sappho could

* Tusc. iv. 33.

have meant the words, Τῆνος πρεσβύς—even if those words were hers—of a man so much younger than herself? The truth is, as Athenæus distinctly states, the verses in question are none of Sappho's any more than those preceding them are Anacreon's; and he supposes that Hermesianax, whose lines he quotes, must have indulged in a mere wilful play of fancy in bringing the poet and poetess together, just as Diphilus had made even Archilochus and Hipponax her lovers in his drama called by her name. But although we are obliged to deprive Sappho of the services of Anacreon, we leave her the full glory of her conquest of Alcæus, a man of a different temper, no doubt, in some things, but whose poetical genius was not less highly esteemed in the old world. He was born at Mitylene in Lesbos, and probably something older than his famous countrywoman. The story is, that having co-operated with Pittacus in the deliverance of his native state from tyranny, he became disgusted, when, in due course of revolution, the people of Mitylene raised Pittacus to a despotic authority over his fellow-citizens. Alcæus wrote fiery odes and bitter lampoons against Pittacus, and was at length driven into banishment with all his partizans. Afterwards, in a desperate attempt made to effect his return by force, Alcæus fell into the hands of his ancient friend, but now insulted conqueror. Pittacus gave him his liberty at once, saying that forgiveness was better than revenge. That this wise man may have the full credit of his good temper, it is right that our readers should know or remember that, amongst other savoury epithets, Alcæus had called him 'splay-foot,' and 'draggie-foot,' and 'finger-toed,'—'puff-cheek' and 'paunch-belly,'—'mole-eyed' and 'dirty pig.'

Alcæus stands in the foremost rank of the Greek lyric poets; all antiquity is full of his praises. There is hardly a scrap of his poetry remaining of which we may not detect a close imitation by Horace, who succeeded in no part of his attempt to Latinize the metres and spirit of the old Greek lyre so well as in the Alcaic ode. Indeed, we are very much inclined to think that the Alcaic stanza—surely one of the noblest and most expressive measures of the old classic verse after the hexameter—did not receive its complete development till it came into the hands of Horace; and we set it down as a unique instance of a species or form of poetry—purely Greek in its origin—being bettered by Roman naturalization. There is a remarkable dignity in the Latin Alcaic, partly to be attributed, as we think, to the fine taste of Horace in discountenancing the construction of the first two lines without a cæsura after the fifth syllable; and in abolishing the usage of shortening the fifth syllable of the third line, the effect of which is to change entirely the rhythm of the most important verse in the stanza.

This is more sensibly felt by us, who pay no attention to quantity in any syllable of Greek and Latin words but the penultimate, when this fifth syllable is shortened in a word constituting by itself a Cretic foot, as for example ;—*ὁ βασις φέρμακας ὁ δέριον* :—whilst precisely the same difference from the Latin rhythm would have been perceived by a Greek, or cultivated Roman ear, in such lines as—

*μιλιχρίν αὔτως ἀμεί κέρει—
—ἰγίον' ἐπιδίλους ἴρι—.*

We read these lines just as if the quantities were distributed respectively, as in—*Alcæe, plectro dura navis—*

Diffinget, infectumque reddet—,

which if any poet or actor had done at Athens, whole theatres would have burst out upon him.*

Alcæus was a soldier, a rebel, an exile, a lover, and a good liver. His poetry smacked of all these characters and propensities. Athenæus—that excellent gossip, for whom we have an unspeakable regard—makes sure that Alcæus drank very hard,—all times and seasons were the same—a bottle never came amiss to him. First, see how he drinks in winter—

**Τι μὲν ἰ Σιδός, ἢ δ' ἰερῶν μέγας
χιμῶν—α. τ. λ.*

'Jove rains apace—the storm from heav'n is blowing ;
The river streams congeal'd have ceas'd their flowing.
Expel the winter's flaw, the hearth-fire feeding ;
And pour the honied wine with hand unheeding.†

In spring—*ἔρος ἀνθιμῶντος ἰσάων ἐρχομένη—α. τ. λ.*

'Hark ! I hear the florid May,
Coming, coming on this way.
Quick, oh ! quick, thou boy of mine,
Take yon cup, and mix the wine !'

In summer—*σίγγι συνόμωα εἶν' τὸ γὰρ ἄστρον περιέλλεται—α. τ. λ.*

'Dip my very lungs in wine—
See the Dog-star is returning.' &c.

In misfortune—*οὐ χρεὶ κακίαις θυμὸν ἰσχυρίζην—α. τ. λ.*

'Yield not thy soul to adverse fortune's keeping !—
Naught will it profit us to sit still weeping :
But, friend, *this* will the mischief heal—
To quaff wine till we reel !'

* We have had put into our hands lately a little paper, containing directions for the use of the Eton boys in the construction of the Alcæic stanza, with reference to the practice of Horace, and the effect of accent on the rhythm. It has been drawn up, we believe, by Mr. Hawtrey, to whom Eton already owed so much ; and it points out the difference of the rhythm from the metre in a way that must be striking to the boys. Perhaps the neatness and utility of this table, which should not be confined to Eton, might be increased by noticing the differences presented by the Greek Alcæic, to which we have called attention in the text ; and which Sappho in her *one* Alcæic stanza (a marked compliment, by the by, to her suitor) adopts.

† Vides ut alta stet nive candidum, &c. Hor. Carm. l. 9.

In joy—*ὦν χεὶρ μετόπισθε καὶ χεῖρα πρὸς βίαν
παίειν, ἰσχυρὴν κἀνδρα Μύρσιλος.*

'Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus'—

—'for Myrsilus is dead!'

(This merciless triumph was occasioned by a Tory opponent having been knocked in the head by a mob.)

At night—*πίνωμεν· τί τὰ λύχν' ἀμύνωμεν; δάκτυλος ἀμείβει.—π. σ. λ.*

'Drink!—why wait for candle-light?

The finger-top will serve for sight.

Boy, pour the flasks, one, two, the whole

Into the mighty mixing bowl;

Thence, as we put the wine about,

Let one cup drive the other out!'

And, finally, in a general way he recommends, that, if you plant any tree at all, you plant the vine first—

μηδὲν ἄλλο φυτόν τις ἀρότρων δίνδρειν ἀμπίλω.

'Nullam, Vare, sacrâ vite prius severis arborem.'

How ill the Latin bears the foreign measure!

There are amongst the fragments several passages of bitter invective against Pittacus, which are valuable as showing the style of such personal attacks, and also that the *tyrant* was next to universally popular amongst his fellow-countrymen. How curious these lines are!—

τὸν κακοπάτριδα

Πιττακὸν πόλις τῆς ἀρχῆς καὶ βαρυνδαίμονος

ἰσθάνοντο τίρῃον μίγ' Ἰσπαινεύοντες ἄλλῃσι.

The indignant patriot confesses, that the people in a mass hugely lauding Pittacus, made him *τύραννος*—premier! One remark we think holds good, of the character of all this poet's verses, so far as it may be reasonable to judge him from the shreds and patches of his mantle; that is, that his strength did not lie so much in fancy or imagination, or a musical soul, as in a robust sense, a declamatory spirit, and a clear and vigorous diction. In this respect, we should say, that the difference is particularly noticeable between Ibycus and Alcæus; every half-line we possess of the former absolutely rings with music to the ear, whereas the verses of Alcæus are singularly prosaic in words and texture. Prosaic is a questionable term, to be sure; we allow dignity to him, but what we miss is that sound, and splendour, and figure, which are, as it were, the natural life and breath of the Greek poetic style, and which no poet of Greece, as it appears to us, has so little of as this famous master of the lyre. The consequence is, that Alcæus seems more Roman in his tone than any of his fellows; Horace, we know, found him the most convenient for imi-

tation of all the Greek writers; and it may be noticed further, that the tone and spirit of the original, and the copy—though the latter be very truly idiomatic and Latin—are generally quite identical. This is not so when the favourite of Augustus comes to try his hand on Sappho or Pindar; *then* the taste and powers of Horace seem *French*, beside the majestic, self-justifying darings of Greek genius. There is one fragment—the longest and most complete of any in the collection—which well exemplifies the sort of plain and unimaginative force, which seems to us to have been characteristic of the poetry of Alcæus. What a *picture* we should have had of the following from Pindar!—

Μαρμαίρου δὲ μίγας δῶμος
χαλκῷ—κ. τ. λ.

'The mighty house with brass shines bright—
The roof with instruments of fight
Is all bespread:
Many a glittering casque is there,
With nodding plumes of white horse-hair,
To save the head;
And gleaming greaves, on hidden pegs,
A stout protection for the legs
From dart or spear;
With breast-plates made of linen new,
And hollow, batter'd targets, too,
Are hanging near.
There lie the Chalcidensian brands,
And here a heap of strong breast-bands,
With belts at need;—
Things which we must not now forget,
Since once our minds are fairly set
To do this deed.'

There is one unconnected line in the fragments—a sweet verse, of deep interest, which fixes the age, and tells the passion of Alcæus, for one whom he seems to have *revered*.

Ἰοπέλῃ, ἡ γὰρ, μιλυχόμειδ᾽ Ἰατρώ.

This famous—thrice-famous woman—the image and superscription of Lesbos—the tenth muse of Greece—the muse of Passion—was loved by Alcæus. Her father was Scamandronymus, her husband Cercolas, her only child Cleis. After the strict law administered by us in the matter of Anacreon's suit, we should be loth to be over nice where probable grounds exist for the received opinion. They were certainly contemporaries, natives of the same small island, and we have at least one unquestionable line directly addressed by Alcæus to Sappho. Perhaps this should suffice in a case in which there is nothing from any other source to hinder

hinder our assent to the universal belief and traditions of the old writers :—

Δίεβης Ἀλκαῖος δὲ πόνους ἀνδίζετο κόμους,
 φεραῖζον Σαπφῶς ἰμμερίντα πόθον,
 γυνώσκεις ἰδ' αὐτὸς ἀνδρῶν ἡράσαυ.

Hermesianax in Athen. xiii. 597.

Out of nine books of lyric verse, besides an unspecified collection of epigrams, epithalamia, and other kinds of poetry, no more now remains than would lie on the extended palm of a lady's hand. Amongst these precious relics, which are all sweetness itself, there are two pieces, in Sappho's own phrase, χρυσῶ χρυσότερα. Those even to whose ears Greek is a jargon, know that we mean her odes to Venus and to her Beloved—which last should be called by no other name than THE Fragment. There is no other such fragment in Greek, Latin, or English. It has made Sappho a name of power among men—a point of solitary glory in our backward view—the gage and boundary mark of woman's genius to the world's end. To have shrouded the keenest appetite in the tenderest passion, and to have articulated the pulses of sensation in syllables that burn, and in a measure that breathes, and flutters, and swoons away—to have done this, is to have written these immortal verses. The identical words are of the essence of the work; flashing the soul of the poet upon the reader in a hue of its own—they are not to be spelled out as mere grammatical signs. They are as echoes of unseen and unheard strokes—drops from the heart. They are very Sappho. You may render the sense, but you cannot translate the feeling;—you cannot approach so near even as to Pindar, who stands also aloof and inaccessible to modern touch; and all that ever yet has been done, is little more than notice to the unlearned reader, that some such thoughts, in some such order, were the production of a pagan poetess between two and three thousand years ago. Yet not the less on this account have various moderns, at various times, attempted versions of this Parthenon of the Greek lyre, and such versions, although they cannot but be failures, taken absolutely, have still given pleasure, and in so far satisfied curiosity. Indeed, if the truth be spoken, can much more than this be predicated of any translation of the old Greek poets? Ambrose Phillips's version is very pretty, and Boileau's is very pretty; and one prettier than either, by Mr. Merivale, forms part of the enlarged, and much improved edition, of Bland's *Anthology*, named at the head of this article—a most tasteful and charming book in all respects, and the popularity of which will not, as we conjecture, be confined to scholars of either sex.*

The

* See Merivale, p. 15. It is not within the scope of this article to present to our readers

The ode to Venus, for the preservation of which we are indebted to the taste of that exquisite critic Dionysius, is not of such close tissue, nor of such condensed passion as the more famous fragment. It accordingly bears translation better :—

‘ Immortal Venus, thron’d above,
In radiant beauty ! Child of Jove !
O, skill’d in every art of love,
And playful snare !

Dread power, to whom I bend the knee ;
Release my soul, and set it free
From bonds of piercing agony,
And gloomy care !

Yea, come thyself !—if e’er, benign,
Thy list’ning ear thou didst incline
To my rude lay, the starry shine
Of Jove’s court leaving,

In chariot yok’d with coursers fair,
Thine own immortal birds, that bear
Thee swift to earth, the middle air
With bright wings cleaving.

Soon were they sped—and thou, most blest,
In thine own smiles ambrosial drest,
Didst ask what griefs my mind oppress’d—
What meant my song—

What end my frenzied thoughts pursue—
For what lov’d youth I spread anew
My amorous nets—“ Who, Sappho, who
Hath done thee wrong ?

What though he fly, he’ll soon return—
Himself shall give, though now he spurn ;
Heed not his coldness—soon he’ll burn,
E’en though thou chide.”

And saidst thou this, dread goddess ?—O,
Come thou once more to ease my woe !
Grant all !—and thy great self bestow,
My shield and guide !”—*Merivale*, p. 14.

readers a detailed review of this beautiful collection from the fragments and minor poetry of Greece ;—neither do we think such a review the most favourable mode of doing justice to a work of this description,—a garland, each several flower of which has a fragrant efflux, an exquisite diversity, of its own. But we cannot refrain from thus noticing the publication with our heartiest commendation, as the product of a scholar, a poet, and a gentleman,—one on whose bright and amiable character a strong political bias has impressed no spot, and whose present work will go, we trust, a great way in bringing sound and elegant scholarship into repute again. Mr. Merivale’s Preface to this edition, which is almost a new book altogether, is a model of unaffected modesty and goodness of heart ; and those who remember with affection and reverence that consummate scholar and excellent man, Peter Elmsley, will not regard without some peculiar interest a work which, even in its former unimproved state, he was known to praise and recommend : in fact, in deliciis habuit.

‘ I shall

'I shall be remembered in the world,' said Sappho:—

μνήσεται τὰν φθαρὰ καὶ ὑστέρων ἀρμίων—

And the world has well verified her prophecy; but, whether she has been remembered in all respects as the poetess wished or deserved, it is not possible for us to decide with certainty. That the Fragment is *foeminae in foeminam* is clear:—

σρέμος δὲ
πᾶσαν ἀγχι, χλωροτέρῃ δὲ ποιῶς
ἔμμε'—

And then we have such expressions as these:—

ἔρεος δ' αὐτὴ μ' ὁ λουσιμῶν δονῶ
γλοκύνικρον ἀμάχανον ἔρεπον.
'Α τ θ', εὐαὶ δ' ἑμῶν μιν ἀπήχθετο
φροντίσθην, ἵππ' δ' Ἀνδρομίδαν ποτῇ.

ἡρέμα μιν ἐγὼ εἶδον, Ἀτθί, πάλαι πότα.

And, besides these and the like, there is the vulgar tradition against her. But is the inference necessary? Is the language of this great and enthusiastic mistress of verse and music towards her pupils—for such the women named seem to have been—altogether without a justifying parallel in Greek biography? * Welcker† suggests, that the imputation had its origin amongst the later Attic dramatists, Diphilus, Antiphanes, Ehippus, and others, with whom the tragic passion and the Æolic dialect of a Lesbian poetess were popular subjects of ridicule. We have quoted the tender and reverential address of the contemporary Alcaeus; and perhaps her own sweet lines to her child may not be thought irrelevant evidence, by good judges of woman's nature, in a case like this:—

ἔστί μοι καλὰ παῖς—κ. τ. λ.

'I have a child—a lovely one—

In beauty like the golden sun,

Or like sweet flowers of earliest bloom;

And Cleïs is her name:—for whom

I, Lydia's treasures, were they mine,

Would glad resign.'—*Merivale*, p. 19.

The plea of *two* Sapphos we disallow; there is no ground for it. There has been plenty of fiction, we doubt not, but it was all feigned of the one true Sappho. She it was, if any, who loved Atthis—who loved Phaon—who leaped the leap—who became

* ὅτι γὰρ Ἰκίον (Socrati) Ἀλκιβιάδης καὶ Φαίδρος, ταῦτο τῇ Λισβίᾳ Γερῶν, καὶ Ἀτθί, καὶ Ἀνακτορίᾳ καὶ ὅτι πρὸς Σωκράτει οἱ ἀντίτιχνοι, Πρέδικος, καὶ Γεργίας, καὶ Θεασύμαχος, καὶ Πρωταγόρας, ταῦτο τῇ Σαπφῷ Γερῶν καὶ Ἀνδρομίδαν.—Max. Tyr. viii. p. 94. ed Davis.

† Sappho, von einem herrschenden Vorurtheil befreyt. Göttingen, 1816.

the divinity of Lesbos. With her genius only can we be much concerned; as to the rest, whatever it may have been, it lies shrouded with the wisdom and the folly, the virtues and the vices of heathenism, behind that lofty and impervious veil, on which is written—Mystery.

What then do we say of Sappho's genius? We answer, that so far as in us lies to ratify the award of all antiquity, the very shreds remaining seem enough to prove her the greatest of lyric poets, after Pindar. As compared with Alcæus, Stesichorus, &c., her pre-eminence, in every lyric quality, is incontestable; her music, her passion, her imagery, her truth, are *all* transcendant; and, after reading what exists of *her*, we can never think of the other poets, who preceded and were coeval with her, without applying to them her own beautiful stanza:—

ἀστέρις μὲν ἄμπε' καλὰν σιλόαν
ἄσ' ἀπακρύσσονται φαινόν' ἰδοίς,
ἐκπύεται γλῆθονα μάλιστα λάμπη
γαῖαν—.

'The stars that round the beauteous moon
Attendant wait, cast into shade
Their ineffectual lustres, soon
As she, in full-orb'd majesty array'd,
Her silver radiance pours
Upon this world of ours.'—*Merivale*, p. 16.

Welcker very pleasingly represents Sappho as the mistress of a sort of female academy for students in poetry and music, loving and revered by her younger countrywomen, whom she governed and instructed with the affectionate sway of a Socrates or a Plato. He would have Erinna to be one of these Sapphic ladies. She was, indeed, as far as we know, a Lesbian by birth or residence, and contemporary with the great poetess. There are also authorities* for associating her with Sappho. She was a girl of extraordinary beauty and genius—a rather primrose that died at nineteen, a virgin's death, with an immortal name. Her chief poem, Ἥλακάτη—the Distaff—was in three hundred hexameters, and the enthusiasm of some later writers asserted for them an equality with the verses of Homer:—

οἱ δὲ τετρακόσιοι ταύτης στίχοι ἴσσι' Ὀμήρῳ,
τοῖς καὶ σπερμίουῃς Ἰννακαδιδάκτου;—

But this praise had perhaps some gallantry in it—just as reviewers now-a-days praise our young Erinnas more as gentlemen than as critics—at least Antiphanes, with some spleen, and it may be prejudice, speaks of such writers as cockered the pretty mediocres of

* Suidas in voce; Eustath. ad Il. B. πν δὲ Ἰνναίρα Σαπφούς, καὶ Ἰνναλύνθηα σπερμίου; οἱ δὲ στίχοι αὐτῆς ἑκατόντην ἑκατάλληλον τοῖς Ὀμήρῳ. ἀπὸ δὲ Ἰννακαδιδάκτου.

his time, at the expense, and to the oblivion, of the true geniuses of Greece, as being

τῶν μεγάλων κολῆς, ἢ τῇ Ἡρίνῃ δὲ καμῶντι. *

Three epigrams are preserved in the *Anthology*† under Erinna's name; but whether more than one of them is genuine may well be doubted. The *Ἡλακᾶτη* is lost, and nothing lyric remains. The noble, though somewhat declamatory ode, to be found in Stobæus,‡ and commonly printed as the work of this youthful poetess, is most certainly addressed to Rome, and not to Fortitude, and is therefore as certainly not the production of Erinna. In her time, Rome, instead of being mistress of earth and sea, had as much to do as was sufficient with the Volscians and the Samnites, and other such small deer. The ode in question was written, we may be sure, for Roman ears; but conceive a Lesbian girl meditating odes to the Quirites of the sixth century before Christ! The enthusiasm for Rome expressed in this ode renders it probable that its date is about 190 B.C. after Flamininus had proclaimed liberty at the Isthmian games to all Greece.

We have deprived Erinna of her ode;—can we be less rigorous to Anacreon?

He was an Ionian of Teos, and lived a long life—till eighty-five—in careless luxury, and yet not without a mortal's share of the vicissitudes of fortune. He first abandoned his native town rather than submit to the dominion of Cyrus, and, together with a large number of his fellow-townsmen, retired to Abdera, in Thrace. After a considerable residence there he went to Samos, and lived for fourteen years the friend and constant companion of the tyrant Polycrates. Not long before the violent death of the latter, he was invited to Athens by Hipparchus, who is said to have despatched a fifty-oared galley to conduct the poet over the Ægean. He continued to reside at Athens in the house of the unfortunate tyrant—almost all these Greek tyrants, as they were called, were the most polished and enlightened men of their age—in daily intercourse with Simonides and the other poets, whom Hipparchus had assembled around him from all parts of Greece. After the assassination of his patron, Anacreon returned to Teos, and there, as some say, resided till his death; but, according to another account,§ he again left home on the occasion of the insurrection of Histiaæus, and took refuge a second time at Abdera, where he died.

* Anth. i. p. 189.

† Ibid. xiii. p. 890.

‡ In the margin of Stobæus is written *Μελίνῳ ἢ μᾶλλον Ἡρίνῃ Λαοβία*, generally translated—'Melinno, or rather Erinna the Lesbian.' But Welcker thinks the true meaning is 'Melinno's, worthy indeed of Erinna,'—so as not to imply any doubt as to Melinno being the author, but intending to pay her a very high compliment.

§ Lucian. *Macrob.* c. 26.

This is all we know of this celebrated poet, who was the favourite—the *amor et delicia*—of his own age, and who has had the singular fortune to preserve to our days, not only his fame, but even his popularity, in the verses of imitators, whose very names are long since lost. We fear that to pronounce nineteen-twentieths of the well-known Anacreontic odes to be none of Anacreon's, will seem as monstrous to some as the German evaporation of Homer to others. Many a man who recedes from his *hard* school-books still retains a pocket edition of the gentle Teian; and to such a one a conviction of the soundness of our scepticism would be *extorta voluptas*; he would do anything but thank our officiousness. And certainly it must be acknowledged that the greater part of these little odes are very pretty, and some of them perfect models of as much as could be done by Anacreon himself, within the compass of such metres. The extreme facility of construction, the almost infantine simplicity of thought, the home-born imagery, and the unlaboured rhythm, of the best of the Anacreontic poems, carry a charm which will fascinate many readers—and those not rude—who cannot rise without fatigue to the higher feeling and more complicated harmonies of the graver masters of the lyre. The truth is, Anacreon, as we have him, never sets you thinking; his hold of the reader is momentary, like a strain of music, or the fragrance of a rose, absorbing the sense, but gaining no settlement in the imagination. It does not seem as if the poet was gay, or tender, or lascivious, to please you, but to amuse himself; he takes no notice of you or your opinions; heeds no morals but those of love and wine, and expresses no fear for anything but death. He does not drink, and love, and wreath roses in his hoary hair, upon any melancholy calculation of the shortness of life, and an epicurean philosophy of enjoyment;—he takes his cup and lies upon flowers, because wine and flowers are sweet and lovely to him in themselves and for the hour in which he has them. Repeat the most festive ode in Horace, and it will touch more sources of sentiment than the most serious song of Anacreon, who rarely strikes a string of hope or fear, of memory or forecast—who moves no passion, excites no reflection—but, like his own dew-fed cicada, not regarding other sounds, sings out royally his summer day at his own most absolute will.

— Je suis né pour les plaisirs;
 Bien fou qui s'en passe!—
 Je ne veux pas les choisir,—
 Souvent le choix m'embarrasse.
 Aime-t-on?—J'aime soudain.
 Boit-on?—J'ai le verre à la main;—
 Je tiens par tout ma place.

• Dormir

- * Dormir est un temps perdu ;
 Faut-il qu'on s'y livre ?
 Sommeil, prends ce qui t'est dû,—
 Mais attends que je sois ivre.
 Saisis moi dans cet instant,
 Fais moi dormir, promptement ;—
 Je suis pressé de vivre.
 † Mais si quelque objet charmant,
 Dans un songe aimable,
 Vient d'un plaisir séduisant
 M'offrir l'image agréable,—
 Sommeil, allons doucement,
 L'erreur est en ce moment
 Un bonheur véritable.'—

Whether the Regent Duke of Orleans ever read the supposed remains of Anacreon, we know not : but certainly their manner and spirit were never, upon the whole, so well expressed as in these pretty verses. There is nothing in English so near—not even in the best of Cowley.

The first appearance of the Anacreontic odes—sixty-one or two in number—was in the fourth *Anthology*, compiled by Constantine Cephalas, some time—it is very uncertain—in the tenth century. That collection was made up of poems of all ages and characters—inscriptions for Christian churches and for Delphic tripods, epigrams by St. Gregory, and heathen scolia, riddles and epitaphs, and a score other heterogeneous compositions, from the classic times of Greece down to the editor's own day. In this goodly company, between Christophorus and Gregory, we find our Anacreon. The section is entitled :—*Ἀνακρέοντος Τηίου συμποσιακὰ ἡμιόμβια, καὶ Ἀνακρεόντικὰ καὶ τρίμετρα*—which words seem to imply that Cephalas did not suppose that all of these little poems were Anacreon's own. But however that may be, we may, without much difficulty, range the Anacreontics in three classes of respectability, as to birth and parentage. First, those amongst them that are quoted as Anacreon's by any of the older writers. This, of course, is the only class, the genuineness of which we can have any historical grounds for believing, and it is, unhappily, a very small portion of the whole collection. It comprises the 17th ode, preserved by Gellius,* the sixth and seventh verses of the 38th in Hephæstion,† and the scholiast ‡ to Aristophanes; the 54th, 55th, 57th, and 58th, to be found respectively in Stobæus,§ Athenæus,|| Eustathius,¶ and Hephæstion,** and Heraclides Ponticus.†† Many of our readers, we fear, will be shocked to find some of their

* Noct. Att. xix. 9.

† Enchirid. 16.

‡ Plat. v. 302.

§ Floril. Tit. 183.

|| x. 427.

¶ Ibid. xxi. 470.

** Enchirid. 69.

†† Alleg. Hom. 16.

greatest favourites not comprehended in this class; and yet we cannot help thinking we perceive something of a stricter antiquity in the poems so authenticated than in most of the others. Look, for instance, to the 17th:—

τὸν ἄργυρον ταρῖνον,
Ἥφαιστ', μοι παίησον,
πανοπλίαν μὲν εὖχε—κ. τ. λ.

'Take the silver—not for me,
Vulcan, frame a panoply;
(What have I to do with arms,
Or the battle-field's alarms?)
Carve me not the starry train,
Grim Orion, or the Wain,
(For Boötes what care I,
Or yon Pleiads in the sky?)
But upon my goblet's face
Vines and clust'ring bunches trace,
And the tipsy Mænades
Picking the ripe grapes from the trees.' &c.

Or to the fifty-fourth—

παλαιὸν μὲν ἡμῖν ἔσθ'—κ. τ. λ.

'Time now hath laid my temples bare,
And chang'd to white my once-dark hair;
And short the remnant left to me
Of life and love and poesy.
This makes me shed the frequent tear
In dread of Tartarus so near.' &c.

The genuineness of the 58th—

Πῶλε θρηνηθεῖν, τί δή μοι
λαβὼν ἔρμαιος βλίπουσιν—κ. τ. λ.

seems highly probable from the apparent imitations * of Horace.

In the second class, we would comprise those of the remaining odes, which, although unauthenticated by any citation or reference in the old writers, bear, nevertheless, upon their face no evident marks that they are the production of a later age, or a mere imitator's hand. Concerning the absolute genuineness of these, different views of the old Greek style and mode of thought will lead to very different opinions. For our part, we confess that if we could bring ourselves fully and fairly to believe the odes quoted by Gellius and Athenæus to be really the composition of Anacreon, we should have great difficulty in refusing the same credit to many of those which we have placed in this second class. Of the spuriousness of those which we condemn to the third class, there can be no doubt at all. The eighteenth is totally repugnant to all metre, and there are evidently some *versus politici* in it, in which

* Car. i. 23, and iii. 11, v. 9.

accent is substituted for quantity; besides, the word *ιστόρημα* is of the very latest Greek. The same may be said of the twenty-fourth. The twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth, and twenty-seventh are manifest imitations of the twenty-second, and of each other. The twenty-ninth—*γράφε μοι Βάθυλλον*—is an open and coarse attempt at the beautiful *Ἄγε ζωγράφων ἄριστε* which precedes it. The *ῥητόρων ἀνάγκας* at once damns the thirty-sixth. The thirty-ninth and forty-first are comparatively modern scolia or drinking songs; they preserve no metre. The fifty-third talks of the *Parthians*. And besides these, there are at least ten more which may very clearly be shown to be of an age much later than Anacreon's, by usages of particular words, by anomalies of dialect, and by allusions involving an inexplicable anachronism of tone and feeling. How well Anacreon might be imitated may be seen by referring to the three pretty odes of Basilus;—the well-known *στέφος πλέκων ποθ' εὔρον*, of Julian the Egyptian; and the 'Dead Adonis' attributed to Theocritus. If Julian's name had been lost, and Cephalas had inserted his ode amongst the Anacreontics, should we not have been called German boors for doubting its genuineness?

Of Simonides the younger we have in a late Number spoken, and but little that can be called lyric verse remains of him. The epigrams of this great poet are numerous, and full of historical interest; they are the best record of pure Greek taste in epitaph and inscription. One of them, on his friend Anacreon, beginning with the lines—

Οὗτος Ἀνακρίωντα τὸν ἄφθιτον εἶνεκα Μουσῶν
ὑμνοῦντο, πάτερ, σέμβριος ἔδεικτο Τίω—κ. τ. λ.

would seem to decide that Anacreon died at Teos after his return. There is another couplet preserved, the loss of which might, under all the circumstances, have been more favourable to the reputation of Simonides for feeling and gratitude. One, whom Hipparchus had loved and honoured to the last, should have declined the office of celebrating his assassination.

Ἡ μίγ' Ἀθηναίωι φῶς γίνεθ, ἥνικ' Ἀριστο-
γίτωι Ἰσπαρχοι κτύπῃ, καὶ Ἀρμάδιος.

Perhaps the poet had no power to resist. Amongst what little remains of a lyric kind, the celebrated fragment of Danaë and her child is pre-eminently conspicuous. This is the *tenderest* passage in Greek poetry; there is nothing that we remember so unmingledly pathetic, and if we pronounce the Sapphic ode the acme of poetic expression of Passion, we may, upon the same principle of judgment, set up the Danaë of Simonides as the *ne plus ultra* of that of Affection. The exceeding simplicity of these beautiful verses is almost as formidable in the way of translation as the condensation of *Φαίνεται μοι κήνος*—.

ὅτι λάρνακι ἐν θαλάττῃ ἄνιμος—κ. τ. λ.

' The wind blew hard, the rough wave smote
 In rage on Danaë's fragile boat ;
 Her cheeks all wet with tears and spray,
 She clasp'd her Perseus as he lay,
 And, " Oh ! what woes, my babe," she said,
 " Are gathering round thy mother's head !
 Thou sleep'st in peace the while, and I
 May hear thee breathing audibly,
 Unknowing of this dreary room,
 These barriers rude, this pitchy gloom.
 For the wild wave thou dost not care ;
 It shall not wet thy clust'ring hair !
 Beneath my purple robe reclin'd,
 Thou shalt not hear the roaring wind.
 Alas ! my beauteous boy ! I know,
 If all this woe to thee were woe,
 Soon wouldst thou raise thy little head,
 And try to catch what mother said.
 Nay ; sleep, my child, a slumber deep !
 Sleep, thou fierce sea—my sorrows, sleep ! " ' &c.*

There is another passage of Simonides, which we notice chiefly for the very pretty version of it by Mr. Merivale. Cleobulus, a native of Lindus, and one of the seven wise men of Greece, composed some lines, purporting to be spoken by a monumental figure sculptured on the tomb of Midas. Mr. Merivale gives them thus:—

' Sculptur'd in brass, a virgin bright,
 On Midas' tomb I stand.
 While water cools—while flow'rs delight—
 While rivers part the land—
 While Ocean girds the earth around—
 While with returning day
 Phœbus returns, and Night is crown'd
 By Luna's glimmering ray—
 So long as these shall last, will I,
 A monument of woe,
 Declare to every passer-by
 That Midas sleeps below.'—*Merivale*, p. 53.

* We cannot refrain from adding Robert Smith's version—so famous in the memory of his contemporaries at Eton:—

' Ventus quum fremeret, superque cymbam
 Horrentis furor immineret undæ,
 Non siccis Danaë genis, puellum
 Circumfusa suum ; " Miselle," dixit,
 " O quæ sustineo ! sopore dulci
 Dum tu solveris, insciaque dormis
 Securus requie ; neque has per undas
 Illætabile, luce sub maligna,
 Formidas iter, impetumque fluctus

Supra cæsarium tuam profundam
 Nil curas salientis, ipse molli
 Porrectus tunica, venustus infans ;
 Nec venti fremitum. Sed, O miselle,
 Si mecum poteras dolere, saltem
 Junxisses lacrymas meis querelis.
 Dormi, care puer ! gravesque fluctus,
 Dormite ! O utinam mei dolores
 Dormirent simul ! " ' "

To which Simonides made an answer, thus exquisitely rendered by the same hand :—

Who so bold
To uphold
What the Lindian sage hath told ?
Who would dare
To compare
Works of men, that fleeting are,
With the sweet perennial flow
Of swift rivers, or the glow
Of the eternal sun, or light
Of the golden queen of night ?
Spring renews
The flow'ret's hues
With her sweet refreshing dews :
Ocean wide
Bids his tide
With returning current glide.
The sculptur'd tomb is but a toy
Man may create, and man destroy.
Eternity in stone or brass ?
—Go, go ! who said it was—an ass.'—*Merivale*, p. 60.

We close our hasty remarks on the lyric poets of Greece with the name of Bacchylides. He was nephew of Simonides, and native of the same island and town. He closes the lyric Ennead of the Alexandrian critics, and comes down recommended to our interest, or at least to our curiosity, by the reported fact that Hiero and his court preferred him to Pindar. That Bacchylides composed odes in honour of the winners at the Pythian games is undoubted, and we see no conclusive reason for discrediting the story that his poems were admired beyond those of his great contemporary. For although we were to assume, as we do assume, that the preference was grievously misplaced, we may well believe it was not the first, as we certainly know it has not been the last instance of poets, of comparatively small merit, carrying off the full prize of present popularity from their mightier but severer rivals. All ages and all countries have exhibited, and continue to exhibit, conspicuous examples of the fashionable postponement of the beautiful to the pretty, of the majestic to the showy ; and we cannot but think, that Pindar must have put the finishing stroke to many of his subtle and deeply-wrought odes, with a feeling akin to that contained in Dante's solemn declaration to the Frivolous :—

' Canzone, i' credo, che saranno radi
Color, che tua ragione intendan bene,
Tanto lor parli faticoso e forte !'

Now

Now Bacchylides, so far as we can judge from the scanty fragments remaining of him, and also from the opinions of some of the old critics, formed just that sort of contrast to Pindar, which would be likely to win favour with a luxurious prince and a careless court. He was as open and playful as Pindar was elaborate and serious; he wrote down to the precise level of the taste of his patrons, and it is deeply to be regretted that all patrons have not possessed a taste equally elegant and pure. His Pythian Odes are lost; the freer and more sagacious judgment of subsequent times avenged the Theban bard by letting this part of his rival's works perish, and all that we now have are of a different description. There are two very sweet fragments of Bacchylides in the Anthology, which will serve as specimens of the simple and easy flowing of his muse. One of these,

γλυκὴν ἑνάγκη στυμμένα πολέων,
θάλασσης θυμὸν Κύπριδος.—κ. τ. λ.

is thus prettily, but rather too laxly, translated by Mr. Merivale's son, who has contributed not a few ornaments to this collection:—

‘Thirsty comrade! would'st thou know
All the raptures that do flow
From those sweet compulsive rules
Of our ancient drinking schools?—
First, the precious draught shall raise
Amorous thoughts in giddy maze,
Mingling Bacchus' present treasure
With the hopes of higher pleasure.
Next, shall chase through empty air
All th' intolerant host of Care;
Give thee conquest, riches, power;
Bid thee scale the guarded tower;
Bid thee reign o'er land and sea
With unquestion'd sov'reignty.
Thou thy palace shalt behold,
Bright with ivory and gold;
While each ship that ploughs the main,
Fill'd with Egypt's choicest grain,
Shall unload her pond'rous store,
Thirsty comrade, at thy door.’—p. 76.

The other is better known, and was thus rendered by the late Mr. Bland:—

τίκτι δὲ θιαυτοῖσιν εἰρήνη μεγάλη
πλευροῖ, καὶ μελιγλώσσων ἀειδοῖ ᾠδή.—κ. τ. λ.

‘For thee, sweet Peace, Abundance leads along
Her jovial train, and bards awake to song.

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On many an altar, at thy glad return,
 Pure victims bleed, and holy odours burn ;
 And frolic youth their happy age apply
 To graceful movements, sports, and minstrelsy.
 Dark spiders weave their webs within the shield ;
 Rust eats the spear, the terror of the field ;
 And brazen trumpets now no more affright
 The silent slumber and repose of night.
 Banquet, and song, and revel, fill the ways,
 And youths, and maidens sing their roundelays.'—p. 77.

The early and original lyric poetry of Greece died away in the two unequally balanced forms of the scolium or song, and the scenic chorus. Some of the remaining specimens of the former have all the spirit and flow of the best of the beautiful songs of our good English literature, especially those in the Shakspearian dramatists, and by the old cavaliers, Lovelace, Suckling, Carew, and the like : other specimens are in a graver and more exalted tone, and make us doubt what the real limits of the scolium were supposed to be. Of this last class we instance the noble Hymn to Virtue—attributed, and properly attributed, as we believe, by Athenæus, to Aristotle :—

*Ἀρετὴν, πολέμοιοι γίνεο βροτῶν,
 θάρμα καλλίστον βίῳ.*—*π. σ. λ.*

'O sought with toil and mortal strife
 By those of human birth,
 Virtue, thou noblest end of life,
 Thou goodliest gain on earth !
 Thee, Maid, to win, our youth would bear,
 Unwearied, fiery pains ; and dare
 Death for thy beauty's worth ;
 So bright thy proffer'd honours shine,
 Like clusters of a fruit divine.

Sweeter than slumber's boasted joys,
 And more desir'd than gold,
 Dearer than nature's dearest ties :—

For thee those heroes old,
 Herculean son of highest Jove,
 And the twin-birth of Leda, strove
 By perils manifold :

Pelides' son, with like desire,
 And Ajax, sought the Stygian fire.

The bard shall crown with lasting bay,
 And age immortal make
 Atarna's sovereign, 'rest of day
 For thy dear beauty's sake :

Him, therefore, the recording Nine
 In songs extol to heights divine,
 And every chord awake;
 Promoting still, with reverence due,
 The meed of friendship, tried and true.

Merivale, p. 91.

Of that species of the scolium, which more exactly corresponds with our notion of a song, there are instances in abundance, from the Alcæus-like outburst of Callistratus—

ἰν' ὁμῶντι κλαδί τ' ἐξ ἑβης φερόμεν.—κ. τ. λ.—

to the lover's wish—so oddly attributed to Alcæus:—

ὅστι λάβη καλὴ γυνώμεν ἱλαφάντιν.—κ. τ. λ.

‘I wish I were an ivory lyre—
 A lyre of burnish'd ivory—
 That to the Dionysian choir
 Blooming boys might carry me!
 Or would I were a chalice bright,
 Of virgin gold by fire untried—
 For virgin chaste as morning light
 To bear me to the altar side.’—*Merivale, p. 88.*

These few lines have set all poetical lovers a wishing, for ages since, even down to our ‘I wish I were a Butterfly!’ Take the prettiest of these wishes, all strung together in lines, which we doubt if any poet in Meleager’s Garland could have mended:—

No fairer maid does Love’s wide empire know—
 No fairer maid e’er heav’d the bosom’s snow—
 A thousand loves around her forehead fly;
 A thousand loves sit melting in her eye;
 Love lights her smile—in Joy’s red nectar dips
 His myrtle flower, and plants it on her lips.
 She speaks! and hark, that passion-warbled song—
 Still, Fancy! still that voice, those notes prolong!
 As sweet as when that voice with rapturous falls
 Shall wake the softened echoes of heaven’s halls

O (have I sighed) were mine the wizard’s rod,
 Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful god!
 A flower-entangled armour I would seem,
 To shield my love from noon-tide’s sultry beam:
 Or bloom a MYRTLE, from whose odorous boughs
 My love might weave gay garlands for her brows.
 When twilight stole across the fading vale,
 To fan my love, I’d be the EVENING GALE;
 Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
 And flutter my faint pinions on her breast!

On

On seraph wing I'd float a dream by night,
To soothe my love with shadows of delight :
Or soar aloft to be the SPANGLED SKIES,
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes !—COLERIDGE.

It would lead us into another subject, if we were now to go on to distinguish, as we have it in our minds to do, between the lyric poetry proper of old Greece and the choric songs of the great dramatists. Another more fitting opportunity may be found; and enough of such old lore for the present. Pleasant, indeed—very pleasant it is to us—to recur for a brief hour to the themes of those sweet and silent studies in which we passed our youth, and to take a second draught at the fountains of almost all that is just and beautiful in human language. Such a momentary diversion must be delightful to every one who has within him any sense of the true and the pure in taste; but who can estimate the peculiar gust with which *Reviewers* turn to an old master, from the thousand-times-hashed novel, the lying memoir, or the brutal pamphlet?

ART. IV.—*A Treatise on the Care, Treatment, and Training of the English Race-horse.* By R. Darvill, V. S., 7th Hussars. London. 8vo. 1832.

IN splendour of exhibition and multitude of attendants, Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, or Doncaster would bear no comparison with the imposing spectacles of the Olympic Games; and had not racing been considered in Greece a matter of the highest national importance, Sophocles would have been guilty of a great fault in his *Electra*, when he puts into the mouth of the messenger who comes to recount the death of Orestes, a long description of the above sports. Nor are these the only points of difference between the racing of Olympia and Newmarket. At the former, honour alone was the reward of the winner, and no man lost either his character or his money.* But still, great as must have

* Of the training and management of the Olympic race-horse we are unfortunately left in ignorance—all that can be inferred being the fact, that the equestrian candidates were required to enter their names and send their horses to Elis at least thirty days before the celebration of the games commenced, and that the charioteers and riders, whether owners or proxies, went through a prescribed course of exercise during the intervening month. In some respects, we can see, they closely resembled ourselves. They had their course for full-aged horses, and their course for colts; and their prize for which mares only started, corresponding with our Epsom Oaks-stakes. It is true, that the race with riding-horses was neither so magnificent nor so expensive, and consequently not considered so royal, as the race with chariots, yet they had their gentlemen-jockeys in those days, and noted ones too, for amongst the number were Philip, king of Macedon, and Hiero, king of Syracuse. The first Olympic ode of Pindar

have been in those old days the passion for equestrian distinction, it was left for later times to display, to perfection, the full powers of the race-horse. The want of stirrups alone must have been a terrible want. With the well-caparisoned war-horse, or the highly-finished *cheval d'école*, even in his gallopade, capriole, or balotade, the rider may sit down upon his twist, and secure himself in his saddle by the clip which his thighs and knees will afford him; but there is none of that (*obstando*) resisting power about his seat which enables him to contend with the race-horse in his gallop. We admit that a very slight comparison can be drawn between the race-horse of ancient and that of modern days; but whoever has seen the print of the celebrated jockey, John Oakley, on Eclipse—the only man, by the way, who could ride him well—will be convinced that, without the fulcrum of stirrups, he could not have ridden him at all; as, from the style in which he ran, his nose almost sweeping the ground, he would very soon have been pulled from the saddle over his head.

Cowper says, in bitter satire—

‘We justly boast
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honours of the turf as all our own!’

The *abuses* of the turf we abhor, and shall in part expose; let it not, however, be forgotten that, had we no racing, we should not be in possession of the noblest animal in the creation—the thorough-bred horse. Remember, too, that poor human nature cannot exist without some sort of recreation; even the rigid Cato says, ‘the man who has no time to be idle is a slave.’ Inclosures, and gradual refinement of manners, have already contracted the circle of rural sports for which England has been so celebrated; and we confess we are sorry for this, for we certainly give many of them the preference over racing. Hawking has disappeared; shooting has lost the wild, sportsmanlike character of earlier days; and hare-hunting has fallen into disrepute. Fox-hunting, no doubt, stands its ground, but fears are entertained even for the king of sports. Fox-hunting suspends the cares of life, whilst the speculations of the race-course too generally increase them. The one steels the constitution, whilst the anxious cares of the other have a contrary effect. The love of the chase may be said to be screwed into the soul of man by the noble hand of

Pindar, indeed, is inscribed to the latter sovereign, in which mention is made of his horse Phrenicus, on which he was the winner of the Olympic crown. Considerable obscurity, however, hangs over most of the details of the Olympic turf, and particularly as regards the classing of the riders, and the *weights the horses carried*. It is generally supposed these points were left to the discretion of the judges, who were sworn to do justice; and here we have a faint resemblance to the modern handicap.

nature,

nature, whereas the pursuit of the other is too often the offspring of a passion we should wish to disown. The one enlarges those sympathies which unite us in a bond of reciprocal kindness and good offices; in the pursuit of the other, almost every man we meet is our foe. The one is a pastime—the other a game, and a hazardous one too, and often played at fearful odds. Lastly, the chase does not usually bring any man into *bad company*: the modern turf is fast becoming the very manor of *the worst*. All this we admit; but still we are not for abandoning a thing only for evils not necessarily mixed up with it.

Having seen the English turf reach its acmé, we should be sorry to witness its decline; but fall it must, if a tighter hand be not held over the whole system appertaining to it. Noblemen and gentlemen of fortune and integrity must rouse themselves from an apathy to which they appear lately to have been lulled; and they must separate themselves from a set of *marked*, unprincipled miscreants, who are endeavouring to elbow them off the ground which ought exclusively to be their own. No honourable man can be successful, for any length of time, against such a horde of determined depredators as have lately been seen on our race-courses; the most princely fortune cannot sustain itself against the deep-laid stratagems of such villanous combinations.

Perhaps it may not be necessary to enter into the very accidentence of racing; but on the authority of Mr. Strutt, 'On the Sports and Pastimes of England,' something like it was set agoing in Athelstane's reign. 'Several race-horses,' says he, 'were sent by Hugh Capet, in the ninth century, as a present to Athelstane, when he was soliciting the hand of Ethelswitha, his sister.' A more distinct indication of a sport of this kind occurs in a description of London, written by William Fitz-Stephen, who lived in the reign of Henry II. He informs us that horses were usually exposed to sale in Smithfield, and in order to prove the excellency of hackneys and charging horses, they were usually *matched* against each other. Indeed, the monk gives a very animated description of the start and finish of a horse-race. In John's reign, *running* horses are frequently mentioned in the register of royal expenditure. John was a renowned sportsman—he needed a redeeming quality—but it does not appear that he made use of his *running* horses otherwise than in the sports of the field. Edwards II., III., and IV. were likewise breeders of horses, as also Henry VIII., who imported some from the east; but the *running* horses of those days are not to be associated with the turf; at least we have reason to believe the term generally applies to light and speedy animals, used in *racing* perhaps occasionally, but chiefly in other active pursuits, and in contradistinction to the war-horse, then required to

to be most powerful, to carry a man cased in armour, and never weighing less than twenty stone. In fact, the invention of gun-powder did much towards refining the native breed of the English horse; and we begin to recognise the symptoms of a scientific turf in many of the satirical writings of the days of Elizabeth. Take for instance Bishop Hall's lines in 1597:—

“Dost thou prize

Thy brute-beasts' worth by their dam's qualities?

Sayst thou thy colt shall prove a swift-paced steed,

Only because a jennet did him breed?

Or, sayst thou this same horse shall win the prize,

Because his dam was swiftest Tranchevee?”

It is quite evident, indeed, that racing was in considerable vogue during this reign, although it does not appear to have been much patronised by the queen, otherwise it would, we may be sure, have formed a part of the pastimes at Kenilworth. The famous George Earl of Cumberland was one of the victims of the turf in those early days.

In the reign of James I., private matches between gentlemen, then *their own jockeys*, became very common in England; and the first public race meetings appear at Garterley, in Yorkshire, Croydon, in Surrey, and Theobalds, on Enfield Chase, the prize being a golden bell. The art of training also may now be said to have commenced; strict attention was paid to the food and exercise of the horses, but the effect of *weight* was not taken into consideration, ten stone being generally, we have reason to believe, both the maximum and minimum of what the horses carried. James patronized racing; he gave 500*l.*—a vast price in those days—for an Arabian, which, according to the Duke of Newcastle, was of little value, having been beaten easily by our native horses. Prince Henry had a strong attachment to racing as well as hunting, but he was cut off at an early age. Charles I. was well inclined towards such sports, and excelled in horsemanship, but the distractions of his reign prevented his following these peaceful pastimes. According to Boucher, however, in his Survey of the Town of Stamford, the first *valuable* public prize was run for at that place in Charles I.'s time, viz. a silver and gilt cup and cover, of the estimated value of eight pounds, provided by the care of the aldermen for the time being; and Sir Edward Harwood laments the scarcity of *able* horses in the kingdom, ‘not more than two thousand being to be found equal to the like number of French horses;’ for which he blames principally *racing*.* In 1640, races were held at Newmarket:—also in Hyde Park, as appears from

* Some time after this the Duke of Buckingham's Helmsley Turk, and the Morocco Barb, were brought to England, and greatly improved the native breed.

a comedy called the Merry Beggars, or Jovial Crew, 1641.—
‘ Shall we make a fling to London, and see how the spring appears
there in Spring Gardens, and in *Hyde Park*, to see the races, horse
and foot ?’

The wily Cromwell was not altogether indifferent to the breed
of running-horses, and with one of the stallions in his stud—Place’s
White Turk—do the oldest of our pedigrees end. He had also a
famous brood-mare, called the Coffin-Mare, from the circumstance
of her being concealed in a vault during the search for his effects
at the time of the Restoration. Mr. Place, stud-groom to Crom-
well, was a conspicuous character of those days ; and, according
to some, the White Turk was his individual property. Charles II.
was a great patron of the race-course. He frequently honoured
this pastime with his presence, and appointed races to be run in
Datchet Mead, as also at Newmarket, where his horses were
entered in his own name, and where he rebuilt the decayed
palace of his grandfather James I. He also visited other places
at which races were instituted—Burford Downs, in particular—
(since known as Bibury race-course, so often frequented by
George IV. when Regent)—as witness the doggrel of old Bas-
kerville :—

‘ Next, for the glory of the place,
Here has been rode many a race.
King Charles the Second I saw here ;
But I’ve forgotten in what year.
The Duke of Monmouth here also
Made his horse to sweat and blow, &c.’

At this time it appears that prizes run for became more valuable
than they formerly had been. Amongst them were bowls, and
various other pieces of plate, usually estimated at the value of one
hundred guineas ; and from the inscriptions on these trophies of
victory, much interesting information might be obtained. This
facetious monarch was likewise a breeder of race-horses, having
imported mares from Barbary, and other parts, selected by his
Master of the Horse, sent abroad for the purpose, and called
Royal Mares—appearing as such in the stud-book to this day.
One of these mares was the dam of Dodsworth, bred by the king,
and said to be the earliest race-horse we have on record, whose
pedigree can be properly authenticated.

James II. was a horseman, but was not long enough among
his people to enable them to judge of his sentiments and inclina-
tions respecting the pleasures of the turf. When he retired to
France, however, he devoted himself to hunting, and had several
first-rate English horses always in his stud. William III. and
his queen were also patrons of racing ; not only continuing the
bounty

bounty of their predecessors, but adding several plates to the former donations. Queen Anne's consort, Prince George of Denmark, kept a fine stud, and the Curwen Bay Barb, and the celebrated Darley Arabian, appeared in this reign. The queen also added several plates. George I. was no racer, but he discontinued silver plate as prizes, and instituted the *King's Plates*, as they have been since termed, being one hundred guineas, paid in cash. George II. cared as little for racing as his father, but to encourage the breed of horses, as well as to suppress low gambling, he made some good regulations for the suppression of pony races, and running for any sum under 50*l*. In his reign the Godolphin Arabian appeared, the founder of our best blood—the property of the then Earl of Godolphin.* George III., though not much a lover of the turf, gave it some encouragement as a national pastime; in the fourth year of his reign, however, Eclipse was foaled, and *from that period may English racing be dated!*

George IV. outstripped all his royal predecessors on the turf, in the ardour of his pursuit of it, and the magnificence of his racing establishment. Indeed, the epithet 'delighting in horses,'—applied by Pindar to Hiero,—might be applied to him, for no man could have been fonder of them than he was, and his judgment in everything relating to them was considered excellent. He was the breeder of several first-rate race-horses, amongst which was Whiskey, the sire of Eleanor, the only winner of the Derby and Oaks great stakes, &c. &c. Our present gracious monarch—bred upon another element—has no taste for this sport; but continued it for a short time after his brother's death to run out his engagements, and also with a view of not throwing a damp over a pastime of such high interest to his subjects. It was at one time given out, that his Majesty had consented to keep his horses in training, *provided he did not lose more than 4000*l*. per annum by them*, but such has not been the case. A royal stud, however, still exists at Hampton Court, and the following celebrated horses and mares are now there,—namely, an Arab, given to George IV. by (*cheu!*) the late Sir John Malcolm; the Colonel, Waterloo, Tranby, and Ranter, as stallions; Maria, Posthuma, Fleur-de-Lis, besides several other mares, some with foals to his own horses, and some to Sultan, Æmilius, Camel, Priam, and others, the best

* The reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and George I. and II., are remarkable in the annals of the turf, as having been the days of the noted Tregonwell Framp-ton, Esq., a gentleman of family and fortune in the West of England, Master of the Horse during all the above-mentioned reigns; who had a house at Newmarket; was a heavy better, and, if not belied, a great rogue. The horrible charge against him, however, respecting his qualifying his horse, Dragon, for the race, by a violent outrage upon humanity, and alluded to by Dr. Hawsworth in the 'Elysium of Beasts,' is supposed to be unfounded.

horses of the day. If we may judge from the last two sales of the yearlings—eighteen bringing within a trifle of 4000*l.*—his Majesty may find breeding not a losing game; and it is worthy of remark, that in his stud, a regard is paid to what is termed stout blood. For example, Waterloo is out of a Trumpator, the Colonel a Delpini, Tranby* an Orville, and Ranter a Beningbrough mare. Some amusing anecdotes are on record touching the rather incongruous association of our sailor-king with the turf, one of which we will venture to repeat. Previously to the first appearance of the royal stud in the name of William IV., the trainer had an audience of his Majesty, and humbly requested to be informed what horses it was the royal pleasure should be sent down? ‘Send the whole *squad*,’ said the king; ‘some of them, I suppose, will win.’†

Previously to 1753, there were only two meetings in the year at Newmarket‡ for the purpose of running horses, one in the spring, and another in October. At present there are seven, distinguished by the following terms:—The *Craven*, in compliment to the late Earl Craven, commencing on Easter Monday, and instituted in 1771. The *First Spring*, on the Monday fortnight following; the *Second Spring*, a fortnight after that, and instituted 1753. The *July*, commonly early in that month, instituted 1753. The *First October*, on the first Monday in that month; the *Second October*, on the Monday fortnight following, instituted 1762; and the *Third October*, or *Houghton*, a fortnight afterwards, instituted 1770. With the last-mentioned meeting, which, weather permitting, generally lasts a week, and at which there is a great deal of racing, the sports of the turf close for the year, with the exception of Tarporley, a very old hunt-meeting in Cheshire, now nearly abandoned; and a Worcester autumn meeting, chiefly for hunters and horses of the farmers within the hunt.

At Newmarket, though there were formerly six and eight mile races, there are now not more than four over the Beacon Course, or B. C. as it is called, which is four miles, in all the seven

* Tranby, it will be recollected, performed the hitherto unrivalled feat of carrying Mr. Osbaldeston sixteen miles in thirty-three minutes and twenty-five seconds, in his wonderful match against time over Newmarket course last October twelvemonths.

† It is proper to remark, that the withdrawing the royal stud was compensated, by additional King’s Plates, and by his Majesty’s present to the Jockey Club of the splendid challenge-prize—the *Eclipse Foot*, now in Lord Chesterfield’s keeping.

‡ Although other places claim precedence over Newmarket as the early scenes of public horse-racing, it is nevertheless the metropolis of the turf, and the only place in this island where there are more than two race meetings in the year. It does not appear that races took place there previously to Charles II.’s time; but Simon d’Ewes, in his Journal, speaks of a horse-race near Linton, Cambridgeshire, in the reign of James I., at which town most of the company slept on the night of the race.

meetings.

meetings. This is an improvement, not only on the score of humanity, but as far as regards sport, for horses seldom come in near to each other, after having run that course. Indeed, so much is the system of a four-mile heat disliked, that, when it does occur, the horses often walk the first two. It, indeed, sometimes happens otherwise, as in the case of Chateau-Margaux and Mortgage, in one of the meetings in 1826; but all who remember the struggle between those two noble animals—the *very best of their kind, perhaps never exceeded in stoutness*—and the state in which they appeared at the conclusion, can only think of it with disgust. Chateau's dead heat with Lamplighter was something like a repetition of the scene; but, to the honour of their owners, they were not suffered to run another, and the plate was divided between them.

The Currah of Kildare is said to be in some respects its equal, but nothing can be *superior* to Newmarket heath as a race-course. The nightly workings of the earth-worms keep it in that state of elasticity favourable to the action of the race-horse, and it is never known to be hard, although occasionally deep. But the great superiority of this ground consists in the *variety* of its courses, eighteen in number—adapted to every variety in age, weight, or qualifications of the horses, and hence of vast importance in match-making. Almost every race-horse has a marked peculiarity in his running. A stout horse ends his race to advantage up hill; a speedy jade down hill; another goes best over a flat, whilst there are a few that have no choice of ground—and *some* whom none will suit. The Newmarket judge's box being on wheels, it is moved from one winning post to another, as the races are fixed to end, which is the case nowhere but at Newmarket.*

The office of judge at Newmarket varies from that of others filling similar situations. He neither sees the jockeys weighed out or in, as the term is, neither is he required to take notice of them or their horses, in the race. *He judges, and proclaims the winner by the colour*—that of every jockey who rides being handed to him before starting. Indeed, the horses are seldom seen by him until the race begins, as they generally proceed from their stables to the saddling-house by a circuitous rout. The best possible regulations are adopted for the proper preservation of the ground

* Great improvements have from time to time been effected on Newmarket heath, but particularly within the last twenty years, by the exertions of the Duke of Portland and Lord Lowther. These have been chiefly accomplished by manuring, sheep-folding, and paring and burning, by which means a better sort of covering to the surface has been procured; and likewise by destroying the tracts of old roads, particularly on that part called the Flat, which is undoubtedly the best racing ground in the world.

during

during the running, and we know of nothing to be found fault with, unless it be the horsemen being allowed to follow the race-horses up the course, which injures the ground when it is wet. It is true, a very heavy iron roller is employed upon it every evening in the meetings, but this cannot always be effective.

The racing ground on the heath has been the property of the Jockey Club since the year 1753. A great advantage is gained here by giving the power of preventing obnoxious persons coming upon it during the meetings; and it would be well if that power were oftener exerted. Betting posts are placed on various parts of the heath, at some one of which the sportsmen assemble immediately after each race, to make their bets on the one that is to follow. As not more than half an hour elapses between the events, the scene is of the most animated description, and a stranger would imagine that all the tongues of Babel were let loose again. No country under the heavens, however, produces such a scene as this, and he would feel a difficulty in reconciling the proceedings of those gentlemen of the betting-ring with the accounts he might read the next morning in the newspapers of the distressed state of England. 'What do you bet on this race, my lord?' says a vulgar-looking man, on a shabby hack, with 'a shocking bad hat.' 'I want to back the field,' says my lord. '*So do I,*' says the leg. 'I'll bet 500 to 200 you don't name the winner,' cries my lord. 'I'll take *six*,' exclaims the leg. 'I'll bet it you,' roars my lord. '*I'll double it,*' bellows the leg. 'Done,' shouts the peer. 'Treble it?' 'No.' The bet is entered, and so much for *wanting to back the field*; but in love, war, and horse-racing, stratagem, we believe, is allowed. Scores of such scenes as this take place in those momentous half hours. All bets lost at Newmarket are paid the following morning, in the town, and 50,000*l.*, or more, have been known to exchange hands in one day.

The principal feature in Newmarket is the New Rooms for the use of the noblemen and gentlemen of the Jockey Club, and others who are *members of the Rooms only*, situated in the centre of the town, and affording every convenience. Each member pays thirty guineas on his entrance, and six guineas annually, *if he attends*—otherwise nothing. The number at present is fifty-seven:—two black balls exclude.

On entering the town from the London side, the first object of attraction is the house long occupied by the late Duke of Queensberry, but at present in a disgraceful state of decay. 'Kingston House' is now used as a 'hell' (*sic transit gloria!*); and the palace, the joint-work of so many royal architects, is partly occupied by a training groom and partly by his Grace of Rutland, whose festivities at Cheveley, during the race meetings, have very wisely
been

been abridged. The Earl of Chesterfield has a house just on entering the town, and the Marquis of Exeter a most convenient one with excellent stabling attached. The Duke of Richmond, Mr. Christopher Wilson, father of the turf, and several other eminent sportsmen, are also *domiciled* at Newmarket during the meetings. But the lion of the place *will be* the princely mansion now erecting for Mr. Crockford, of ultra-sporting notoriety. The *pleasaunce* of this *insula* consists of sixty acres, already inclosed by Mr. Crockford, within a high stone wall. The houses of the Chifneys are also stylish things. That of Samuel, the renowned jockey, is upon a large scale, and very handsomely furnished—the Duke of Cleveland occupying apartments in it during the meetings. That of William Chifney, the trainer, is still larger, and, when finished, will be perhaps, barring Crockford's, the best house in Newmarket. Near to the town is the stud farm of Lord Lowther, where Partisan, and a large number of brood mares, are kept—the latter working daily on the farm, which is said to be advantageous to them. Within a few miles we have Lower Hare Park, the seat of Sir Mark Wood, with Upper Hare Park, General Grosvenor's, &c. &c. The stables of Newmarket are not altogether so good as we should expect to find them. Of the public ones, perhaps those of Robinson, Edwards, Stephenson, and Webb's (now Mr. Crockford's), are the best.

That noble gift of Providence, the horse, has not been bestowed upon mankind without conditions. The first demand upon us is to treat him well; but, to avail ourselves of his full powers and capacity, we must take him out of the hands of nature, and place him in those of art; and no one can look into old works published on this subject, without being surprised with the change that has taken place in the system of training the race-horse. The 'Gentleman's Recreation,' published nearly a century and a half back, must draw a smile from the modern trainer, when he reads of the quackery to which the race-horse was then subject—a pint of good sack having been one of his daily doses. Again, the 'British Sportsman,' by one Squire Osbaldiston, of days long since gone by, gravely informs its readers that one month is necessary to prepare a horse for a race; but 'if he be very fat or foul, or taken from grass,' he *might* require two. This wiseacre has also his juleps and syrups—'enough to make a horse sick' indeed—finishing with the whites of eggs and wine, internally administered, and chafing the legs of his courser with train oil and brandy. On the other hand, if these worthies could be brought to life again, it would astonish *them* to hear, that twelve months are now considered requisite to bring a race-horse quite at the top of his mark to the post. The objects of the training-groom can only be accomplished by
medicine,

medicine, which purifies the system,—exercise, which increases muscular strength,—and food, which produces vigour beyond what nature imparts. To this is added the necessary operation of periodical sweating, to remove the superfluities of flesh and fat, which process is more or less necessary to all animals called upon to engage in corporeal exertions beyond their ordinary powers. With either a man or a horse, his skin is his complexion; and whether it be the prize-fighter who strips in the ring, or the race-horse at the starting post, that has been subjected to this treatment, a lustre of health is exhibited such as no other system can produce.

The most difficult points in the trainer's art have only been called into practice since the introduction of one, two, and three-year old stakes, never dreamt of in the days of Childers or Eclipse. Saving and excepting the treatment of doubtful legs, whatever else he has to do in his stable is comparatively trifling to the act of bringing a young one quite up to the mark, and *keeping him there till he is wanted*. The cock was sacred to *Æsculapius* by reason of his well-known watchfulness, nor should the eye of a training groom be shut whilst he has an animal of this description under his care, for a change may take place in him in a night, which, like a frost over the blossoms, will blast all hopes of his success. The immense value, again, which a *very promising* colt now attains in the market adds greatly to the charge over him; and much credit is due to the trainer who brings him well through his engagements, whether he be a winner, or not.

The treatment of the seasoned race-horse is comparatively easy and straightforward, with the exception of such as are very difficult to keep in place, by reason of constitutional peculiarities. Those which have been at work are thus treated, we mean when the season is concluded:—by indulgence in their exercise, they are suffered to gather flesh, or become 'lusty,' as the term is, to enable them the better to endure their physic; but, in addition to two hours' walking exercise, they must have a gentle gallop, to keep them quiet. If frost sets in, they are walked in a paddock upon litter, it being considered dangerous to take them at that time from home. When the weather is favourable, they commence a course of physic, consisting of three doses, at an interval of about eight days between each. A vast alteration has taken place in the strength of the doses given, and, consequently, accidents from physic now more rarely occur. Eight drachms of Barbadoes aloes form the *largest* dose at present given to aged horses, with six and a half to four-year olds, six to three-year olds, five to two-year olds, and from three to four to yearlings. After physic—and after Christmas—they begin to do rather better work, and

and in about two months before their first engagement comes on, they commence their regular sweats—the distance generally four miles. After their last sweat, the jockeys who are to ride them generally give them a good gallop, by way of feeling their mouths and rousing them, for they are apt to become shifty, as it is termed, with the *boys*, who have not sufficient power over them. The act of sweating the race-horse is always a course of anxiety to his trainer, and particularly so on the eve of a great race, for which he may be a favourite. The great weight of clothes with which he is laden is always dangerous and often fatal to his legs, and there is generally a spy at hand to ascertain whether he pulls up sound or lame. Some nonsense has been written by the author of a late work,* about omitting sweating in the process of training; but what would the Chifneys say to this? They are acknowledged pre-eminent in the art, but they are also acknowledged to be very severe with their horses in their work,—and, without sweating them in clothes, they would find it necessary to be much more so than they are. It is quite certain, that horses cannot race without doing severe work—but the main point to be attended to is, *not to hurry them in their work*. As to resting them for many weeks at a time, as was formerly the case, that practice is now entirely exploded amongst all superior judges, and experience has proved, that not only the race-horse, but the hunter, is best for being kept going, the year round—at times, gently, of course. With each, as with man, idleness is the parent of misfortune.

Thucydides says of Themistocles, that he was a good guesser of the future by the past; but this will not do in racing; and not only prudence, but justice towards the public demands that a race-horse should be *tried* at different periods of his training. The first great point is obviously to ascertain the maximum speed, and the next to discover how that is affected by weight: but here there are difficulties against which no judgment can provide, and which, when the best intentions have been acted upon, have led to false conclusions. The horse may not be quite up to his mark, on the day of trial—or the horse, or horses, with which he is tried, may not be so: the nature of the ground, and the manner of running it, may likewise not be suited to his capabilities or his action, and the *trial* and his *race* may be *very differently run*. Chifney, in his *Genius Genuine*, says, the race-horse Magpie was a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards a better horse some days than others, in the distance of two miles! Tiresias won the Derby for the Duke of Portland in a canter, to the ruin of many of the betting men, who thought his chance was gone from his previous trial with Snake, who beat him with much

* Scott's Field Sports.

ease. It afterwards came out, that his being beaten at the trial had been owing to the incapacity of the boy who rode him—and he was a bad horse to ride : indeed, we remember his taking old Clift, his jockey, nearly into Epsom town before he could pull him up, after winning the race. We are compelled, however, to observe that much deception in late years has been resorted to, by *false accounts* of trials, and thereby making horses favourites for the great stakes—as in the instances of Panic, Premier, Swap, the General, Prince Llewellyn, and others—some of whom were found to be as bad as they had been represented to be good. But the trial of trials took place many years back at Newmarket, in the time of George I. A match was made between the notorious Tregonwell Frampton and Sir W. Strickland, to run two horses over Newmarket for a considerable sum of money; and the betting was heavy between the north and south country sportsmen on the event. After Sir W. Strickland's horse had been a short time at Newmarket, Frampton's groom, with the knowledge of his master, endeavoured to induce the baronet's groom to have a private trial, *at the weights and distance of the match*, and thus to make the race safe. Sir William's man had the honesty to inform his master of the proposal, when he ordered him to accept it, but to be sure to deceive the other by putting seven pounds more weight in the stuffing of his own saddle. *Frampton's groom had already done the same thing*, and in the trial, Merlin, Sir William's horse, beat his opponent about a length. 'Now,' said Frampton to his satellite, 'my fortune is made, and so is yours; if our horse can run so near Merlin with seven pounds extra, what will he do in the race?' The betting became immense. The south-country turfites, who had been let into the secret by Frampton, told those from the north, that 'they would bet them gold against Merlin while gold they had, and then they might sell their land.' Both horses came well to the post, and of course the race came off like the trial.

The Jockey Club law is very strict as to trials at Newmarket, notice being obliged to be given to the keeper of the trial-book within one hour after the horses have been tried, enforced by a penalty of 10*l.* for neglecting it; and any person detected watching a trial is also severely dealt with. Nevertheless, formerly, watching trials was a trade at Newmarket, nor is it quite done away with at the present day; though we have reason to believe that the bettor who should trust much to information obtained by such means would very soon break down. It often happens that the jockeys who ride trials know nothing of the result beyond the fact of *which horses run fastest*, as they are kept in ignorance

rance of the weight they carry—a good load of shot being frequently concealed in the stuffing of their saddles.

But to return for a moment to the effect of weight on the race-horse. Perhaps an instance of the most minute observation of this effect is to be found in a race at Newcastle-under-Lyne, some years back, between four horses handicapped by the celebrated Dr. Bellyse; namely, Sir John Egerton's Astbury, 4 years old, 8 stone 6 pounds—Mr. Mytton's Handel, 4 years old, 7 stone 11 pounds—Sir William Wynne's Taragon, 4 years old, 8 stone—Sir Thomas Stanley's Cedric, 3 years old, 6 stone 13 pounds. The following was the result. *Of the first three heats there was no winner*, Taragon and Handel being each time nose and nose; and, although Astbury is stated to have been third the first heat, yet he was so nearly on a level with the others, that there was a difficulty in placing him as such. After the second heat, Mr. Littleton, who was steward, requested the Doctor and two other gentlemen to look stedfastly at the horses, and try to decide in favour of one of them, but it was impossible to do so. In the *third dead heat*, Taragon and Handel had struggled with each other till they reeled about like drunken men, and could scarcely carry their riders to the scales. Astbury, who had laid by after the first heat, then came out and won; and it is generally believed the annals of the turf cannot produce such a contest as this. So much for a good handicap, formed on a thorough knowledge of the horses, their ages, and their public running.

Taking into consideration the immense sums of money run for by English race-horses, the persons that ride them form an important branch of society; and although the term 'jockey' is often used in a metaphorical sense, in allusion to the unfair dealings of men, yet there ever have been, and now are, jockeys of high moral character, whom nothing would induce to do wrong. Independently of trustworthiness, their avocation requires a union of the following not every-day qualifications:—considerable bodily power in a very small compass; much personal intrepidity;—a kind of habitual insensibility to provocation, bordering upon apathy, which no efforts of an opponent—in a race—can get the better of; and an habitual check upon the tongue. Exclusive of the peril with which the actual race is attended, his profession lays a heavy tax on the constitution. The jockey must not only at times work hard, but, the hardest of all tasks—he must work upon an empty stomach. During his preparation for the race, he must have the abstinence of an Asiatic—indeed, it too often happens that at meals he can only be a spectator—we mean during the period of his wasting. To sum up all—he has to work hard, and

deprive

deprive himself of every comfort, risking his neck into the bargain, and for what?—Why, for five guineas if he wins, and three if he loses a race. The famous Pratt, the jockey of the no less famous little Gimcrack, (of whom, man and horse, there is a fine portrait, by Stubbs,) rode eleven races over the Beacon course in one day, making, with returning to the post on his hack, a distance of eighty-eight miles in his saddle.

Of course we must go to Newmarket for the élite of this fraternity, and this reminds us that Francis Buckle is not there. He is in his grave; but he has left behind him not merely an example for all young jockeys to follow, but proof that honesty is the best policy, for he died in the esteem of all the racing world, and in the possession of a comfortable independence, acquired by his profession. What the Greek said of Fabricius might be said of him—that it would have been as difficult to have turned the sun from its course, as to have turned him from his duty; and having said this, we should like to say a little more of him. He was the son of a saddler, at Newmarket—no wonder he was so good on the saddle—and commenced in the late Honourable Richard Vernon's stables at a very early age. He rode the winners of five Derby, seven Oaks, and two St. Leger stakes, besides, to use his own words, '*most of the good things at Newmarket,*' in his time; but it was in 1802 that he so greatly distinguished himself at Epsom by taking long odds, that he won both Derby and Oaks, on what were considered very unlikely horses to win either. His Derby horse was the Duke of Grafton's Tyrant, with seven to one against him, beating Mr. Wilson's Young Eclipse, considered the best horse of his year. Young Eclipse made the play, and was opposed by Sir Charles Bunbury's Orlando, who contested every inch of ground with him for the first mile. From Buckle's fine judgment of *pace*, he was convinced they must both stop; so following, and watching them with Tyrant, he came up and won, to the surprise of all who saw him, *with one of the worst horses that ever won a Derby*. The following year, Young Eclipse beat Tyrant, giving him 4lbs. Buckle, having made one of his two events safe, had then a *fancy*, that Mr. Wastell's Scotia could win the Oaks, if he were on her back, and he got permission to ride her. *She was beaten three times between Tattenham's corner and home*; but he got her up again in front, and won the race, by a head. The Newmarket people declared they had never seen such a race before, snatched out of the fire, as it were, by fine riding. In another place (Lewes), he won an extraordinary race against a horse of the late Mr. Durand's, on which he had a considerable sum of money depending, thus winning his race, but losing his money. He rode Sancho for Mr. Mellish, in

his great match with Pavilion, and was winning it when his horse broke down. He also won the Doncaster St. Leger, with Sancho.

Buckle, as we have already said, commenced riding exercise at a very early age, but his first appearance in public was on a colt of Mr. Vernon's, in 1783, when he rode one pound short of four stone, with his saddle. He soon entered the service of the late Earl Grosvenor, with whom he remained to his death. His weight was favourable, being seldom called upon to reduce himself, as he could ride seven stone, eleven pounds with ease. He continued riding in public until past his sixty-fifth year, and his nerve was good even to the last, although, as might be expected, he was latterly shy of a crowd, and generally cast an eye to the state of the legs and feet, when asked to ride a horse he did not know. His jockeying Green Mantle, however, for Lord Exeter in the second October meeting, 1828, and winning with her, after the tricks she played with him before starting, showed that even then his courage was unshaken. But it is not only in public, but in private life, that Buckle stood well. He was a kind father and husband, and a good master, and his acts of charity were conspicuous for a person in his situation of life, who might be said to have gotten all he possessed, first by the sweat of his brow, and then at the risk of his life. In a short biographical sketch of him, his little peculiarities are noticed in rather an amusing style. 'He was,' says his biographer, 'a great patron of the sock and buskin, and often bespoke plays for the night in country towns. He was a master of hounds, a breeder of greyhounds, fighting cocks, and bull-dogs (proh pudor!), and always celebrated for his hacks. In the language of the stud book, his first wife had no produce, but out of the second he had several children. We may suppose he chose her as he would a race-horse, for she was not only very handsome, but very good.' He left three sons, who are comfortably and respectably settled in life—one a solicitor, one a druggist, and the other a brewer. 'Young Buckle' is his nephew, and considered a fair jockey, though he does not ride so often as his uncle was called upon to do. But Frank Buckles are scarce.

The present Samuel Chifney presents the *beau ideal* of a jockey*—elegance

* How much is it to be lamented, that we have no faithful representation of the Olympic jockeys—of Philip on his brother to Bucephalus, or the king of Syracuse on Phreñicus! We are not to expect that they were dressed à la Chifney; but we could not see deformity on such classic ground. As suited to their occupation, nothing can be more neat—nothing more perfect—nothing more in keeping, than the present costume of the English jockey; but a century back it was deformity personified. 'Your clothes,' says the author of *The Gentleman's Recreation*, in his direction to his race-rider—for by the print annexed we must decline calling him jockey—

—elegance of seat, perfection of hand, judgment of pace all united, and power in his saddle beyond any man of his weight that ever yet sat in one. It is scarcely necessary to add, that he is son of the late celebrated jockey of his name, by the daughter of a training groom, consequently well bred for his profession, to which he is a first-rate ornament. Such a rider as James Robinson may slip him, but no man can struggle with him at the end, and his efforts in his saddle, during the last few strides of his horse, are quite without example. There are, however, peculiarities in his riding. Excellent judge as he is of what his own horse and others are doing in a race, and in a crowded one too, he is averse to making running, sometimes even to a fault. Let whatever number of horses start, Chifney is almost certain to be amongst the last until towards the end of the race, when he creeps up to his brother jockeys in a manner peculiarly his own. But it is in the rush he makes at the finish that he is so pre-eminent, exhibiting, as we said before, powers unexampled by any one. His riding his own horse, Zinganee, for the Claret stakes (Craven meeting, 1829), was a fine specimen of his style, when contending against Buckle and James Robinson, and winning to the astonishment of the field. In height, he is about five feet seven, rather tall for a jockey, and not a good waster. In fact, he is subject to much punishment to get to the Derby weight. Samuel does not ride often, but whenever he does, his horse rises in the market, as was the case with his father before him at one period of his life.

Some anecdotes are related of Chifney, confirming his great coolness in a race, and among others the following:—Observing a young jockey (a son of the celebrated Clift) making very much too free with his horse, he addressed him thus: ‘Where are you going, boy? Stay with me, and you’ll be *second*.’ The boy drew back his horse, and a fine race ensued, but when it came to a struggle, we need not say who won it. Chifney’s method of finishing his race is the general theme of admiration on the turf. ‘Suppose,’ says he, ‘a man had been carrying a stone, too heavy to be pleasant, in one hand, would he not find much ease by shifting it into the other? Thus, after a jockey has been riding over his horse’s fore legs for a couple of miles, must it not be a

jockey—‘should be of coloured silk, or of white Holland, as being very advantageous to the spectator. Your waistcoat and drawers (*sans culottes*, we presume) must be made close to your body, and on your head a *little* cap tied on. Let your boots be gartered up fast, and your spurs must be of good metal.’ The saddle that this living object—this ‘figure of fun’—was placed upon, also bade defiance to good jockeyship, being nearly a fac-simile of that upon a child’s rocking-horse; and which, from the want of a proper flap, as well as from the forward position of the stirrup-leathers, gave no support to the knee.

great relief to him when he sits back in his saddle, and, as it were, divides the weight more equally? But caution is required,' he adds, 'to preserve a due equilibrium, so as not to disturb the action of a tired horse.' Without doubt, this celebrated performer imbibed many excellent lessons from his father, but he is considered to be the more powerful jockey of the two.

James Robinson, also the son of a training groom, is a jockey of the highest celebrity, and, as far as the art of horsemanship extends, considered the *safest* rider of a race, of the present day. He may owe much of this celebrity to his having, when a boy, had the advantage of being in the stables of Mr. Robson, the chief of the Newmarket trainers, and riding many of the trials of his extensive and prosperous studs. When we state that such a rider as Robinson is considered equal to the allowance of three pounds weight to his horse, we can account for his having been employed by the first sportsmen of the day. It is supposed that he has ridden the winners of more great races than any jockey of his time. In 1823, he won the Derby and the St. Leger, receiving 1000*l.* from a Scotch gentleman (a great winner) as a reward for the latter; and in the following year he went a step beyond this. He won Derby, Oaks, and *was married* all in the same week, fulfilling, as some asserted, a prediction—according to other authorities a *bet*. We may also notice his kindness towards his family, which we have reason to believe is most creditable to him. As a jockey, he is perfect.

William Clift is next entitled to notice, as one of the oldest, the steadiest, and best of the Newmarket jockeys, and famed for riding trials, but he has taken leave of the saddle. William Arnall, who has ridden for most of the great sportsmen of the day, has long been in esteem at Newmarket, and considered particularly to excel in matches. He has been much afflicted with gout, but when well, is a fine rider, and steady and honest, as his father was before him. Being occasionally called upon to waste, he feels the inconvenience of his disorder, and the following anecdote is related of him. Meeting an itinerant piper towards the end of a long and painful walk,—'Well, old boy,' said he, 'I have heard that music cheers the weary soldier: why should it not enliven the wasting jockey? Come, play a tune, and walk before me to Newmarket.' Perhaps he had been reading the *Mourning Bride*.

'A good name is as a precious ointment,' and by uniform correct conduct in the saddle, as well as in the stable, John Day—a very celebrated jockey—has acquired that of 'honest John.' The endowments of nature are not always hereditary, and well for our hero that they are not, for he is the son of a man who weighed

twenty

twenty stone, whereas he himself can ride seven! His winning the Newmarket Oatlands on Pastime, with nine stone six pounds on her back, is considered his *chef-d'œuvre*. He resides at Stockbridge in Hampshire, where he has a large training establishment, and several race-horses of his own. Samuel Day, his brother, is also a jockey of great ability, and a singularly elegant horseman, with remarkably fine temper. Wheatley is the son of an eminent jockey of that name, who rode for the celebrated O'Kelly, and contemporary with South and Pratt. He is a fine horseman, and esteemed a dangerous opponent in a race by reason of his tact in creeping up to his horses, when little thought on, and winning when least expected. He is likewise a severe punisher when punishment is wanted, and has a character free from taint. He has ridden Mameluke in some of his best races, and exhibited a rare specimen of his art in the ever-memorable contest between that fine race-horse and Zinganee, with Chifney on his back, for the Ascot cup, 1829. Ascot Heath never was honoured before by so many good horses,—and, alas! never again by the presence of George IV. George Dockery stands high on the list as a powerful and good horseman, with excellent nerve in a crowd: but he is a bad waster, and is much punished to bring himself to the three-year-old weights. Frank Boyce is very good, and esteemed an excellent starter, a great advantage in the short races of the present day. Richard, or Young Boyce, as he is called at Newmarket, a very pretty horseman, with a good head, has now given up riding, owing to being too heavy. Conolly, who has been riding successfully for Lords Chesterfield and Verulam, is in high repute at Newmarket. He has a bad Irish seat, but he is very strong upon his horse, and his hand and head are good. Wright is also a steady good rider, and comes light to the scale. He has been very successful on Crutch. Natt is a very improving jockey, and is engaged by the Earl of Chesterfield. James Chapple, very good and very light, seven stone without wasting, rode the winner of Derby and Oaks this year. Arthur Pavis has the call for the light weights at Newmarket, worth 100*l.* per annum to him at least. He is in very high practice in public and private, and never being called upon to waste, is in great request, and perhaps rides more races in the year than any other jockey in England. As practice makes perfect, Pavis is approaching perfection, and will, no doubt, arrive at it in time. He has a very elegant seat, being cast in the mould for a jockey, and is very full of power for his size. Another of the clever light weights is Samuel Mann—the lightest man of all his Newmarket brethren, and of course very often employed. Macdonald, another Newmarket

market jockey, is a very superior horseman, whose skill is not confined to the turf. He is famed for riding and driving trotting matches, having ridden Driver against Rattler, and driven Mr. Payne's Rochester against Rattler in the disputed match. He has capital nerve, and shines upon savage horses, which many would be unwilling to encounter. Darling, a very eminent country jockey, has lately been riding for Lord Exeter at Newmarket, where we hope he will be often employed, as he has been very true to his *clients*, Messrs. Houldsworth, Ormsby, Gore, and others.

The name of Goodison has been long associated with Newmarket, the late Richard Goodison having been so many years rider to the Duke of Queensberry, with whom the present jockey, Thomas Goodison, began, by winning the famous match on Pecker, against Bennington, in 1795, B. C., five hundred guineas aside, then riding only 4st. 11lb., and six to four on him at starting. His father accompanied him on a thorough-bred horse during the latter part of the race, as he was riding against an experienced jockey, and perhaps his instructions enabled him to win. Thomas Goodison rode much for the late king, but his 'first master,' as the term is, was the Duke of York, for whom he won many great races, and particularly distinguished himself by winning the Claret stakes with Moses (with whom he also won the Derby) in the Craven meeting of 1823, beating Morisco, Posthuma, and three other good ones, by *extreme judgment* in riding the race. He has ever been distinguished for his patience and decision, and the turf lost a first-rate jockey when he retired.

There are more Edwardses at Newmarket than there were Cæsars at Rome, and they all ride, as it were, by instinct. James, or *Tiny* Edwards, as he is called—par excellence of course—is father of all the jockeys that bear that name, and also of William, formerly a jockey, who trained for his late majesty, and has a pension and part of the palace and stables at Newmarket, as his reward. James trains for the Earl of Jersey, and is considered first-rate, and particularly so in his preparation for the Derby course. The cleverest of the jockeys is Harry, (the one-eyed man, who lived with the late Earl Fitzwilliam,) a very elegant horseman; and our Caledonian friends will not forget his winning the King's Plate on Terror. George is likewise very good, as are Charles and Edward, young ones, not forgetting Frederick, little better than a child, but with the seat of an old man. When his late majesty saw his own horses mixed with Lord Jersey's at Ascot, and the answer to every question of 'Who is that?' was 'Edwards,'—'Bless me,' exclaimed the king, 'what lots of jockeys that woman breeds!' It happens, however, that they are the produce

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of three different marriages, so the glories come, as Garter would say, from the *Baron*, not the *Femme*. We are sorry to say Samuel Barnard has lost his eyesight. He was a steady, good jockey, and rode for the Duke of Rutland, Lord Henry Fitzroy, and several of the best sportsmen on Newmarket heath. But we must not conclude without mentioning old Forth, as he is called, who won the Derby in 1829, at the age of sixty, with a horse very little thought of before starting. He also won a very large sum of money on the event, and has now a string of horses in training.*

Every trade, profession, or pursuit, opens, in its own peculiar circle of habits, a distinct subject of study; and perhaps the exist-

* It is said of the Yorkshire jockeys that they should come to Newmarket for a seat. It is true they do not appear to such advantage in the saddle as their brethren of the south, nor, speaking generally, are they equal to them in their calling; but many very excellent jockeys have always been to be found in the north. At the head of those now alive is the noted Billy Pierse, who used to ride Haphazard for the Duke of Cleveland. Having feathered his nest well, he has retired, but is remarkable for the hospitality of his house, situated in the town of Richmond. Robert Johnson is likewise one of the oldest, best, and we may add, most successful of the northern jockeys, having ridden Doctor Syntax throughout his glorious career, and been four times winner of the St. Leger stakes; but John Jackson eclipsed him, having experienced that honour no less than as often again—a circumstance unparalleled among jockeys; and he very nearly won it the ninth time, on Blacklock. Johnson trained and rode Gallopade for Mr. Riddell, the winner of the Doncaster cup last year. John Shepherd, an old jockey, is still alive, keeping a public-house at Malton. Shepherd was supposed to be the best judge of pace in a four-mile race of any man of his time. We are sorry to hear that John Mangle, another eminent Yorkshire jockey, is blind. He won the St. Leger five times—three in succession—for the Duke of Hamilton, and in all four times for his Grace. Ben Smith has retired, rich; but the renowned John Singleton, one of the riders of Eclipse, and the first winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, 1776, for the late Lord Rockingham, died a pauper in Chester workhouse.

George Nelson is a very conspicuous man among the northern jockeys, and the more so, as having been thought worthy of being transplanted to the south to ride for his late majesty, in the room of the second best jockey at Newmarket, viz. Robinson. Nelson was brought up by the late Earl of Scarborough, in whose opinion he stood high, and his lordship confirmed it by a pension. He won the St. Leger for the Earl on Tarrare, a very unexpected event. He was likewise very successful in his exertions for his late majesty, from whom he also had his reward; but his great performances were upon Lottery, Fleur de Lis, and Minna, having never been beaten on the first two, and winning no less than eight times in one year on the latter. He first distinguished himself in a race at York, when riding only 5st. 4lbs. Tommy Lye, as he is called, is a very celebrated northern jockey, a great winner for the Duke of Cleveland and others, and rides very light, and very well. Templeman, the Duke of Leeds' rider, and Thomas Nicholson, also stand high. But the Chifney of the north is William Scott, and perhaps for hand, seat, and science in a race he is very little inferior to any one. He rode St. Giles, the winner of last year's Derby, for Mr. Ridsdale, and won the Leger for Mr. Watt, once (on Memnon), and for Mr. Petre, twice, viz. with the Colonel and Rowton. A very excellent print of the latter horse and himself has been published by Ackerman, from a painting by Herring. But such men as Scott, Chifney, and Robinson, generally appear to advantage—they are in great request, and consequently are put on the best horses in the race, and have the best chance to distinguish themselves. William Scott is possessed of considerable property (part in right of his wife), and is brother to the well-known Yorkshire trainer of his name.

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ence of the Newmarket stable-boy, a thing on which the majority of our readers have never spent a thought, might, as painted by Holcroft, interest them more than the most accurate delineation of many higher modes and aspects of life. In that able writer's Memoirs—the genuine and really valuable part of them—all this is capitally described, from his first arrival at Newmarket to his final departure, at the age of sixteen; from his fall off Mr. Woodcock's iron-grey filly, in his novitiate, to his being one of the best exercise-riding boys in the town—until all his equestrian hopes were ruined by 'idling away his time in reading,' as he was emphatically told by his master; by his spelling a word of six syllables, to the surprise of his drunken schoolmaster; by his being detected in studying Arnold's Psalmody, under the guidance of the journeyman leather-breeches maker; and, lastly, in casting up figures on the stable-doors with a nail, from which the other boys, and the old housekeeper to boot, augured his very soon running mad.

Although, to use his own words, Holcroft scarcely saw a biped at Newmarket in whom he could find anything to admire, and despised his companions for the grossness of all their ideas, he had no reason to complain of his treatment by the several masters whom he served, and especially by Mr. Woodcock.

'He discovered a little too late, that the dark-grey filly and I could not be trusted safely together. But though he turned me away, he did not desert me. He recommended me to the service of a little deformed groom, remarkably long in the fork, I think by the name of Johnstone, who was esteemed an excellent rider, and had a string of no less than thirteen famous horses, the property of the Duke of Grafton, under his care. This was acknowledged to be a service of great repute; but the shrewd little groom soon discovered that I had all my trade to learn, and I was again dismissed.'

After bewailing his misfortune of being out of place, and so far from home, *in formâ pauperis*, he thus proceeds:—

'I know not where I got the information, nor how, but in the very height of my distress I heard that Mr. John Watson, training and riding-groom to Captain Vernon, a gentleman of acute notoriety on the turf, and in partnership with Lord March, now Duke of Queensberry, was in want of, but just then found it difficult to procure, a stable-boy. To make this pleasing intelligence more welcome, the general character of John Watson was, that, though he was one of the first grooms in Newmarket, he was remarkable for being good-tempered; yet the manner in which he disciplined his boys, though mild, was effectual, and few were in better repute. One consequence of this, however, was, that if any lad was dismissed by

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John Watson; it was not easy for him to find a place.* With him Jack Clarke lived, the lad with whom I came from Nottingham; this was another fortunate circumstance, and contributed to inspire me with confidence. My present hopes were so strongly contrasted with my late fears, that they were indeed enviable. To speak for once in metaphor, I had been as one of those who walk in the shadow of the valley of death; an accidental beam of the sun broke forth, and I had a beatific view of heaven.

‘It was no difficult matter to meet with John Watson; he was so attentive to stable-hours, that, except on extraordinary occasions, he was always to be found. Being first careful to make myself look as much like a stable-boy as I could, I came at the hour of four, (the summer hour for opening the afternoon stables, giving a slight feed of oats, and going out to evening exercise,) and ventured to ask if I could see John Watson. The immediate answer was in the affirmative. John Watson came, looked at me with a serious but good-natured countenance, and accosted me with, “Well, my lad, what is your business? I suppose I can guess; you want a place?” “Yes, Sir.” “Who have you lived with?” “Mr. Woodcock, on the forest. One of your boys, Jack Clarke, brought me with him from Nottingham.” “How came you to leave Mr. Woodcock?” “I had a sad fall from an iron-grey filly, that almost killed me.” “That’s bad, indeed! and so you left him?” “*He turned me away, Sir.*” “That’s honest. I like your speaking the truth. So you are come from him to me?” At this question I cast my eyes down, and hesitated, then fearfully answered, “No, Sir.”—“No! what, change masters twice in so short a time?” “I can’t help it, Sir, if I am turned away.” This last answer made him smile. “Where are you now, then?” “Mr. Johnstone gave me leave to stay with the boys a few days.” “That’s a good sign. I suppose you mean little Mr. Johnstone at the other end of the town?” “Yes, Sir.” “Well, as you have been so short a time in the stables, I am not surprised he should turn you away; he would have everybody about him as clever as himself; they must all know their business thoroughly; however, they must learn it somewhere. I will venture to give you a trial, but I must first inquire your character of my good friends Woodcock and Johnstone. Come to-morrow morning at nine, and you shall have an answer.” It may well be supposed I did not forget the appointment, and a fortunate one I found it, for I was accepted on trial, at four pounds or guineas a year, with the usual livery clothing.’

It was in the service of John Watson that Holcroft became a horseman, and the exercise of his skill, in his contest with a certain strapping dun horse, is very amusingly told:—

‘It was John Watson’s general practice to exercise his horses over the flat, and up Cowbridge hill; but the rule was not invariable. One

* This is still the case at Newmarket. No trainer will take a boy that offers himself, until his late master has been consulted.

wintry day he ordered us up to the Bury hills. It mizzled a very sharp sleet; the wind became uncommonly cutting, and Dun, being remarkable for a tender skin, found the wind and sleet, which blew directly up his nostrils, so very painful, that it suddenly made him outrageous. He started from the rank in which he was walking, tried to unseat me, endeavoured to set off full speed, and when he found he could not master me so as to get head, began to rear, snorting most violently, threw out behind, plunged, and used every mischievous exertion of which the muscular powers of a blood-horse are capable. I, who felt the uneasiness he suffered, before his violence began, being luckily prepared, sat firm, and as steady and upright as if this had been his usual exercise. John Watson was riding beside his horses, and a groom—I believe it was old Cheevers—broke out into an exclamation—"By G—d, John, that's a fine lad!" "Aye, aye," replied Watson, highly satisfied; "you will find some time or other there are few in Newmarket that will match him." It will not be amiss here to remark, that boys with straight legs, small calves, and knees that project but little, seldom become excellent riders. I, on the other hand, was somewhat bow-legged; I had then the custom of turning in my toes, and my knees were protuberant. I soon learned that the safe hold for sitting steady, was to keep the knee and the calf of the leg strongly pressed against the side of the animal that endeavours to unhorse you; and as little accidents afford frequent occasions to remind boys of this rule, it becomes so rooted in the memory of the intelligent, that their danger is comparatively trifling.'

Of the comparative good and bad temper of race-horses, the dramatist thus speaks:—

'The majority of them are playful, but their gambols are dangerous to the timid or unskilful. They are all easily and suddenly alarmed, when anything they do not understand forcibly catches their attention; and they are then to be feared by the bad horseman, and carefully guarded against by the good. Very serious accidents have happened to the best. But, besides their general disposition to playfulness, there is a great propensity in them to become what the jockeys call vicious. Tom, the brother of Jack Clarke, after sweating a grey horse that belonged to Lord March, with whom he lived, while he was either scraping or dressing him, was seized by the animal by the shoulder, lifted from the ground, and carried two or three hundred yards before the horse loosened his hold. Old Forester, a horse that belonged to Captain Vernon, all the while I remained at Newmarket, was obliged to be kept apart, and to live at grass, where he was confined to a close paddock. Except Tom Watson, a younger brother of John, he would suffer no lad to come near him. If in his paddock, he would run furiously at the first person that approached, and if in the stable, would kick and assault every one within his reach. When I had been about a year and a half at Newmarket, Captain Vernon thought proper to match Forester against Elephant, a horse belonging to Sir Jen-

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nison Shaftoe, whom by-the-bye I saw ride this famous match. It was a four-mile heat over the straight course; and the abilities of Forester were such, that he passed the flat, ascended the hill, as far as the distance-post, nose to nose with Elephant, so that John Watson, who rode him, began to conceive hopes. Between this and the chair, Elephant, in consequence of hard whipping, got some little way before him, while Forester exerted every possible power to recover at least his lost equality; till finding all his efforts ineffectual, he made one sudden spring, and caught Elephant by the under jaw, which he gripped so violently as to hold him back; nor was it without the utmost difficulty that he could be forced to quit his hold! Poor Forester, he lost, but he lost most honourably! Every experienced groom thought it a most extraordinary circumstance.'

Of the stable discipline among the boys, Holcroft gives the following little specimen:—

'I remember to have been so punished once, with an ashen stick, for falling asleep in my horse's stall, that the blow, I concluded, was given by Tom Watson, as I thought no other boy in the stable could have made so large a wale; it reached from the knee to the instep, and was of a finger's breadth.'

We conclude our extracts from this amusing history of a stable-boy's progress, with something like a shot at the march of the present very refined times:—

'I ought to mention, that though I have spoken of Mr. Johnstone, and may do of more *Misters*, it is only because I have forgotten their Christian names; for, to the best of my recollection, when I was at Newmarket, it was the invariable practice to denominate each groom by his Christian and surname, unless any one happened to possess some peculiarities that marked him. I know not what appellations are given to grooms at Newmarket at the present day, but at the time I speak of, if any grooms had been called *Misters*, my master would have been among the number; and his appellation by everybody, except his own boys, who called him John, was John Watson.'

We have reason to believe there are no '*Johns*' among the Newmarket trainers of these times, though we much doubt the benefit of the change to Mister, and all the appliances to boot. If we mistake not, Sir Charles Bunbury's training-groom wore livery to the last. At all events, Newmarket jockies and their Jennys were not then to be seen in an Opera-box, which we find is no uncommon occurrence now. 'A cow at the Opera' would have been considered equally in her element.

Those who have only seen race-horses on a race-course would be surprised to witness what diminutive urchins ride many of them in their training, and the perfect command they obtain over them. In the neighbourhood of large racing establishments, the parents of poor children are glad to embrace an opportunity of putting them

them into the stables of a training-groom; knowing that they are certain to be well fed and taken care of, with a fair chance of rising in the world. But the question that would suggest itself is,—How are the poor little fellows made equal to the task of riding so highly-spirited an animal as the race-horse in a few weeks after they are put to the task? The fact is, that Tom or Jack is little more than a looker-on for the first month, or so. He makes the other lads' beds, and performs sundry odd jobs: but then he has his eyes open—if he shows no signs of opening them, he is rejected in a twinkling; and he sees the other boys in their saddles, and observes the confidence with which they appear in them. After a certain time he is placed upon his master's hack, or a quiet pony, and becomes a spectator on the training-ground. So soon as he has the rudiments of hand and seat he is put on the quietest horse in the string—generally one that has been some time in training, and has been doing good work—who follows those that are before him, without attempting to swerve from the track, or to play any antic tricks. The head lad generally leads the gallop, being the best judge of pace, unless it be necessary to put him on some other horse which is difficult to ride, and not well calculated to lead. In that case he generally places himself second, so that he may instruct the boy before him; but all this takes place under the watchful eye of the trainer.

Order is the beauty and strength of society; and neither in school nor university is regularity of conduct more strictly enforced than in a training establishment. In fact, the soldier might as well absent himself from roll-call, or the sailor from his watch, as the stable-boy from the hour of stable. 'Woe to him,' says Holcroft, 'who is absent from stable hours.' In the morning, however, he is sure to be there: for, in most cases, the horse he looks after reposes in the same chamber with himself. This is on a principle of prudence rather than of economy. Horses in high condition are given to roll in the night, and get cast in their stalls, and here assistance is at hand; as, by the means of stirrup-leathers buckled together, they are extricated from their awkward situation by the joint efforts of the boys. We have been told that an interesting scene takes place on the wakening of the boys in the morning. The event is anxiously looked for by the horses, who, when they hear them awaken each other, neigh and denote their eagerness to be fed, which is the first step taken. The second is a proper arrangement of their beds, and then dressing and exercise. When they return home the horses are well dressed again; the boys break their fast; and Holcroft spoke from experience when he said, *Nothing can exceed the enjoyment of a stable-boy's breakfast.*

Considering

Considering the prodigious number of race-horses in training, and that each horse has its lad, it is astonishing that more accidents do not occur. As we have before observed, almost all race-horses are playful; and 'horse play is rough.' But we do not wonder at their becoming vicious. Highly bred as they are, hot in blood, and their tender and nearly hairless skins irritated by a coarse brush, and, after sweating, scraped with rather a sharp wooden instrument, that, we repeat, is no wonder. Nevertheless, it seldom happens that they hurt the boys who look after them. Indeed, it is an interesting sight to witness a little urchin of a stable-boy approach, with perfect safety to himself, an animal that would perhaps be the death of the strongest man in the land who might be rash enough to place himself within his reach. To what shall we attribute this passive obedience of an animal of such vast power and proud spirit, to a diminutive member of the creation—an abortion of nature, indeed, as we might be almost induced to call him—whether to self-interest or to gratitude, to love or to fear, or to that unspeakable magic power which the Almighty has given to the eye and voice of even the child of man?

Precocity of intellect in a stunted frame, is the grand desideratum in a Newmarket nursery, where chubby cheeks, and the 'fine boy for his age,' would be reckoned deformities. There are some good specimens of the pigmy breed now at Newmarket; John Day, for instance, has produced a fac-simile of himself, cast in the right mould for the saddle, and who can ride about four stone. These feather-weights are absolutely necessary where two-year colts are brought to the post, and they sometimes ride a winning race; though if it comes to a struggle, as the term is, they are almost certain to be defeated by the experienced jockey. But, speaking seriously, it is a great blessing to the rider of races to be of a diminutive size, to prevent the hardship and inconvenience of wasting—a most severe tax on the constitution and temper. On this subject the following memorandum of some questions addressed by Sir John Sinclair to the late Mr. Sandiver, an eminent surgeon, long resident at Newmarket, and a pretty constant spectator of the races, with Mr. S.'s answers, may amuse our readers:—

'How long does the training of jockies generally continue? With those in high repute, from about three weeks before Easter to the end of October; but a week or ten days are quite sufficient for a rider to reduce himself from his natural weight to sometimes a stone and a half below it.—What food do they live on? For breakfast, a small piece of bread and butter, with tea in moderation. Dinner is taken very sparingly; a very small piece of pudding and less meat; and when

when fish is to be obtained, neither one nor the other is allowed. Wine and water is the usual beverage, in the proportion of one pint to two of water. Tea in the afternoon, with little or no bread and butter, and no supper.—What exercise do they get, and what hours of rest? After breakfast, having sufficiently loaded themselves with clothes, that is, with five or six waistcoats, two coats, and as many pairs of breeches, a severe walk is taken, from ten to fifteen miles. After their return home, dry clothes are substituted for those that are wet with perspiration, and, if much fatigued, some of them lie down for an hour or so before their dinner; after which no severe exercise is taken, but the remaining part of the day is spent in a way most agreeable to themselves. They generally go to bed by nine o'clock, and continue there till six or seven next morning.—What medicine do they take? Some of them, who do not like excessive walking, have recourse to purgative medicines, glauber salts only.—Would Mr. Sandiver recommend a similar process to reduce corpulency in other persons? Mr. Sandiver would recommend a similar process to reduce corpulency in either sex, as the constitution does not appear to be injured by it; but he is apprehensive that hardly any person could be prevailed upon to submit to such severe discipline, who had not been enured to it from his youth. The only additional information that Mr. Sandiver has the power to communicate is, that John Arnall, when rider to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, was desired to reduce himself as much as he possibly could, to enable him to ride a particular horse, in consequence of which he abstained from animal, and even from farinaceous food, for eight successive days, and the only substitute was now and then an apple. He was not injured by it. Dennis Fitzpatrick, a person continually employed as a rider, declares that he is less fatigued, and has more strength to contend with a determined horse in a severe race, when moderately reduced, than when allowed to live as he pleased, although he never weighs more than nine stone, and has frequently reduced himself to seven.*

The present system of wasting varies from the one here described, and particularly as to the length of the walk, which appears to have been unnecessarily severe. The modern Newmarket jockey seldom exceeds four miles out, and then he has a house to stop at in which there is a large fire, by which the perspiration is very much increased. Indeed, it sometimes becomes so excessive, that he may be seen scraping it off the uncovered parts of his person after the manner in which the race-horse is scraped, using a small horn for the purpose. After sitting awhile by the fire and drinking some diluted liquid, he walks back to Newmarket, swinging his arms as he proceeds, which increases the muscular action. Sufficiently cool to strip, his body is rubbed dry and fresh clothed, when, besides the reduction of his weight,

* Arnall died at the age of 62. Fitzpatrick at 42, from a cold taken in wasting.

the effect is visible on his skin, which has a remarkably transparent hue. In fact, he may be said to show condition after every sweat, till he looks as sleek as the horse he is going to ride. But the most mortifying attendant upon wasting is the rapid accumulation of flesh, immediately on a relaxation of the system, it having often happened that jockies, weighing not more than seven stone, have gained as many pounds in one day from merely obeying the common dictates of nature, committing no excess. *Non misere vivit qui parca vivit*, is an acknowledged truism; but during the racing season, a jockey in high practice, who,—as is the case with Chifney, Robinson, Dockeray, and Scott,—is naturally above our light racing weights, is subject to no trifling mortification. Like the good catholic, however, when Lent expires, he feels himself at liberty when the racing season is at an end; and on the last day of the Houghton meeting, Frank Buckle had always a *goose for supper!* his labours for the season being then concluded. But it will naturally be asked how these persons employ or amuse themselves during the dead months, of which there are five? At Newmarket, we believe, just as they did in Holcroft's time, in visiting their friends, coursing, and cock-fighting—the latter a favourite amusement—but with no species of gambling, beyond a few shillings on the event of a course or a battle. A few also take the diversion of hunting, or any other out-door amusement that keeps the body in play. Most of them have neat and well-furnished houses, and appear to enjoy the comforts of life.

Among the conspicuous characters on the English turf of past and present days it is hard to say who stands foremost, but we suppose we must give the *pas* to the Duke of Cumberland, great uncle to his present Majesty, as the breeder, and to Mr. O'Kelly, as the fortunate possessor of Eclipse, and other horses whose character and fame have never yet been eclipsed. It will also be remembered that the duke bred *Marsk*, the sire of Eclipse; and *Herod*, who not only, like Eclipse, beat every horse that could be brought against him, at four, five, and six years old, but transmitted a more numerous and better stock to posterity than any other horse ever did before, or has ever done since—amongst others, Highflyer. From the death of Charles the Second till the period of the duke's coming upon the turf, racing had languished, perhaps from want of more support from the crown and the higher aristocracy, and his royal highness was the man to revive it.

'But,' as has been observed, 'this was not effected without an immensity of expense, and an incredible succession of losses to the sharks, Greeks, and black-legs of that time, by whom his royal highness was surrounded, and, of course, incessantly pillaged. Having, however, in

in the greatness of his mind, the military maxim of "persevere and conquer," he was not deterred from the object of his pursuit, till, having just become possessed of the best stock, best blood, and most numerous stud in the kingdom, beating his opponents at all points, he suddenly "passed that bourne from whence no traveller returns," an irreparable loss to the turf, and universally lamented by the kingdom at large.

One of the heaviest matches of former or of present days was run at Newmarket in 1764, between his royal highness's famous horse, *King Herod*, as he was then called, and the late Duke of Grafton's *Antinous*, by Blank, over the Beacon course, for a thousand pounds aside, and won by Herod by half a neck. Upwards of a hundred thousand pounds were depending on this event, and the interest created by it was immense. His royal highness was likewise the founder of the Ascot race meeting, now allowed to be only second to Newmarket.

In point of judgment in racing, Mr. O'Kelly was undoubtedly the first man of his day; although, were he to appear at the present time, it is admitted that he would have a good deal to learn. For example, his suffering Eclipse to distance his horses for a bet would be considered the act of a novice. As a breeder, however, he became unequalled; and from the blood of his Volunteer and Dungannon, in particular, the turf derived signal advantage. Both were got by Eclipse, who was the sire of no less than one hundred and sixty winners, many of them the best racers of their day, such as Alexander and Meteor—the latter pre-eminent—Pot-8-o's, Soldier, Saltram, Mercury, Young Eclipse, &c. In 1793 Mr. O'Kelly advertised no less than forty-six in-foal mares for sale, chiefly by Volunteer and Dungannon, Eclipse being then dead, which fetched great prices, and were particularly sought after by his late Majesty, then deeply engaged on the turf. It is confidently asserted, that O'Kelly cleared £10,000 by the dam of Soldier, from her produce by Eclipse and Dungannon; and his other mares, of which he had often fifty and upwards in his possession, were the source of immense gain.

As a breeder coeval with the royal Duke and O'Kelly, the late Earl Grosvenor stands conspicuous. Indeed, we believe his lordship's stud for many years of his life was unrivalled in Europe; but such are the expenses of a large breeding establishment, that, although he was known to have won £200,000 on the race-course, the balance was said to be against him at the last! Earl Grosvenor, however, was a great ornament to the English turf; he ran his horses honestly and truly, and supported the country races largely. His three famous stud horses were John Bull, Alexander, and Meteor, the two latter by Eclipse, and the

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two former perhaps the largest and noblest thorough-bred horses ever seen in England, and the sires of many good ones; but his two best *racers* were *Meteora* and *Violante*; the latter the best four-miler of her day. The Earl was the first patron of Stubbs, the horse-painter, whose pencil may be said to have founded a new branch of the art in this country, on which the painters of the present day have improved, adhering more closely to nature than their exemplar. The late Duke of Bedford was likewise a great patron of the turf previously to his taking to farming, and had more than thirty horses in training at one time. Among these was *Grey Diomed*, remarkable for his races with *Escape* and *Traveller* at Newmarket; also *Skyscraper*, *Fidget*, and *Dragon*. His grace was a great loser, and probably retired in disgust. Charles Fox was also deep in the mysteries of the turf, and a very heavy bettor. The father of the present Prince (the trainer) trained for him, and South and Chifney were his jockeys; but the distemper in his stables ruined his stud. These were also the days of the then Dukes of Kingston, Cleveland, Ancaster, Bridgewater, and Northumberland; Lords Rockingham, Bolingbroke, Chedworth, Barrymore, Ossory, Abingdon, and Foley; Messrs. Shafto, Wentworth, Panton, Smith Barry, Ralph Dutton, Wildman, Meynell, Bullock, and others, who were running their thousand-guinea matches, and five hundred-guinea sweepstakes, most of them over the Beacon course, and with the finest horses perhaps the world ever saw; and also, considering the difference in the value of money, for nearly as large stakes as those of present times, a few only excepted.

Another of the noted turf characters of those days was the Honourable Richard Vernon, commonly called Dick Vernon, owner of the famous horse *Woodpecker*, with whom he won the Craven stakes no less than three times. He was an excellent judge of racing, backed his horses freely, and was the best bettor of his day, as may be inferred from the following page of Holcroft's *Memoirs*:—

‘In addition to matches, plates, and other modes of adventure, that of a *sweepstakes* had come into vogue; and the opportunity it gave to deep calculators to secure themselves from loss by *hedging* their bets, greatly multiplied the bettors, and gave uncommon animation to the sweepstakes mode. In one of these Captain Vernon had entered a colt, and as the prize to be obtained was great, the whole stable was on the alert. It was prophesied that the race would be a severe one; for, although the horses had none of them run before, they were all of the highest breed; that is, their sires and dams were in the first lists of fame. As was foreseen, the contest was indeed a severe one, for it could not be decided—it *was a dead heat*; but our colt was by no means

among the first. Yet so adroit was Captain Vernon in hedging his bets, that if one of the two colts that made it a dead heat had beaten, our master would, on that occasion, have won ten thousand pounds: as it was, he lost nothing, nor would in any case have lost anything. In the language of the turf, *he stood ten thousand pounds to nothing!* A fact so extraordinary to ignorance, and so splendid to poverty,' continues Holcroft, 'could not pass through a mind like mine without making a strong impression, which the tales told by the boys of the sudden rise of gamblers, their empty pockets at night, and their hats full of guineas in the morning, only tended to increase.'

And in troth it was not without its effect, for poor Holcroft began betting next morning, and before the week ended, half of his year's wages were gone! Another staunch hero of the turf was the late Earl of Clermont, the breeder of Trumpator, from whom were descended all the *ators* of after days, viz., Paynator, Venator, Spoliator, Drumator, Ploughator, Amator, Pacificator, &c. &c.; besides which he was the sire of Sorcerer, Penelope, Tuneful, Chippenham, Orange-flower, his late majesty's famous gelding Rebel, and several other first-rates. Lord C. also was a great contributor to the turf by bringing with him from Ireland the famous jockey, Dennis Fitzpatrick, son of one of his tenants. We have his lordship, indeed, before us this moment, on his pony on the heath, and his string of long-tailed race-horses, reminding us of very early days.

The late Sir Charles Bunbury's ardour for the turf was conspicuous to his last hour. He was the only man that ever won the Derby and Oaks with the same horse, and he was the breeder of many of the first racers of his time—Smolensko among them. Sir Charles was likewise very instrumental in doing away with the four-mile races at Newmarket, and substituting shorter ones in their stead. Some imputed this to the worthy baronet's humanity, whilst others, more correctly we believe, were of opinion that short races better suited his favourite blood. The Whiskeys and Sorcerers, for example, are more celebrated for speed than for stoutness, although, where the produce from them has been crossed with some of our stout blood, (for instance, Truffle and Bourbon,) they have been found to run on. On the whole, Sir Charles, latterly, with the exception of Muley, had got into a soft sort. He was also a bad keeper of his young stock, and would not be beaten out of his old prejudices in favour of grass and paddocks. Had some persons we could name been possessed of his stud—imperfect, perhaps, as it might have been as far as the real object of breeding horses is at stake—they would have won every thing before them at the present distances and weights. His much-talked-of, and justly celebrated, Smolensko died rather early

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in life, and his stock, with a few exceptions, did not realize the hopes and expectation of the sporting world.

The name and exploits of the late Duke of Queensberry ('Old Q.') will never be forgotten by the sporting world, for whether we consider his judgment, his ingenuity, his invention, or his success, he was one of the most distinguished characters on the English turf. His horse Dash, by Florizel, bred by Mr. Vernon, beat Sir Peter Teazle over the six-mile course at Newmarket for one thousand guineas, having refused five hundred forfeit;* also his late majesty's Don Quixote, the same distance and for the same sum; and, during the year, (1789,) he won two other thousand-guinea matches, the last against Lord Barrymore's Highlander, eight stone seven pounds each, *three times round 'the round course,'* or very nearly twelve miles! His carriage match, nineteen miles in one hour, with the same horses, and those four of the highest bred ones of the day, was undoubtedly a great undertaking, nor do we believe it has ever been exceeded. His singular bet of conveying a letter fifty miles within an hour, was a trait of *genius* in its line. The MS. being inclosed in a cricket ball, and handed from one to the other of twenty-four expert cricketers, was delivered safe *within the time*. The duke's stud was not so numerous as some of those of his contemporaries on the turf, but he prided himself on the excellence of it. His principal rider was the famous Dick Goodison, father of the present jockey, in whose judgment he had much reliance. But, in the language of the turf, his grace was 'wide awake,' and at times would rely on no one. Having, on one occasion, reason to know—the jockey, indeed, had honestly informed him of it—that a large sum of money was offered his man if he would lose—'Take it,' said the duke, 'I will bear you harmless.' When the horse came to the post, his Grace coolly observed, 'This is a nice horse to ride; I think I'll ride him myself,' when, throwing open his great coat, he was found to be in racing attire, and, mounting, won without a struggle.

The name of Wilson commands great respect on the turf, there being no less than three equally conspicuous and equally honourable sportsmen thus yclept. Mr. Christopher Wilson, now the father of the turf, and perpetual steward of Newmarket, resides at Beilby Grange, near Wetherby, in Yorkshire, where he has a small but very fashionably bred stud, and is now the owner of Chateau Margaux and Comus. He is the only man who claims the honour of winning the Derby and St. Leger stakes the same year, *with the same horse*, which he did with Champion, by

* Dash carried 6 stone 7 pounds, Sir Peter 9 stone.

Pot-8-os, ridden in each race by Francis Buckle.* The turf is highly indebted to this gentleman, not only for his paternal care of its general interests and welfare, but for having, by his amiable and conciliatory manners and conduct, united the sportsmen of the north and of the south, and divested their matches and engagements of some disagreeable features which had previously been too prominent. Mr. R. Wilson resides at Bildeston, in Suffolk; is one of the largest breeders of racing stock, of which he has an annual sale; and Lord Berners, late Colonel Wilson of Didlington, near Brandon, Suffolk, has likewise some capital mares, and bred Sir Mark Wood's Camarine, the best mare of the present day. His lordship was the owner of her sire, Juniper, now dead, and at present has the stud-horse Lamplighter.

The star of the race-course of modern times was the late Colonel Mellish, certainly the cleverest man of his day, as regards the science and practice of the turf. No one could match (*i. e.* make matches) with him, nor could any one excel him in handicapping horses in a race. But, indeed, '*nihil erat quod non tetigit; nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.*' He beat Lord Frederick Bentinck in a foot race over Newmarket heath. He was a clever painter, a fine horseman, a brave soldier, a scientific farmer, and an exquisite coachman. But—as his friends said of him—not content with being the *second-best* man of his day, he would be the *first*, which was fatal to his fortune and his fame. It, however, delighted us to see him in public, in the meridian of his almost unequalled popularity, and the impression he made upon us remains. We remember even the style of his dress, peculiar for its lightness of hue—his neat white hat, white trowsers, white silk stockings, aye, and we may add, his white, but handsome, face. There was nothing black about him but his hair, and his mustachios which he wore by virtue of his commission, and which to *him* were an ornament. The like of his style of coming on the race-course at Newmarket was never witnessed there before him, nor since. He drove his barouche himself, drawn by four beautiful *white* horses, with two out-riders on matches to them, ridden in harness bridles. In his rear was a saddle-horse groom, leading a thoroughbred hack, and at the rubbing-post on the heath was another groom—all in crimson liveries—waiting with a second hack. But we marvel when we think of his establishment. We remember him with thirty-eight race-horses in training; seventeen coach-horses, twelve hunters in Leicestershire, four chargers at Brighton, and not a few hacks! But the worst is yet to come. By his racing speculations he was a gainer, his judgment pulling him through; but when we had heard that he would play to the extent

* It is remarkable that both Champion and Hambletonian had a hip down.

of 40,000*l.* at a sitting—yes, *he once staked that sum on a throw*—we were not surprised that the domain of Blythe passed into other hands; and that the once accomplished owner of it became the tenant of a premature grave. ‘The bowl of pleasure,’ said Johnson, ‘is poisoned by reflection on the cost,’ and here it was drunk to the dregs. Colonel Mellish ended his days, not in poverty, for he acquired a competency with his lady, but in a small house within sight of the mansion that had been the pride of his ancestors and himself. As, however, the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, Colonel Mellish was not without consolation. He never wronged any one but himself, and, as an owner of race-horses, and a bettor, his character was without spot.

Among other leading sportsmen of the turf, now no more, were the late Duke of Grafton, and Douglas, Duke of Hamilton. The Duke of Grafton was a keen sportsman, and an excellent judge of racing, and his horses having been well and honestly ridden by South, he was among the few great winners amongst great men. It is somewhat singular that the success of the Grafton stud may be traced to one mare, and therefore the history of her is worth relating. In 1756, Julia, by Blank, was bred by Mr. Panton, of great Newmarket fame—her pedigree running back not only to Bay Bolton, Darley’s Arabian, and the Byerly Turk, but, beyond the Lord Protector’s White Turk, generally the *ne plus ultra* of pedigrees, to the Taffolet Barb, and the Natural Barb mare;—and at seven years old was put into the duke’s stud, and produced Promise, by Snap. Promise produced Prunella, by Highflyer, the dam of eleven first-rate horses, whose names (after the manner of foxhounds) all begin with the letter P., the first letter of the mare’s name, and she is said to have realized to the Grafton family little short of 100,000*l.* In fact, all breeders of race-horses try for a stain of the justly celebrated Prunella. The all-graceful Hamilton (often called ‘Zeluco’) was equally conspicuous in the north, and celebrated for stout blood. He won the St. Leger no less than seven times, a circumstance quite unparalleled on the turf, and ran first for it, the eighth, but the stakes were given to Lord Fitzwilliam, his Grace’s rider having jostled.

Coming nearer to our own times, Sir Harry Vane Tempest and Mr. Robert Heathcote made great appearances with their studs, as well as the heavy engagements they entered into; and such horses as Schedoni, the property of the latter, and Hambletonian, Rolla, and Cockfighter, of the former, are very seldom produced. Vivaldi, by Woodpecker, also the property of Mr. Heathcote, was the sire of more good hunters than almost any other in England, and the very mention of their being ‘by Vivaldi,’ sold them. Hambletonian

tonian was one of the meteors of the day. Sir Frank Standish, and his Yellow mare—the breeder of Stamford, Eagle, Didelot, Parisot, and Archduke, all Derby and Oaks winners, except Stamford, one of the best of our stud horses—must not be passed unnoticed, not only as a sportsman, but as the true stamp of an English country gentleman. Sir Ferdinand Poole also cut a great figure on the turf with his Waxy, Worthy, Wowski, &c.; and could some of our present breeders of race-horses have now before their eyes *Maria* by Herod, out of *Lisette* by Snap, and *Macaria* by Herod, out of *Titania* by Shakespeare, the one the dam of Waxy, and the other of Mealy, we have reason to believe they would turn away from many of their own mares in disgust. His contemporary, Mr. Howorth, was likewise strong in horses, and an excellent judge of making a book on a race. But Mr. Bullock, generally known as ‘Tom Bullock,’ was, we believe, more awake than any of them, and was often heard to declare, that he should wish for nothing more in this world than *to be taken for a fool at Newmarket.*

We find the Prince of Wales (George IV.) in 1788, when only in his twenty-sixth year, a winner of the Derby. In 1789, he accompanied the Duke of York to York races, where he purchased his famous horse Traveller, by Highflyer, which ran the grand match against the late Duke of Bedford’s Grey Diomed, on which it is supposed there was more money depending than was ever before known, or has ever been heard of since. But it was in the years 1790 and 1791 that his late Majesty’s stud was so conspicuous—the days of Baronet and Escape, the former notorious for winning the Ascot Oatlands, beating eighteen picked horses of England, with twenty to one against him; and the latter, for his various races against Grey Diomed, which caused his royal owner’s retirement from Newmarket. This is now an old story; and though we should be among the first to say—

‘Curse on the coward or perfidious tongue

That dares not e’en to kings avow the truth,’

yet we think the Jockey Club dealt rather hardly by the young prince, and he was quite right in refusing their invitation to return. We wish for proof before we condemn; and we think proof was wanting here. Where were the orders to the jockey to lose, and where was the money won by losing?—We can hear of neither. But if the change in a horse’s running (accounted for by the late Samuel Chifney, by the treatment of Escape) is of itself enough to damage the character of his owner, what would have become of that of his Royal Highness’s principal accuser, the late Sir Charles Bunbury? Look at the running of his Eleanor: it is well known she was the winner of both Derby and

Oaks

Oaks—the best mare of her day. Well! at Huntingdon she was beaten by a common plater, a mare called Two Shoes, *ten to one on Eleanor*. The next week, at Egham, she beat a first-rate race-horse, Bobadil, and several others, *ten to one on Bobadil*. In both these cases money was lost, and the question that follows is,—who won it? But Sir Charles too is in his grave, and therefore we say—*'requiescat in pace.'*

After quitting Newmarket, his late Majesty was a great supporter of country races, sending such horses as Knowsley, by Sir Peter, and others nearly as good, to run heats for plates; and he particularly patronized the meetings of Brighton and Lewes, which acquired high repute. But Bibury was his favourite race-ground; where, divesting himself of the shackles of state, he appeared as a private gentleman, for several years in succession, an inmate of Lord Sherborne's family, and with the Duke of Dorset, then Lord Sackville, for his jockey. During the last ten years of his Majesty's life, racing appeared to interest him more than it had ever done before; and by the encouragement he then gave to Ascot and Goodwood, he contributed towards making them the most fashionable, and by far the most agreeable meetings—we believe we may say—in the world. Perhaps the day on which his three favourite horses came in first, second, and third, for the cup at the latter place, was one of the proudest of his life.

The stud of George the Fourth, however, was not altogether so successful as it ought to have been from the great expense bestowed upon it, and the large prices given for race-horses bred by other sportsmen. Amongst those of his own breeding, perhaps Whiskey, Manfred, and his favourite mare Maria, were the best. The latter was a great winner—yet made but small amends for persevering in breeding from her sire. The Colonel and Fleur de Lis were also great winners—the latter decidedly the best mare of her year, either in the north or in the south, and her symmetry not to be excelled. The two last were purchased at very high prices, and now form part of the royal stud, as also does Maria. The history of this mare is worth notice. When, from prudential motives, the royal stud at Hampton Court was broken up, Waterloo and Belvoirina were the only two kept, and their produce was the said Maria. Miss Wasp, the dam of Vespa, late winner of the Oaks, was likewise bred by George IV.

In his Majesty's long career on the turf, he of course had several trainers and as many jockeys. Among the latter were the late celebrated Samuel Chifney, and South, who rode his horses at Newmarket, and, afterwards, Richard Goodison and Robinson. Latterly, however, he imported one from the north, the well-known George Nelson, who gave him unbounded satisfaction.

Hi

His trainers were Neale and Casborne, in former days; but latterly, William Edwards, of Newmarket, who enjoys a pension for life, and the use of the royal stables. The last time George the Fourth was at Ascot was in 1829, but he lived to hear of the next year's meeting. He was on the bed of death; and so strong was the 'ruling passion' in this awful hour—and his Majesty was well aware his hour was come—that an express was sent to him *after every race*.

The late Duke of York was equally devoted to the turf; and, in 1816, we find his Royal Highness a winner of the Derby, with Prince Leopold, and, in 1822, with Moses; the former bred by Lord Durham, the latter by himself. His racing career may be said to have commenced at Ascot, where he established the Oatlands stakes, which at one period were more than equal in value to the Derby, being a hundred-guinea subscription. Indeed, we have reason to believe, that when they were won by his late Majesty's Baronet—beating eighteen of the picked horses in England, his own Escape amongst the lot—there was more money depending than had ever been before, excepting on two occasions. His Majesty won 17,000*l.* by the race, and would have won still more had Escape been the winner. We wish we could add to this trifling sketch a long list of his Royal Highness's winnings; but the Duke of York was on the turf, what the Duke of York was everywhere—good humoured, unsuspecting, and confiding; qualifications, however creditable to human nature, ill fitted for a race-course. It is therefore scarcely necessary to say, that his Royal Highness was no winner by his horses, nor indeed by anything else; and we much fear that his heavy speculations on the turf were among the chief causes of those pecuniary embarrassments which disturbed the latter years of one against whose high and chivalrous feelings of honour and integrity no human creature that knew anything of him ever breathed a whisper. In 1825, we find the Duke with sixteen horses to his name; and, with the exception of two, *a most sorry lot*; but previously to that period he had incurred severe loss by persevering in breeding from Aladdin and Giles. The stud usually ran in Mr. Greville's name; were trained by Butler, of Newmarket, now deceased; and chiefly ridden by Goodison, who did the best he could for them.

The late Earl of Fitzwilliam was distinguished by the princely way in which he conducted his stud, and the magnificence of his retinue on the race-course. His lordship was likewise the breeder of some eminent racers, amongst which were the justly famous Orville—an incalculable treasure to the British turf—and Mulatto, who beat Memnon, Fleur-de-Lis, Bedlamite,

Bedlamite, Tarrare, Non-plus, Fanny Davis, Starch, Longwaist—in fact, all the best horses in the north; and ran second to Tarrare for the St. Leger. Earl Fitzwilliam never sent his horses south, but was a great supporter of York and Doncaster, and won the Fitzwilliam stakes at the latter place in 1826 with the horse we have just been speaking of. He is got by Catton, also bred by his lordship, out of Desdemona by Orville—all his own blood—grandam Fanny by Highflyer. The stud is now broken up.

The venerable Earl of Derby has been, and to a certain degree continues to be, a warm supporter of racing. Next, perhaps, to Eclipse and Herod, no horse that has ever appeared has been equal to Sir Peter Teazle as a stud horse,—we believe he produced more winners than any other on record. In him were united the best blood which this country can boast of,—King Herod, Blank, Snap, Regulus, and the Godolphin Arabian. As, however, the sun is not without its spots, Sir Peter was not without a blemish. His own legs gave way at four years old, and those of his produce were not, on an average, good; notwithstanding which, as we before stated, their winnings are without a parallel, barring those from the stock of the unparalleled Eclipse. The following anecdote is, we believe, authentic. Doctor Brandreth, the family physician at Knowsley, was commissioned by the then American consul to offer Lord Derby seven thousand guineas for Sir Peter Teazle, which his lordship refused, having, as he said, already refused ten. He certainly would have been a loser, had he accepted the offer.

The present Duke of Dorset, when Lord Sackville, not only showed himself an admirable judge of a race-horse, but few jockeys by profession could ride one better; and, indeed, at one period of his life, few of them were in much greater practice. His grace was always cautious in his engagements, but from his perfect knowledge of his horses, generally placed them winners. In the days of Expectation, Lucan, and others, he won all before him; but mark the change of the times! Looking into the Calendar for 1800, we find Expectation by Sir Peter, out of Zilia, by Eclipse, running four miles at Lewes, and beating two very stout mares, for what? Why, for the sum of sixty guineas, which could not pay the expenses! But then another of his horses, and a good one too—Laborie by Delpini—wins a 50*l.* plate the same year at Winchester. *The best of three four-mile heats!* Were the Duke of Dorset on the turf now, he would have something better to do with such horses as Expectation and Laborie!!

The present Duke of Grafton has been a great winner, having inherited, with his domains, the virtues of old Prunella; but owes some

some of his success to his late brother, Lord Henry Fitzroy, whose judgment in racing was equal to any man's. With the assistance then of Lord Henry, the training of Robson, and the good riding of the late Frank Buckle, John Day, William Clift, and others, his grace has done very well; although, since the retirement of Robson, the honours of the turf have not poured in so thickly upon him. The duke, however, has no reason to complain, having won the Derby stakes four times, and the Oaks eight; and, as Buckle said of himself, 'most of the good things at Newmarket,' for a few years in succession. Indeed, unless we have made a mistake in our figures, his grace pocketed the comfortable sum of 13,000*l.* in the year 1825, from public stakes alone! But we must do the Duke of Grafton the justice to say, that in his stable he has marched with the times, *his horses having been always forward in their work*, the grand desideratum in a training stable. His grace also deserves success, for he is a nobleman of high character on the turf, and, unlike too many owners of race-horses, whom we could name, *always* runs to win. The Duke of Grafton's stable is, in consequence, heavily backed, when it brings out good horses for any of the great stakes.

The Duke of Portland has been a steady and ever honourable patron of the English turf, but his stud is now small. In fact, since winning the Derby with Tiresias, in 1828, the tide of fortune appears to have turned against his stable, and he has not done much. His grace of Rutland is likewise become slack, having had but three horses in training last year, two of which are sold. He won the Derby with Cadland (whom he bred), after a dead heat with the Colonel—a circumstance previously unknown for that great race—and the Oaks with Sorcery, and Medora. On the other hand, the Duke of Cleveland's passion for the turf appears to grow with his years, his grace being the best buyer of the present day. He gave 3500 guineas last year for Trustee, and Liverpool, and but a few years back, no less than 12,000*l.* for four horses, namely,—Swiss, Swab, Barefoot, and Memnon, the two last winners of the St. Leger, for Mr. Watt. The Duke of Cleveland never won the St. Leger till 1831, with Chorister, nor was he ever winner of either of the great Epsom stakes; but in the days of Agonistes and Haphazard, his stable was the terror of the north, and his grace was a great winner of cups, though he afterwards flew at higher game. His match with Pavilion, against Colonel Mellish's Sancho, at Newmarket, in 1806, was one of the greatest races of modern days, as to the extent of betting; and immense sums were lost on Agonistes, when he was beat by Champion, for the St. Leger, in 1800. His grace has good horses in his stable now; amongst them Trustee, and
 Emancipation

Emancipation by Whisker, who had the honour of receiving forfeit from Priam in last (third) October meeting, receiving 9lbs. : likewise Muley Moloch, the winner of the York Derby stakes at the last Spring Meeting ; and Liverpool, of the gold cup. The duke is one of the heaviest bettors on the turf, and few men know more of racing, or indeed of any thing relating to the sports of the turf or field. The Duke of Richmond has been one of the most zealous supporters of the turf, having expended a very large sum on the race-course at Goodwood, now the first country meeting in England, after Epsom, Ascot, and Doncaster. Although his grace has been a considerable winner, he retires after this season, and his stud is already diminished. He won the Oaks, with Gulnare, in 1827, and has had quite his share of success.

The Lord of Exeter stands first of the Marquises on the turf. Until last year his lordship has been a *great* winner, and having carried the Oaks of last year with Galata, and many of the good things at Newmarket, and elsewhere, perhaps he had no reason to complain ; but his stable has lately rather disappointed the public. It consists of upwards of twenty-two horses. Lord Exeter has won the Oaks three times ; but, somewhat extraordinary, he has never been a winner of the Derby. He breeds much from the famous stud-horse, Sultan, his own property, whose price, to others, is fifty guineas each mare. The Marquis of Westminster, although *very well bred for it*, never signalized himself on the turf, and has therefore wisely withdrawn from Newmarket, confining his stud, a very small one, to the provincial meetings in his own immediate neighbourhood, where it is quite right for great lords to make the agreeable. We believe the last time his lordship was at head-quarters was to see his horse Navarino win the great Riddlesworth stakes ! The Marquis of Conyngham is a sportsman, and backs his horses freely, as does the Marquis of Sligo ; but as his lordship belongs to the sister kingdom—for the honour of old England, we presume, he is not often allowed to win. He, however, has had the distinction of being second for the St. Leger. Neither can much be said of the prowess of the most noble Marquises of Tavistock and Worcester, who, though good and honourable men, will never increase their patrimony by racing. In short, since the Duke of Cleveland has quitted their ranks, our sporting Marquises, with the exception of Lord Exeter, do not shine on the race-course.

But we cannot say this of the noble earls, amongst whom are some of the best judges of racing of past or present days. We will begin with the Earl of Egremont ; and not only by the rule of seniores priores, but looking upon him as one of the main contributors to the *legitimate* end of racing—the *improvement of the breed*

breed of horses, his lordship having always paid regard to what is termed stout, or *honest* blood. Lord Egremont bred Gohanna, by Mercury, by Eclipse, and purchased Whalebone from the Duke of Grafton (the old Prunella sort), whose stock have been invaluable to the turf, and will continue to be so for many years to come. His lordship has likewise turned the amusement—and such has been his object in the pursuit of it—to an excellent account, in the liberal act of affording to his tenantry, and neighbours, the free benefit of several of his stud-horses. Among these have been two very fine animals—Octavius and Wanderer, the latter not inaply named, as for many years of his life he was never known to lie down, but was generally in action in his box. He was a noble specimen of the horse, and one of the best bred ones in the world for all the purposes for which horses of speed and strength are wanted, being by Gohanna, out of a sister to Colibri, by Woodpecker, esteemed our *stoutest* blood. The Earl is likewise the breeder of honest Chateau Margaux, and Camel, ornaments to the British turf, and sons of good little Whalebone. Lord Egremont won the Derby three times in four years—twice with sons of Gohanna, and subsequently with Lapdog, by Whalebone. He has also been three times the winner of the Oaks, with fillies from his own stud. But all this success is not to be placed to his lordship's own account: he received great assistance in all his racing speculations from his late brother, the Honourable Charles Wyndham, since whose decease the stable has not been so successful.

The Earl of Burlington (Lord George Cavendish) is of great repute on Newmarket heath, as a good breeder of race-horses, a very high bettor, and we need not add, a most honourable man. His lordship, no doubt, has his fancies in his betting, which of course he now and then pays for—when he does ‘fancy his horse,’ as the turf-phrase is, he will risk an immense sum upon him, not far short, we have heard, of ten thousand pounds! But what is money? His lordship, at present, has but a small stud.

The late Earl of Stradbroke was one of the keenest and best sportsmen at Newmarket, and owner of a large stud. Amongst the number, was the celebrated mare Persepolis, the dam of thirteen good racers, amongst which were Araxes, Tigris, Indus, Euphrates, Phasis, and Cydnus, all sons of Quiz, and Granicus and Rubicon by Sorcerer. The famous brood mares, Cobbæa (the dam of Sorcery), and Grey Duchess, by Pot-8-os, were also in his lordship's stud, and presented by him to George IV. when he commenced breeding race-horses at Hampton Court. The present Lord Stradbroke, and his Grace of Richmond, have lately been confederates on the turf.

The

The Earl of Orford took the field last year as usual, with a tolerably large string of horses, and, to use his own words, when he won the Great Produce Stakes at Ascot with his Muley filly, and the Clearwell stakes with his Clearwell colt (a clear thousand by the way, and the other five hundred), 'got out of his place,' which has generally been a good *second*. His lordship, however, takes all this with perfect good humour, and is himself always a favourite at Newmarket, should his horse not prove to be so. The noble Earl is considered a very liberal match-maker, if not something like a contributor towards the training expenses of one or two of his competitors; but he has made a very good beginning this year. Of the Earls Verulam, Warwick, and Clarendon, we do not hear much, although the first-named lord is rather an extensive breeder. Lord Warwick has a smart colt by Centaur, which won every time it started last year, and is entered for the next St. Leger. Lord Clarendon we consider little more than an amateur. Earl Sefton began his racing career late in life, and although he entered into it with spirit, giving two thousand guineas for Bobadilla, soon abandoned the slippery course. Indeed so hastily did he retire from it, that, on a little disappointment at Epsom, he would not wait for the assistance of the printer, but sent a manuscript notice to Tattersall's yard, that his stud were immediately to be sold. We confess we admire his lordship's decision—'When fortune frowns, the first loss is the best.' The Earl of Litchfield is rather deep on the turf, as the list of his horses shows. Indeed, his lordship does every thing with spirit, but even spirit cannot command success. Lord Litchfield, however, is a sportsman, and what is termed a high and honourable bettor. The Earl of Wilton, as well bred for the turf as Eclipse, being grandson to THE Earl Grosvenor, is not only an owner of race-horses, but a jockey—one of the best gentlemen race-riders of these days. The Earl of Chesterfield too is becoming conspicuous, as a peep into the Racing Calendar will confirm, no less than fifteen horses now appearing to his name. His lordship has also at his stud-farm, in Derbyshire, the renowned horses, Priam and Zinganee, purchased at great prices—the former having finished his brilliant career with winning the Goodwood cup. Report says, that he is likely to make his way in this 'forest of adventure,' as his experience increases with his years. But the best judge of this rank is the noble Earl of Jersey, who, indeed, does every thing well. As a breeder, perhaps his lordship may not quite equal the Duke of Grafton and Lord Egremont, but we must place him third, having produced from his own mares one winner of the Oaks—Cobweb, supposed to be the best bred mare in England—and two winners

winners of the Derby, namely, Middleton and Mameluke, the latter of which he sold to Mr. Gully for four thousand guineas ! Perhaps no man ever brought to the post on one day two finer racers of his own breeding than Mameluke, the winner of the Derby, and Glenartney, who ran second to him, beating twenty-one others, with the greatest ease. Lord Jersey's stud is not large, but well selected, and he has every convenience for breeding at his seat, Middleton Stony, Oxfordshire. His Lordship was formerly confederate with that thorough sportsman Sir John Shelley, who had the honour of breeding Phantom. The Earl of Durham has retired, but when Mr. Lambton he had a splendid stud, which was sold by Messrs. Tattersall in 1826, when eight *foals* realized the astonishing sum of 1583 guineas ! (above 200*l.* each.)

Of Newmarket Viscounts we only muster two, but if there were more we must give Lord Lowther the *pas*, not only from his experience and knowledge, considered quite first-rate, but from the single fact of his having had sixteen horses in training last year, although we fear we cannot call *them* 'first-rate.' It is a singular fact, that his lordship has only won the Derby once, and never won the Oaks, in his long career on the turf. He had formerly a large breeding establishment at Oxcroft, eight miles from Newmarket, but the land not being suited for it, in addition to the great prevalence of flies, it has been removed to within a few hundred yards of Newmarket town, where his lordship occupies a farm. Here is the horse *Partisan*, the sire of many good ones, and amongst the rest, Mr. Ridsdale's Glaucus, purchased at three thousand guineas, after beating Clearwell (Lord Orford's), in a match for five hundred guineas, in October last. The best judges are sometimes mistaken, and Lord Lowther should not have sold Glaucus for three thousand guineas without having had a better taste of him, for, besides his winnings, amounting to fourteen hundred guineas, General Grosvenor cleared nearly three thousand by the purchase. But '*Glauci permutatio*' is a standing proverb for a bad bargain, ever since the hero he is named after exchanged gold for iron under the walls of old Troy. Joseph Rogers, of Newmarket, trains for his lordship. Of Lord Ranelagh, the other Newmarket Viscount, we have very little to say, his lordship's stud being so small; and we must consider our noble secretary for foreign affairs, Viscount Palmerston, only an humble provincial. To the satisfaction, indeed, of his competitors, his lordship has now relinquished even these rural honours, for Luzborough, Grey-leg, and company, were sad teazers to the west-country platers.

Our noble barons make no figure in the Newmarket list. Strange to say, we cannot find one. Lord Wharcliffe was the last,

last, and still more strange to tell of so unwavering a tory, his lordship's best horse at one time was *Reformer*!

Of *honourables* we can find but one, Captain Rous, a good sportsman, and very spirited bettor. Neither can we produce more than two Newmarket baronets, and are inclined to ask, how is this? Sir Mark Wood stands first, with a long string of horses—Lucetta, the best mare of her day, and Camarine, the best of the present day, amongst the lot—not forgetting Vespa, his winner of this year's Oaks. Some apprehensions were entertained for Sir Mark when he entered the ring, with youth on his brow, and Gatton, just in time by the bye, in his pocket; and it was feared all might find its way into schedule A. But Sir Mark has made a good fight—*He has given good prices for good horses*, which, with good training and good riding, have pulled him through. His last week of last meeting at Newmarket was a very pretty finish. He won six times and received forfeit once; and on one match, Camarine versus Crutch, he is said to have netted three thousand pounds! His beating Rowton also for the Ascot cup, with the same mare (Robinson riding against Chifney), after running one dead heat, was one of the grandest events of the last racing season. He is now in possession of the two great Newmarket challenge prizes, the cup and the whip, by the aid of this good mare; and if she continues to run in her old form, she will be pretty certain to obtain for him the grand prize, the foot of Eclipse, presented to the Jockey Club by his majesty. But one word more for old Lucetta, who must not be eclipsed by this flying daughter of Juniper, the last of his produce. Lucetta with 8st. 9lbs. met the Duke of Grafton's Oxygen (a winner of the Oaks), with 7st. 2lbs., one six years old, and the other four, for the Jockey Club plate, at Newmarket, Beacon course. Lucetta won, and the speed was very little short of Childers, as they were but seven minutes in coming to the Duke's stand. Sir Sandford Graham has a small stud, but not the best in the world.

One of the oldest sportsmen at Newmarket is General Grosvenor—but far from being the most fortunate. Indeed it is a trite saying, 'The General is honest, but unlucky,' and this is well said in these slippery times. He won the Oaks, in 1807, with *Briseis*, with heavy odds against her, consequently a round sum besides; and, again, in 1825, by Chifney's fine riding with *Wings*, with ten to one against her. He likewise won, with *Blue Stockings*, the Riddlesworth of 1819, perhaps the greatest stake ever won, being, including his own subscription, 5000 guineas! Fortune has also smiled upon him again, for the last year was a winning one: He bought Glaucus for 350 guineas, won 1400 with

with him, and sold him for 3000!—thus reversing the proverb. But his late winnings have been somewhat unaccountable, his horses having been in the hands, not of a regularly bred trainer, but of his north-country colt-breaker, who has been in his service twenty-eight years. They amounted to twenty-five times in nineteen months, previously to the opening of the present season, and he has been a considerable winner at the late Newmarket meetings.

After the father of the turf, we believe Mr. Batson, one of last year's stewards, is about the oldest of the Jockey Club. He has never carried the Epsom honours, although he was placed third with Hogarth, Middleton's year, and ran third this year for the Oaks. But Mr. Batson takes things quietly; and when he has got a good horse, never refuses a good offer, for which we esteem him a wise man. He has a pretty good horse now, Mixbury, by Catton, a favourite for the St. Leger, but we recommend him to put him into his pocket, for he will be safer there—or rather at his banker's—than contending against twenty Yorkshire jockeys. Mr. Rush also is an old jockey, and a very good supporter of the turf, running his horses more for amusement than profit. He also breeds, but his stock does not shine at Newmarket, where he is generally satisfied with a good *third*. In the provincials, however, he is rather more fortunate; and it is something to say he was James Robinson's first master. He had seven or eight horses in training last year. Mr. Biggs is another old member of the Jockey Club, but, like Mr. Batson, is more formidable in the provincials, where he has been a great winner, and hard to beat. Some years since, at Stockbridge, his horse, Camerton, was the winner of a memorable race. Three others started, namely, Sir John Cope's Shoe-strings, the late Lord Foley's Offa's Dyke, and the late Lord Charles Somerset's Scorpion. The following was the result. Camerton, ridden by the late Sawyer, who died shortly after, never started again; Shoe-strings, by John Day, broke down; Offa's Dyke, by Goodison, went blind, but recovered his sight; and Scorpion, ridden by Joseph Rogers, now trainer at Newmarket, fell dead at the distance-post, from the rupture of a blood-vessel at the heart. The distance was two miles, and only one heat! Mr. Thornhill is one of the best judges of racing at Newmarket, and has one of the largest studs at his seat at Riddlesworth, whence the great Riddlesworth Stakes takes its name. He has won the Derby with Sam, and Sailor, both sons of Scud, and the Oaks with Shoveler, also a daughter of Scud. Previously to Sam's race, this shrewd judge pronounced the Derby stakes in his pocket, and he also picked out Gulnare as winner of the Oaks, for the Duke of Richmond, without the possibility, as he expressed himself, of losing

losing it, barring the accident of a fall. The strange coincidence of his winning the Derby with *Sailor* by *Scud*, during a violent gale of wind, will, perhaps, never be forgotten at Epsom! Mr. Thornhill owns *Æmilius*, the celebrated sire of *Priam*, (whom he bred) *Oxygen*, &c., whose price is forty guineas. Colonel Udney's name stands high at Newmarket, but he has lately all but retired from the turf. He won the Derby with *Æmilius*, and the Oaks with *Corinne*, and has had quite his share of 'most of the good things at Newmarket,' as Buckle said, who was the Colonel's principal jockey. He was once confederate with Mr. Payne, uncle to the gentleman of that name now on the turf.

Mr. Lechmere Charlton has been on the turf more than twenty years, having run third for the Oaks in 1811, and has been an owner of several good horses—Master Henry, perhaps, the best. He has likewise been a great breeder of racers, and besides Henry, (whom he purchased cheaply for 700 guineas,) had *Manfred*, *Sam*, *Hedley*, *Castrel*, *Banker*, *Anticipation*, as stud horses, and several good mares from the Duke of Grafton and Lord Grosvenor, and, indeed, from any other celebrated studs within his reach. Like all great breeders, Mr. Charlton has had many public sales, at one of which, the sum of 1900*l.* being offered for Henry, by a very badly dressed person in the crowd, he was asked by the auctioneer for whom he was bidding? '*Here is my authority*,' said the man, pointing to his breeches pocket. A few years ago, Mr. Charlton took rather a curious turn, exchanging the cap and jacket of the race-course for the wig and gown of the courts, and was actually called to the bar. Like *Dido's* love, however, the passion for racing could not be smothered in the murky atmosphere of Westminster Hall, nearly as gloomy as the vault of *Sichæus*; and we now find him with a good string of race-horses. There are not many better judges than Mr. Charlton, though we fear, like most other gentlemen-sportsmen, he has paid rather dearly for his experience. Mr. Vansittart has also been a long time on the turf, and ran second last year for the Derby, with *Perion*, a very formidable horse. He is a breeder of race-horses, and sold a clever colt, called *Rockingham*, this year, for 1000 guineas, to Mr. Watt. This colt is one of the favourites for the St. Leger, having the other day won a good stakes at York, beautifully ridden by *Darling*. Mr. Vansittart is a good judge, and always runs his horses to win, if they can. Mr. Hunter, of Six Mile Bolton, near Newmarket, is a first-rate judge of racing, and considered a good bettor. He won the Derby in 1821, with *Gustavus*, and has since used him as a stud-horse, but not to much profit. The last year, however, he made some amends, by producing *Forester*, the winner of the July stakes, and several other things, and

was backed freely for the Derby, being out of an Orville mare. With the exception of the great card in their pack, all the Peels have a taste for the turf. The Colonel, however, is the only one who has the courage to face Newmarket, which he does with nearly as good a stud as is to be found even there. Amongst them is Archibald, by Paulowitz, the winner of the 2000 guineas stakes, last year, the Shirley stakes, at Epsom, and the Newmarket St. Leger, beating the far-famed Margrave, winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, and Beiram. The Colonel is a heavy bettor, and loses with a philosophic indifference, worthy of a nobler cause. Mr. Massey Stanley, son to Sir Thomas, has a small, but neat stud, and one very good horse, called Crutch, a great winner of last year. Mr. Sowerby has likewise a pretty stud which he uses, like a gentleman, for his amusement. Mr. Scott Stonehewer is of the same class. In the latter gentleman's stable is Variation, a winner of the Oaks, in 1830. Mr. Payne has also a small stud, not winners, we fear, neither is he a judicious bettor. Lastly, Mr. Osbaldiston has made his appearance on the heath, not as the Hercules of horsemen, as he proved himself in his awful match against time, but as the owner of a string of race-horses. We had rather see *the Squire* with his hounds, in Northamptonshire, where nothing can eclipse his fame.

Of the public racing men at Newmarket, Messrs. Crockford, Gully, Ridsdale, Sadler, the Chifneys, &c., we need not say much, their deeds being almost daily before us. But, looking at the *extraordinary* results of these men's deeds, who will not admit racing to be the best trade going? Talk of studs, talk of winnings, talk of racing establishments, our Graftons, Richmonds, Portlands, and Clevelands, with all their 'means and pliances to boot,' are but the beings of a summer's day, when compared with those illustrious personages, and their various transactions and doings on the turf. Here is a small retail tradesman dealing in a very perishable commodity, become our modern Cræsus in a few years, and proprietor of *several* of the finest houses in England! Behold the champion of the boxing ring, the champion of the turf, the proprietor of a noble domain, an honourable member of the reformed parliament, all in the person of a Bristol butcher! Turn to a great proprietor of coal-mines, the owner of the best stud in England, one who gives 3000 guineas for a horse, in the comely form of a Yorkshire footman! We have a quondam Oxford livery-stable-keeper, with a dozen or more race-horses in his stalls, and those of the very best stamp, *and such as few country gentlemen, or, indeed, any others, have a chance to contend with.* By their father's account of them (see *Genius Genuine*, by the late Sam. Chifney) the two Messrs. Chifney were

were stable-boys to Earl Grosvenor at eight guineas a-year, and a stable suit. They are now owners of nearly the best horses, and—save Mr. Crockford's—quite the best houses in their native town. There is the son of the ostler of the Black Swan, at York, betting his thousands on the heath, his neckerchief secured by a diamond pin. Then to crown all, there is Squire Beardsworth of Birmingham, with his seventeen race-horses, and his crimson liveries, in the same *loyal*, but dirty town, in which he once drove a hackney coach. Taking for granted that all this is done honestly, why should we despair of having the gratification to see the worthy little *devil* who trots with this sheet to Stamford Street, appear some fine morning on Newmarket heath, with his seventeen race-horses, his crimson liveries, and his diamond pin?

It rarely happens that what are called provincial studs do much in what may be termed the capitals of the racing world, but we cannot forget Lord Oxford beating the crack nags at Newmarket,—Eaton among the rest,—with old Victoria, and his Hedgeford Jockey, the late Tom Car; Mr. Glover winning the Craven with Slender Billy; and, though last, not least, the great Worcestershire grazier (the late Mr. Terret, tenant of Mr. Lechmere Charlton) taking his fine Rubens horse, Sovereign, in his bullock caravan, to Newmarket, winning the St. Leger stakes with him in a canter; and, what was still less expected, his rural jockey, Ben Moss, out-jockeying the best riders on the heath. Neither will the same jockey's performance on Lady Byron, over the course, to the benefit of the said grazier, be very soon forgotten. But we must not enter upon the large subject of the provincial studs.

Deservedly high as Newmarket stands in the history of the British turf, it is but as a speck on the ocean when compared with the sum total of our provincial meetings, of which there are about a hundred and twenty in England, Scotland, and Wales—several of them twice in the year. Epsom, Ascot, York, Doncaster, and Goodwood stand first in respect of the value of the prizes, the rank of the company, and the interest attached to them by the sporting world, although several other cities and towns have lately exhibited very tempting bills of fare to owners of good race-horses. In point of antiquity, we believe the Roodee of Chester claims precedence of all country race-meetings;—and certainly it has long been in high repute. Falling early in the racing year—always the first Monday in May—it affords a good trial for young horses, and there is plenty of money to be run for by the old ones, who come out fresh and well. This meeting is most numerously attended by the families of the extensive and very aristocratic neighbourhood

in which it is placed, and always continues five days. The course is far from a good one, being on a dead flat, with rather a sharp turn near home, in consequence of which, several accidents have occurred, particularly previously to some late improvements.* When we state that there are nine good sweepstakes, a king's plate, two very valuable cups, and five plates at Chester, its superiority as a country meeting will speak for itself.†

Epsom, however, ranks first after Newmarket. It is sufficient, perhaps, to state, that there were no less than one hundred and fourteen colts entered for the last Derby stakes, and ninety-seven fillies for the Oaks—their owners paying fifty sovereigns each for those that started, and twenty-five for those that did not. There are, likewise, a gold cup, and several other stakes, as well as three plates. Independently of seeing him run, amateur admirers of the race-horse have here a fine opportunity of studying him in the highest state of his perfection. We allude to the place called *the Warren*, in which the Derby and Oaks horses are saddled and mounted. It is a small, but picturesque bit of ground, in the forest style, inclosed by a wall, and entered by all who choose to pay a shilling. To some it is a great treat to see the celebrated Newmarket jockeys, who may be only known to them by name. A view of half the aristocracy of England, also, is, even in these times, worth a shilling to many. The sporting men, meanwhile, reap much advantage from their anxious inspection of the horses as they walk round this rural circus. They can closely observe the condition of their favourites; and should anything dissatisfy them, they have a chance to hedge *something* before the race is run, although the ring is generally broken up about the time the horses are assembled in *the Warren*.

But what is the sight in *the Warren*, interesting as it really is,—thousands on thousands depending on the result, ruinous perhaps to many—compared with the start for the race? Fancy twenty-four three-year colts, looking like six-year-old horses, with the bloom of condition on their coats, drawn up in a line at the starting-

* The following most extraordinary accident happened here some years back. A colt called 'Hairbreadth,' by 'Escape,' the property of the late Mr. Lockley, bolted over the ropes, and coming in contact with an officer of dragoons, Sir John Miller, who was on horseback, was killed by the peak of the helmet entering his skull *when on the head of the baronet*, who escaped with trifling injury!

† The Eaton stud now cuts a poor figure on the far-famed Roodee. Mr. Clifton is no more, but his memory will live at Chester for many years to come. Lord Stamford and his Sir Olivers have deserted it. Sir Watkin Williams Wynn has not a race-horse; neither has Mr. Mytton, one of the greatest supporters of this meeting. Sir Thomas Stanley is no longer 'cock of the walk,' nor can Sir George Pigot run second. Lord Derby stands his ground, and so does parson Nanney (*scripsisse pudet!*); but Messrs. Houldsworth, Giffard, Walker, Beardsworth, and a few more fresh competitors of the new school, have lately carried most of the north-west country honours.

place, with the picked jockeys of all England on their backs, and on the simple fact of which may prove the best, perhaps a million sterling depends. *They are off!* 'No, no'—cries one jockey whose horse turned his tail to the others, just as the word 'Go' was given. 'Tis sufficient: 'tis no start: *come back!*' roars the starter. Some are pulled up in a few hundred yards—others go twice as far. But look at that chestnut colt—white jacket and black cap—with thousands depending upon him! He is three parts of the way to Tattenham's corner before his rider can restrain him. Talk of agonizing moments!—the pangs of death! what can at all equal these? But there are no winnings without losings, and it is *nuts* to those who have backed him out. Who can say, indeed, but that, his temper-being known, the false start may have been *contrived* to accommodate him? However, they are all back again at the post, and each rider endeavouring to be once more well-placed. Observe the cautious John Day, how quietly he manœuvres to obtain an inside *location* for his worthy master His Grace of Grafton. Look at neat little Arthur Pavis, patting his horse on the neck and sides, and admiring himself at the same time. But his breeches and boots are really good. Watch Sam Chifney minutely, but first and foremost his seat in his saddle—

——— 'Incorpsed and demi-natured
With the brave beast'——

and his countenance! 'Tis calm, though thoughtful; but he has much to think of. He and his confederates have thousands on the race, and he is now running it in his mind's eye. Harry Edwards and Robinson are side by side, each heavily backed to win. How they are formed to ride! Surely Nature must have a mould for a jockey, for the purpose of displaying her jewel, the horse! And that elegant horseman Sam Day—but see how he is wasted to bring himself to the weight! Observe the knuckles of his hands and the patellæ of his knees, how they appear almost breaking through the skin. But if he have left nearly half of his frame in the sweaters, the remaining half is full of vigour; and we'll answer for it his horse don't find him wanting in the struggle. Then that slim, young jockey, with high cheek bones, and long neck, in the green jacket and orange cap—surely he must be in a *galloping* consumption! There is a pallid bloom on his sunken cheek, rarely seen but on the face of death, and he wants but the grave-clothes to complete the picture. Yet we need not fear. He is heartwhole and well; but having had short notice, has lost fifteen pounds in the last forty-eight hours. *They are off again!*—a beautiful start and a still more beautiful sight! All the hues of the rainbow in the colours of the riders and the complexions of their horses! What a spectacle for the sportsmen who take their
stand

stand on the hill on the course, to see the first part of the race, and to observe the places their favourites have gotten! *They are all in a cluster*, the jockeys glancing at each other's horses, for they cannot do more in such a crowd. They are soon, however, a little more at their ease; the severity of the ground, and the rapidity of the pace, throw the soft-hearted ones behind, and at Tattenham's corner there is room for observation. 'I *think* I can win,' says Robinson to himself, 'if I can but continue to live with my horses, for I *know* I have the speed of all here. But I must take a strong pull down this hill, for we have not been coming over Newmarket flat. Pavis's horse is going sweetly, and the Yorkshireman, Scott, lying well up. But where is Chifney? Oh! like Christmas, *he's coming*, creeping up in his usual form, and getting the blind side of Harry Edwards. Chapple is here on a *dangerous* horse, and John Day with a stain of old Prunella.' *It is a terrible race!* There are seven in front within the distance, and nothing else has a chance to win. The set-to begins; they are all good ones. Whips are at work—the people shout—hearts throb—ladies faint—the favourite is beat—white jacket with black cap wins.

Now a phalanx of cavalry descend the hill towards the grand stand, with *Who has won?* in each man's mouth. 'Hurrah!' cries one, on the answer being given; '*my* fortune is made.' 'Has he, by ——?' says another, pulling up with a jerk; 'I am a ruined man! Scoundrel that I was to risk such a sum! and I have too much reason to fear I have been deceived. Oh! how shall I face my poor wife and my children? I'll blow out my brains.' But where is the owner of the winning horse? He is on the hill, on his coach-box; but he will not believe it till twice told. 'Hurrah!' he exclaims, throwing his hat into the air. A gipsy hands it to him. It is in the air again, and the gipsy catches it, and half-a-sovereign besides, as she hands it to him once more. 'Heavens bless your honour,' says the *dark ladye*, 'did I not tell your honour you could not lose?'

There are two meetings now at Epsom, as indeed there were more than half a century back, but the October meeting is of minor importance. The grand stand on the course is the largest in Europe, and, to give some idea of its magnificence, it has been assessed to the poor's rate at 500*l.* per annum. The exact expense of its erection is not known to us, but the lawyer's bill alone was 557*l.* Poor distressed England!

Ascot also stands in the foremost rank of *country* races. It is of a different complexion from Epsom, not only by reason of its being graced with royalty, and aristocracy in abundance, but as wanting that crowd of 'nobody knows who' which must be encountered

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on a Derby day, the cockney's holiday. It is likewise out of reach of London ruffians, a great recommendation,—and the strictness of the police makes even thieves scarce. But the charms of Ascot, to those not interested in the horses, consist in the promenade on the course between the various races, where the highest fashion, in its best garb, mingles with the crowd, and gives a brilliant effect to the passing scene. In fact, it comes nearest to Elysium of anything here, after Kensington Gardens, in 'the leafy month of June.' Then the King's approach, with all the splendour of majesty, and, what is still more gratifying, amidst the loud acclamations of his subjects, sets the finish on the whole. Long may the royal name be venerable to the English people! This year, if the papers speak true, there has been a falling off in the cheers.

Goodwood is the next great aristocratic meeting in the south, and has monopolized nearly all the racing of those parts. The Drawing-Room, and the Goodwood stakes, and the Cup, are prizes of such high value, that, as birds pick at the best fruit, all the crack horses of Newmarket are brought thither to contend for them, and they were last year won by Beiram, Lucetta, and Priam. The corporation of Chichester add 100*l.* to the cup, and his Majesty gives a 100 guineas plate. The course at Goodwood is also one of the best in England, nearly 10,000*l.* having been expended upon it—including the stand and the improvement of the road leading to it—by the Duke of Richmond; but his grace will be reimbursed, if the meeting continues, by the admission-tickets to the stand, &c.

Let us take one glance at that modern Epirus, the county of York, in which there are now twelve meetings in the year—(nearly a century ago, there were half as many more). York is one of our oldest race meetings, and was patronized by the great sportsmen of all countries in former days; but the names of Cookson, Wentworth, Goodriche, Garforth, Hutchinson, Crompton, Gascoigne, Sitwell, Pierse, Shafto, and some others, appear indigenous to Knavesmere heath. The money run for last year, at the Spring and August meetings, exceeded 14,600*l.* in plates and sweepstakes. Catterick Bridge, in this county, is also an important meeting, as coming very early in the season, and Richmond and Pontefract are tolerably supported. But what shall we say of Doncaster?

'Troy once was great, but oh! the scene is o'er,
Her glory vanish'd! and her name no more!'

And wherefore this? Is it that we miss Mrs. Beaumont in her coach and six, with her numerous outriders? Is it that the lamented Earl Fitzwilliam, with his splendid retinue, is no longer there? Oh no!—the Magnates of Devonshire, Cleveland, Leeds, Londonderry,

Londonderry, and Durham, can replace *all that* at any time; but it is the many dirty tricks, the *innumerable* attempts at roguery which have lately been displayed, that have given a taint to Doncaster race-ground, which it will require many years of clean fallow to get rid of. We will not enumerate these vile *faux-pas*—the last, ‘*the swindle*,’ as it is termed, the most barefaced of all—but let the noblemen and gentlemen who wish well to Doncaster, and who do not wish to see the meeting expunged from the Racing Calendar, act a little more vigorously than they have hitherto done, and not let villainy go unpunished before their eyes. Let a mark be set upon all owners, trainers, and riders of horses, with which tricks are played; let them be driven off the course by order of the stewards; let them never again appear at the starting-post or in the betting-ring; and then, but not till then, will racing be once more respectable. Let us indulge our hopes that this will be the case, and that Yorkshire racing no longer shall be the reproach of the present age. ‘All these storms that fall upon us,’ said Don Quixote, ‘are signs the weather will clear up—the evil having lasted long, the good can’t be far off.’ May it prove so here!

The alteration in the amount of the St. Leger stakes will do something towards abating trickery at Doncaster. The sum subscribed was twenty-five sovereigns, play or pay. It is now fifty sovereigns, half forfeit. The lightness of the old charge induced several ill-disposed persons to bring their horses to the post, purposely to create *false starts*; and it will be recollected that, in 1827, there were no less than eight of these, to which the defeat of Mameluke was chiefly attributed. The grand stand on this course is one of the finest in England; and if the genius of taste had presided at the building of it, we scarcely know what improvement could have been made. The betting-room has been considered thoroughly *Greek*!

On more accounts than one, our turf proceedings must make foreigners marvel. Some years since, a French gentleman visited Doncaster, and gave it the appellation of ‘the guinea meeting,’—nothing without the guinea. ‘There was,’ said he, ‘the guinea for entering the rooms to hear the people bet. There was the guinea for my dinner at the hotel. There was the guinea for the stand, for myself; and (Oh! execrable!) the guinea for the stand for my carriage. There was the guinea for my servant’s bed, and (ah, mon Dieu!) *ten* guineas for my own, for only two nights!’ Now we cannot picture to ourselves Monsieur at Doncaster a second time; but if his passion for the race should get the better of his prudence, we only trust he will not be so infamously robbed again. Indeed, he may assure himself of this, for Doncaster will never be what it
has

has been; nor is it fitting it should be. Neither do we consider it a recommendation to state the amount of the money run for at the last meeting,—viz., 13,918*l.*!

Warwick, Manchester, Liverpool, Cheltenham, Bath, and Wolverhampton, are now among our principal country race-meetings, and all of these have wonderfully increased within the last few years; particularly Liverpool, a very young meeting, but which bids fair to catch the forfeited honours of Doncaster. Stockbridge also is now in repute, owing to the Bibury Club being held there—a renewal of the Burford meeting, one of the oldest in England. Bath and Liverpool have races twice in the year, and the valuable *produce-stakes* which all these young meetings have instituted are likely to ensure their continuance; as to the ever princely-hearted Liverpool, at all events, there can be little fear. Speaking generally, however, nothing fluctuates more than the scene of country racing. Newton, in Lancashire, still keeps its place, but Knutsford and Preston decline, and Oxford, once so good, we may consider gone. At the latter place, indeed, it has been Dilly, Sadler, and Day—then Day, Sadler, and Dilly—winning everything—till country gentlemen became tired of the changes being rung upon them!

It was high time that a change, to a certain extent, should be made in country racing,—but in some respects it has gone too far,—we allude to the value of the prizes. A hundred years ago, the breeding and training of race-horses costing comparatively little, running for fifty-pound plates might have paid. Eclipse, indeed, was nothing but a plate horse, having, in all his running, only won two thousand pounds, and the manor-bowl in the good city of Salisbury! But nothing can now-a-days be got by plating, and the contest by heats, many of them four miles, with high weights, borders on cruelty. On the other hand, out of nearly thirty races last year, at Liverpool, there were only three run at heats, and not one four-mile race. At Newmarket there have been no heats, except for a town plate, since 1772; and this is undoubtedly a most beneficial change, and creditable to the feeling of British sportsmen. This is as it should be; man should on no account inflict unnecessary labour on the horse, and, above all, on the race-horse. From no apparent motive but that generous spirit of emulation which distinguishes him above most other animals, and entitles him to our high regard, how he struggles to serve and gratify us! All these things considered, we are inclined to wish well to country racing, as, in itself, a harmless privileged pleasure, which *all* classes have the power to partake of; indeed, we envy not the man whose heart is not gladdened by the many happy faces on a country race-course. In fact, the passion for racing,

racing, like that of hunting, is constitutionally inherent in man, and we cannot reform nature without extinguishing it altogether. The Isthmian games suffered no intermission even when Corinth was made desolate—the Sicyonians being permitted to celebrate them until Corinth was again inhabited; and it is certain that during the embarrassments, privations, and panics to which England has been exposed during the last twenty years, racing, particularly country racing, has progressively increased, and in many respects improved.

We believe it is admitted that in no country in the world do people ride with so daring a spirit as in the little island of Great Britain, and particularly in our Leicestershire hunts. But riding over a country, and race-riding, if they must be called sister-arts, are *diversæ tamen*, it being well-known that many of our first-rate jockeys (Buckle among the number, who often attempted it) have made a poor appearance after hounds. On the turf, however, as on the field, our *gentlemen* ‘delighting in horses’ have, from old time, been forward to exhibit their prowess,

‘Smit with the love of the Laconic boot,
The cap and wig succinct, the silken suit;’

though we take it that it was not until the Bibury and Kingscote meetings that gentleman-jockeyship arrived at perfection in England. It is beyond a doubt that there were gentlemen-jockeys at that time, almost, if not quite, equal to the professional artists, and a few of them nearly in as high practice in the saddle. Amongst these first-rate hands were, the present Duke of Dorset, and George Germaine, his brother; Lords Charles Somerset, Milsington, and Delamere, (then Mr. Cholmondeley); Sir Tatton Sykes; Messrs. Delme Radclyffe, Hawkes, Bullock, Worrall, George Pigot, Lowth, Musters, Douglas, Probyn, &c. &c. Which was the best of these jockeys it might be invidious to say; the palm of superiority for head, seat, and hand, was generally given to the Duke and Mr. Hawkes; but Messrs. Germaine, Delme Radclyffe, and Worrall, were by some considered their equals. Lord Charles Somerset was a fine horseman, though too tall for a jockey, and he often rode a winner. Mr. Bullock was also very good till his leg and thigh were broken by his horse running against a post, and Mr. Probyn was superior on a hard-pulling horse. Mr. Radclyffe often rode in the Oaks, and continued to ride at Goodwood and Egham, till nearly the last year of his life. All the others have retired, and some to their long home; but it is favourable to this manly pastime, and the temperate habits it induces, to state, that out of seven gentlemen-jockeys, who rode thirty-two years ago at Litchfield, only one, Mr. D. Radclyffe, who rode the winner, has died a natural death,

death, all the others being alive, with the exception of Mr. Bullock, who was drowned.

The eminent jockeys of the present day are Lord Wilton, Messrs. White, Osbaldiston, Bouverie, Peyton, Kent, Molony, two Berkeleys, Platel, Burton, Griffiths, Becher, and others whose names do not this moment occur to us. But looking at the value of the prizes at Heaton Park, for example, (where gentlemen *alone* are allowed to ride,) Bath, Croxton Park, and several other places, we marvel not at the proficiency of these patrician jockeys; and during certain parts of the racing season, such performers as Lord Wilton, Messrs. White, Peyton, Kent, and one or two more of the best of them, are in nearly as much request as the regular hired jockeys, and are obliged to prepare themselves accordingly. Wishing them well, we have but one word to offer them. For the credit of the turf, let them bear in mind what the term *gentleman-jockey* implies, and not, as in one or two instances has been the case, admit within their circle persons little, if anywise, above the jockey by profession. This has been severely commented upon as having led to disreputable practices, with which the name—the sacred name of gentleman—should never have been mixed up. With this *proviso*, and considering what might be likely to take place of ‘the Laconic boot,’ were it abandoned, we feel no great hesitation about saying, go,

‘Win the plate,

Where once your nobler fathers won a crown.’

A new system of racing has lately sprung up in England, which however characteristic of the daring spirit of our countrymen, we know not how to commend. We allude to the frequent steeple-races that have taken place in the last few years, and of which, it appears, some are to be periodically repeated. If those whose land is thus trespassed upon are contented, or if recompense be made to such as are not, we have nothing further to say on that score; but we should be sorry that the too frequent repetition of such practices should put the farmers out of temper, and thus prove hurtful to fox-hunting. We may also take the liberty to remark, that one human life has already been the penalty of this rather unreasonable pastime; and that from the pace the horses must travel at, considerable danger to life and limb is always close at hand. In the last race of this description that came under our observation, we found there were no less than seven falls, at fences, in the space of three miles!*

* We recommend the uninitiated, who wish to have some notion of a steeple-chase, to study an admirable set of prints on that subject lately published, after drawings by the Hogarth of the chase, Mr. Alken.

After

After the example of England, racing is making considerable progress in various parts of the world. In the East Indies, there are regular meetings in the three different Presidencies, and there is also the Bengal Jockey Club. In the United States, breeding and running horses are advancing with rapid strides; and the grand match at New York, between Henry and Eclipse, afforded a specimen of the immense interest attached to similar events.* In Germany we find three regular places of sport, viz., Gustrow, Dobboran, and New Brandenburg; and the Duke of Holstein Augustenburg has established a very promising one in his country. His Serene Highness, and his brother, Prince Frederick, have each a large stud of horses, from blood imported from England; and amongst the conspicuous German sportsmen, who have regular racing establishments, under the care of English training grooms, are, Counts Hahn, Plessen, Bassewitz, (two,) Moltke, and Voss; Barons de Biel, Hertefeldt, and Hamerstein. The Duke of Lucca has a large stud; and the stables at Marlia have been rebuilt in a style of grandeur equal to the ducal palace. At Naples, racing has been established, and is flourishing. Eleven thorough-bred horses were lately shipped at Dover, on their road to that capital, and which were to be eighty days on their journey, after landing at Calais. Prince Butera's breeding-stud, on the southern coast of Sicily, is the largest in these parts: it was founded by a son of Haphazard, from a few English mares, and his highness is one of the chief supporters of Neapolitan horse-racing. In Sweden is some of our best blood; and Count Woronzow and others have taken some good blood-stock to Russia. In Austria, four noblemen subscribe to our Racing Calendar; in Hungary, eight; in Prussia, two. France makes very little progress in racing; it does not suit the taste of that people. But, of all wonders, who would look for racing in good form in Van Diemen's Land? There, however, it is: we perceive several well-bred English horses in the lists of the cattle at Hobart's Town, where they have three days' racing for plates, matches, and sweepstakes, (one of fifty sovereigns each,) with ordinaries, and balls, and six thousand spectators on the course! This little colony is *progressing* in many odd ways: it turns out, *inter alia*, as pretty an Annual, whether we look to the poetry or the engraving, as any one could have expected from a place of three times its standing—though the engraving, to be sure, may be accounted for!

The great and leading qualification of a horse bred for the turf is the immaculate purity of his blood. It is then little less than a misnomer to call a half-bred horse a race-horse; it is like the

* There are two Sporting Magazines now published in America, and one at Stockholm.
royal

royal stamp impressed upon base metal. Besides what are called stakes for *horses not thorough-bred* have been the cause of much villany on the turf, by reason of the owners of full-bred horses producing false pedigrees with them, to enable them to start, when of course they are sure to win. Perhaps the most successful, and at the same time the most impudent case occurred in 1825, when a Mr. W—— took about the country a horse which he called ‘Tom Paine, by Prime Minister, not thorough-bred,’ and won several large stakes with him, whereas this said Tom Paine was proved to be Tybalt, by Thunderbolt, and out of Lord Grosvenor’s *Meteora*, by *Meteor*, the *best mare in England* of her day! But, besides all this, we doubt a good result, as regards the horse and his uses, from these stakes. In the first place, a really half-bred horse will rarely endure severe training,—and if he does, his constitution and temper are all but sure to be ruined by it. Secondly, however good he may be as a half-bred racer, he cannot transmit his base blood to posterity. Again—regular trainers dislike having to do with half-bred horses, and seldom give them fair play, i. e. seldom trouble themselves to go out of the usual course with them in their work, *which must be done to bring them well to the post*. Finally, these stakes are also the very hotbed of wrangles; and the system lately adopted of produce stakes for half-bred horses opens a still wider door for villany and fraud. We wish we could see the turf confined to pure blood.

But we must not conclude this article without a word or two to the *Young Gentleman* just starting into the world, who may have imbibed the ambition of shining on the English turf. Let every such person remember that he presents a *broad mark*—that there are hundreds on the watch for him—and that *he stakes* what is *certain* against not only all other chances, but the ripe chance of fraud! Let him, before he plunges into the stream, consider a little how it runs, and whither it may lead him! In these days, indeed, gambling is not confined to the turf, the hazard-room, the boxing-ring, or the cock-pit; but is, unfortunately, mixed up with too many of the ordinary occupations of life. ‘Commerce itself,’ said Mr. Coke of Norfolk in one of his public harangues, ‘is become speculation; the objects of a whole life of industry and integrity among our forefathers, are now attempted to be obtained in as many weeks or months, as it formerly required years to effect.’ The fatal passion has, indeed, taken fast hold on a great body of the people, and what is called a *levanter* is perhaps a less rare occurrence from the corn-market, the hop-market, or ‘the alley,’ than from the betting-ring or Tattersall’s. But we are told that betting—

‘Though no science, fairly worth the seven,’

is the life of racing, and that without it the turf would soon fall into decay. To a certain extent there may be some truth in this doctrine; nevertheless *betting* is the germ which gives birth to all the roguery that has of late lowered this department of sport in the eyes of all honourable men. The Scripture phrase, in short, is now every day verified, the race not being to the swift, but *to the horse on whom the largest sums stand in certain persons' books*. Indeed, it was not long since asserted by a well-known rider and owner of race-horses, deep in turf secrets, that if Eclipse were here now, and in his very best form, but heavily backed to lose by certain influential bettors, he would have no more chance to win than if he had but the use of three of his legs! What, may we ask, must be the opinion of foreigners, when they read the *uncontradicted* statement of the New Sporting Magazine, that in the Derby stakes of 1832, when St. Giles was the winner, every horse in the race, save one (Perion), was supposed to have been made safe, *i. e.* safe not to win? *By whom* made safe? Not by their owners, for many of them were the property of noblemen and gentlemen of high personal character. The foul deed can only be perpetrated by the influence of vast sums of money employed in various ways upon the event—in short, where the owners stand clear, trainers or jockies *must* combine with the parties concerned in the robbery. But what a stain upon the boasted pastime of English gentlemen! And then the result:—

‘ This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation,

With senators on the bench!’

But we may be told racing—or rather betting on racing, supposed to be essential to its existence—cannot go on without what are called the ‘ Legs,’ (described by an old writer on sporting subjects as ‘ the most unprincipled and abandoned set of thieves and harpies that ever disgraced civilized society,’) and that pecuniary obligations are commonly discharged by them with as much integrity and despatch as by the most respectable persons in the commercial world. Undoubtedly they are; for if they fail to be so, the adventurer is driven from the ground on which he hopes to fatten. ‘ I would give 50,000*l.* for a bit of character’ (said the old sinner Charteris)—‘ for if I had *that*, I *think* I could make a plum of it;’ and the rogues of our day, though not so witty, are quite as knowing as the venerable Colonel.

Woe befall the day when Englishmen look lightly on such desperate inroads upon public morals as have lately passed under their eyes on race-courses! Do they lose sight of the fact, that whoever commits a fraud is guilty, not only of the particular injury

injury to him whom he deceives, but of the diminution of that confidence which constitutes the very existence of society? Can this familiarity with robbing and robbers be without its influence on a rising generation? We say it cannot; and if suffered to go on for twenty years more, we venture to pronounce the most mischievous effects to all classes of society. Talk of jockey-club regulations! As well might Madame Vestris sit in judgment on short petticoats, or Lord Grey on the sin of nepotism, as a jockey club attempt *then* to pass censure on offences which they must have suffered to grow before their faces,—if indeed they should have been so fortunate as all along to steer quite clear of them themselves.

But let us look a little into these practices. In the first place, what is it that guides the leading men in their betting? Is it a knowledge of the horse they back either to win or to lose? and is it his public running that directs their operations? We fear not; three parts of them know no more of a horse than a horse knows of them, but it is from private information, purchased at a high price—at a price which ordinary virtue cannot withstand—that their books are made up. Again; how do the second class of bettors act? We reply—they bet upon *men* and not upon *horses*, for so soon as they can positively ascertain that certain persons stand heavy against any one horse, that horse has no chance to win, unless, as it sometimes happens, he is too strong for his jockey, or the nauseating ball has not had the desired effect. He runs in front it is true, for *he can run to win*; but what is his fate? Why, like the hindmost wheel of the chariot, he is

‘Curs’d

Still to be near, but ne’er to reach the first.’

Unfortunately for speculators on the turf, the present enormous amount of a few of our principal sweepstakes renders it impossible to restrict the owners of race-horses from starting more than one animal in the same race. The nominations for the Derby, Oaks, &c., take place when the colts are but one year old, consequently many of them die before the day of running, or, what is worse, prove good for nothing on trial. Thus, the aspirant to the honour of winning them, enters several horses for the same stakes, and perhaps two of the number come to the post, as was the case with Mameluke and Glenartney for the Derby of 1827—an occasion when the race was *not* to the swift, but to the horse which stood best in the book; the losing horse, it is not disputed, could have won, had he been permitted to do so. By the laws of racing this practice is allowable, but it gives great cause for complaint, and opens a door for fraud. One of the heaviest bettors of the present day, who had backed

Mameluke

Mameluke to a large amount, observed, that he should not have lamented his loss, *had it not been clear that Mameluke could have won.* A similar occurrence took place last year for the same great race. Messrs. Gulley and Ridsdale (confederates, and as such, we believe, allowed to do so) *compromised* to give the race to St. Giles, although doubtless Margrave could have won it. All outside bettors, as they are called—those not in the secret, as well as those not in the ring—are of course put *hors du combat* by such proceedings; their opinion of horses, formed from their public running—the only honourable criterion—being sacrificed by this compromise. But we will go one point further. It is proceedings such as these that are too often the cause of *gentlemen* on the turf swerving from the straight-forward course: men—true as the sun in all private transactions—allow themselves to deviate from the right path on a race-course, *in revenge for what they deem to have been injustice.* We could name several honourable and highly-minded gentlemen who have openly avowed this. ‘Our money has been taken from us,’ they have declared, ‘without our having a chance to keep it, and we will recover it in any way we can.’ In truth, we are too much inclined to believe, that a modern Aristides has fearful odds against him on the English turf at the present time. Look, for example, at the sums paid for race-horses, which we think must open our eyes to the fact. Three thousand guineas are now given for a promising colt for the Derby stakes!! But how stands this favourite? There are upwards of a hundred horses besides himself named for the stake; more than twenty will start for it; and if he wins it, it does not amount to much above his cost price. But the purchaser will back him to win it. Indeed! back him against such a field, several of which he knows have been running forward, and others of which have not appeared at all, and *may be* better than his own! No; these three thousand guinea horses are *not* bought to win the Derby;—but the price makes them *favourites*—and *then* thousands are won by their *losing* it.

Then there is another system which cannot be too severely reprobated—namely, making a horse a favourite in the betting, and then selling him on the eve of a great play or pay race. We confess we could by no means understand ‘the white-washing,’ as it was termed by Lord Uxbridge, that a certain person obtained by his *explanation* of an affair last year at Doncaster. The act of selling a horse under such circumstances to a duke would have been a culpable one; but what must be thought of ‘the merry sport’ of placing him in the hands of a *hell-keeper*?*

* The racing world remember Mr. Watt's honourable conduct on this point, when offered a large price for Belzoni, a great favourite for the St. Leger. ‘No,’ said he, ‘my horse is at present the property of the public.’

One of the principal evils is the betting of trainers and jockies. We may be asked, is there any harm in a trainer betting a few pounds on a horse he has in his stable, and which he thinks has a fair chance to win? Certainly not; and the old, and the only proper, way of doing this was, to ask the owner of the horse to let him stand some part of his engagements,—a request that was never known to be refused. But *then* no trainer had a person betting for him by commission, and, *perhaps*, against the very horses he himself was bringing to the post—reducing such bets to a certainty! The evil of trainers becoming bettors has no bounds, for when once they enter upon it, it is in vain to say to what extent the pursuit may lead them. Look to the case of Lord Exeter's trainer, examined a short time since before the Jockey Club. He admitted having betted 300*l.* *against* one of his master's horses. Was there any harm in that individual act? None: because he had previously betted largely that the horse would *win*, and he had recourse to the usual, indeed to the only, means of securing himself from loss, on finding that he was going wrong. But we maintain, that he had no right, as Lord Exeter's trainer and servant, to bet to an amount requiring such steps to be taken. Again; who betted the 300*l.* hedging money for him? Let those who *inquired* into the affair answer that! Now what security had Lord Exeter that *all* the money had not been laid out *against* his horse, and then, we may ask, where was his chance to win? Moreover, if trainers subject themselves to such heavy losses—for this man, it seems, had a large sum depending on this event—there is too much reason to fear they may be recovered at their master's expense.

The heavy betting of jockies is still more fatal to the best interests of the turf, and generally, we may add, to themselves. Why did the late king dismiss Robinson, the second best, if not, as in some people's opinions, the best—in every one's opinion the most successful—jockey in England? Not because he had done wrong by the king's horses, but solely because his majesty heard he was worth a large sum of money. What has the great jockey of the north got by his heavy betting? Money, no doubt; but dismissal from the principal stud of the north. In fact, no gentleman can feel himself secure in the hands of either a trainer or a jockey who bets; but of the two, the system may be most destructive with the jockey, as no one besides himself need be in the secret. If he bet *against* his horse, the event is of course under his control; and such is the superiority of modern jockeyship, that a race can almost always be thrown away without detection. On the other hand, if he back his horse heavily *to win*, he becomes, from nervous trepida-

tion, unfit to ride him, as has frequently been witnessed at Doncaster—we need not mention names.

The first admission we have on record of a jockey betting against himself, is in 'Genius Genuine,' page 106, where the author, the late Samuel Chifney, (1784,) rides Lord Grosvenor's Fortitude at York, against Faith and Recovery, backing Faith against Recovery, *one win, or no bet*, and Faith won. He adds, that he did not think he was acting improperly in making this bet, because, he says, he *knew* Fortitude was unfit to run. Now, as he has given his opinion on the case, we will give our's. Let us suppose that Lord Grosvenor—thinking, perhaps, that his horse *was fit* to run—had backed him heavily to win, and that his jockey had backed (as he admits he did) Faith to win. Fortitude and Faith come to a neck and neck race; and what, may we ask, would be the result? Why we really have not *faith* enough to believe that Fortitude would have won. Indeed, we can fancy we hear the jockey's conversation with the inner man. 'The money is nothing to my Lord,' he might say, 'but a great deal to me,' so one pull makes it *safe*; and a few pricks of the spur, *after* he has past the winning post, serve to lull suspicion. To speak seriously—a jockey's betting at all is bad enough, but his betting on any other horse in the race save his own, is contrary to every principle, and fatal to the honour of the turf.

We have already alluded to one system of turf plunder, that of *getting up favourites*, as the term is, by false trials and lies, for the sake of having them backed to win in the market, well knowing that all the money betted upon them must be lost. This is villainous; but what can be said to the poisoning system—the nauseating ball—we have reason to fear an every-day occurrence, when a horse is placed under *the master-key*? This is a practice of some standing on the turf, (see Chifney's account of Creeper and Walnut, 1791,) and was successfully carried on in the stables of the late Lord Foley, very early in the present century, when one of the party was hanged for the offence. But people know better now, and the disgrace of the halter is avoided; no *post mortem* examination—no solution of arsenic. A little opiate ball given over-night, is all that is necessary—to *retard* a horse in his race, but not prevent his starting. *Winners* of races are now not in request. A good *favourite* is the horse wanting, and there are many ways to prevent *his* winning—this among the rest.

There is one point more that we must touch on:

'Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis,'

says Æneas to his son, when he advises him not to trust to her wanton smiles for achievement and success. It is quite certain that

that *luck* has very little to do with *ruing*, and the man who trusts to it will find he is leaning on a broken staff. To the owner of a racing stud, who means to act uprightly, nothing but good management can ensure success, and even with this he has fearful odds against him, so many striving for the same prize. His horses must be well-bred, well-reared, well-engaged, well-trained, well-weighted, and well-ridden—nothing else will succeed in the long run. Still less has *luck* to do with *betting*. The speculator on other people's horses can only succeed by the help of one or the other of these expedients—namely, great knowledge of horsemesh and astute observation of public running—deep calculation—or secret fraud: and that the last-mentioned resource is the base upon which many large fortunes have in our day been built, no man will be bold enough to deny. How many fine domains have been shared amongst those hosts of rapacious sharks, during the last two hundred years! and—unless the system be altered—how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulph! For, we lament to say, the evil increases; all heretofore, indeed, has been 'tarts and cheese-cakes,' to the villainous proceedings of the last twenty years, on the English turf. 'Strange! But how is it that exposures are not oftener made?' This question is very easily answered. It is the value of the prize that tempts the pirate; and the extent of the plunder is now so great, that secrecy is purchased at any price.

But shutting our eyes to this ill-featured picture, and imagining everything to be honourably conducted, let us just take a glance at the present system of betting, and setting aside mathematical demonstrations applicable only where chances are equal, state the general method of what is called 'making a book.' The first object of the betting man is to purchase cheaply, and to sell dearly; and, next, to secure himself by hedging, so that he cannot lose, if he do not win. This, however, it is evident, will not satisfy him, and he seeks for an opportunity of making himself a winner, *without the chance of being a loser*. This is done by what is called betting round. For example: if twenty horses start in a race, and A bets 10 to 1 *against each*, he must win 9, as he receives 19, and only pays 10; namely—10 to 1 to the winning horse. This, of course, can rarely be done, because it might not occur in a hundred years that all the horses were at such equal odds. Nevertheless, it is quite evident, that if, when a certain number of horses start, A bets against all, taking care that he does not bet a higher sum against any one horse that may win, than would be covered by his winnings by the others which lose, he *must win*. Let us, then, suppose A beginning to make his Derby book, at the commencement of the new year. B bets

him (about the usual odds) 20 to 1 against an outsider, which A takes in hundreds, viz. 2000 to 100. The outsider improves; he comes out in the spring, and wins a race, and the odds drop to 10 to 1. A bets 1000 to 100 *against* him. He is now on velvet; he cannot lose, and may win 1000. In fact, he has a thousand pounds in hand to play with, which the alteration of the odds has given him. But mark! he is only playing with it, he may never pocket it, so he acts thus. The outsider—we will call him *Repeater*—comes out again, wins another race, and the odds are only 5 to 1 against him. A bets 500 to 100 more against him, and let us now see how he stands.

If Repeater wins, A receives from B	.	.	.	£2000
He pays to	.	.	C	£1000
Ditto to	.	.	D	500
				<hr/> 1500
Balance in A's favour by Repeater winning	.			<hr/> £500
If Repeater loses—A receives from C	.	.		£100
Ditto from D	.	.		100
				<hr/> 200
A pays B £100—Deduct	.	.		100
				<hr/> £100
Balance in A's favour by Repeater losing	.	.		£100

But is there *no* contingency here? Yes, the colt might have died before A had hedged, and then he must have paid his 100*l.*; but, on the other hand, he would have been out of the field, which might have been worth all the money to him, in his deeper speculations on other horses. But let us suppose our colt to have remained at the original odds, viz. 20 to 1. In that case, A must have betted 2000 to 100 against him, and then no harm would have arisen.

In what is called making a book on a race, it is evident that the bettor must be early in the market, taking and betting the odds for and against each horse: for backing a favourite to win is not his system. His chief object is, to take long odds against such horses as he fancies, and then await the turn of the market, when he sells dearly what he has purchased cheaply. For example, how often does it happen that 12 to 1 is the betting against a horse two months before his race, and before he starts it is only 4 to 1? If the bettor has taken 1200 to 100 against him, and then bets 400 to 100 the other way, he risks nothing, but has a chance to win 800. It is by this system of betting that it often becomes a matter of indifference to a man which horse wins, his money being so divided amongst them all. In fact,

fact, what is called an outsider is often the best winner for him, as in that case he pockets all the bets he has made against those horses which *gentlemen and their friends have fancied*. There is, however, too often what is called 'the book-horse,' in some of the *great* races, in which more than one party are concerned. What the term 'book-horse' implies, we need not explain further than by saying, that it would signify little were he really a book, and not a horse:—the animal with the best blood in England in his veins, and the best jockey on his back, shall have no more chance to win, if backed heavily to lose, than a jackass.*

We

* As we well know that a huge fortune was made in the betting ring, by a certain person now deceased, who could neither read nor write, and that one of the heaviest betters of the present day is in the same state of blessed ignorance, we may safely conclude that if these two persons ever heard of *fractional arithmetic*, they could know no more of it than of the division of logarithms. Nevertheless, the probability of events can only be found by such help; and even then, as far as racing is concerned, although the adept in this part of the mathematician's art may be able to ascertain the precise odds that may be given or received, so as to provide against loss, yet he will find that, to be certain to win, advantage must be taken of all chances more favourable than the precise odds. In fact, it will be by advantageous bets on particular events, that he will have a balance in his favour, at the winding up of his book, and it would avail him little to work for no profit. The main point, however, on which it is indispensably necessary to keep the eye in betting, is, in a series of different events, *the exact odds to be readily had on every individual event; and having made a round of these engagements, as opinion fluctuates, opportunities will offer themselves where great advantage may be gained.*

It is on a plurality of events that figures must be resorted to, the chances on which must be put to the test of arithmetical solution. As everything may be understood which man is permitted to know, a few lessons from the schoolmaster will furnish this, and we now give the following simple examples, which are easily understood, and generally applicable. And let us add, that to a betting man, who speculates largely, the difference of half a point in the precise odds may win or lose a large fortune in the course of a few years.

Examples—Two horses are about to start. The betting on one is even, and the odds on the other is 6 to 4. What odds must B bet A that he does not name both the winners? The expression for the former is $\frac{1}{2}$, and for the latter $\frac{2}{5}$; but $\frac{1}{2}$ is equal to $\frac{3}{6}$, therefore say—

$$\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{5} = \frac{3}{10}; \text{ and } 10 - 3 = 7:$$

hence the odds is 7 to 3. B, therefore, lays A 7 to 3 that he does not name both winners, and then hedges as follows:—As 3*l.* is the sum to which he has staked his 7*l.*, he lays that sum even, that A wins; and on the other event he lays 6 to 4, (the odds in the example,) the same way. Now A wins both, and receives of B 7*l.*; but B wins 3*l.* on the former by hedging, and 4*l.* on the latter, which is equal to what he has lost to A. It is here obvious, that had B, in hedging, been enabled to have made better bets—for instance, could he have done better than by taking an even 3*l.* on the first event, and had greater odds than 6 to 4 on the latter, he might have won, but could not have lost.

On the same two events, what odds may B lay A that the latter does not lose both? Set down for the former $\frac{1}{2}$, and the latter will now be $\frac{2}{7}$; but $\frac{1}{2}$ is equal to $\frac{2}{4}$; therefore, it will be—

$$\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{2}{5} = \frac{2}{10}; \text{ and } 10 - 2 = 8:$$

hence the odds is 8 to 2 = 4 to 1.

Proof

We now dismiss this subject, with no probability of our ever returning to it. Although the perusal of Xenophon might have made Scipio a hero, we have not the slightest intention of manufacturing jockeys by any effort of our pen; and yet we wish we had touched on these matters sooner. But why so? Is it that we would rather have been Livy, to have written on the grandeur of Rome, than Tacitus, on its ill-fated decline? It may be so; for we are loth to chronicle, in any department, our country's dispraise; but we are not without the reflection, that we might have done something towards preventing the evils we have had to deplore, by exposing the manner in which they have accumulated and thriven. That there are objections to racing, we do not deny, as, indeed, there are to most of the sports which have been invented for the amusement of mankind, and few of which can gratify pure benevolence; but when honourably conducted, we consider the turf as not more objectionable than most others, and it has one advantage over

Proof by hedging—B begins to hedge, by betting an even 1*l*. on the first event, which A winning, he wins. On the subsequent event, B takes the odds, 3 to 2, which A winning, he also wins. Thus he receives 4*l*., which pays the 4 to 1 he betted on A, losing both events.

Upon two several events, even betting on the one, and 7 to 4 in favour of A on the other; what odds may B lay against A winning both? The one, as before, is $\frac{1}{2}$, and the other is represented by $\frac{7}{11}$:

$$\text{Then } \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{7}{11} = \frac{7}{22}; \text{ and } 22 - 7 = 15:$$

thus 15 to 7 is the odds.

Proof by hedging—The sum against which B laid his odds is 7; therefore he begins by laying 7*l*. on the first event; which, as A wins, he wins. On the next event, he lays 14 to 8, or twice 7 to twice 4, as per terms of question, which he also wins; making together 7 and 8 = 15, the odds he had laid with, and lost to A.

Upon the same two events, what odds may B bet A, that the latter does not lose both? Set down for the former $\frac{1}{2}$, for the latter $\frac{7}{11}$;

$$\text{Then } \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{4}{11} = \frac{4}{22}; \text{ and } 22 - 4 = 18:$$

therefore, 18 to 4 = 9 to 2 is the odds.

Proof by hedging—B bets first the sum to which he has laid his odds, namely 2*l*., which he wins; and then, taking 7 to 4 on the second event, he wins 2 + 7 = 9, which pays the 9*l*. he lost to A; and had more favourable odds been offered, B must have been a winner without risk of losing.

When three distinct events are pending, on the first of which the betting is even; on the second, 3 to 2 in favour of A, and the third 5 to 4; what odds should B lay A, that the latter does not name all the winners? The first is expressed by $\frac{1}{2}$, the second by $\frac{3}{5}$, and the third by $\frac{5}{9}$:

$$\text{Therefore, } \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{5} \times \frac{5}{9} = (\text{by cancelling}) \frac{1}{6}; \text{ and } 6 - 1 = 5:$$

hence the odds is 5 to 1.

Proof by hedging—B begins to hedge by betting an even 2*l*., that A wins the first event; he then bets the odds on the next, viz., (3 to 2) $\div 2 = 1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. B also bets the odds on the third event, viz. (5 to 4) $\div 2 = 2\frac{1}{2}$ to 2. Now A wins all three; therefore, B wins 2 + 1 + 2 = 5*l*., which pays what he lost to A. The odds that A did not lose these three events would be 41 to 4.

almost

almost all now in any measure of fashionable repute:—it diffuses its pleasures far and wide. The owner of race-horses cannot gratify his passion for the turf, without affording delight to thousands upon thousands of the less fortunate of his countrymen. This is no trivial feature in the case, now that shooting is divided between the lordly *battue* and the prowl of the poacher,—and that fox-hunting is every day becoming more and more a piece of exclusive luxury, instead of furnishing the lord, the squire, and the yeoman, with a common recreation, and promoting mutual goodwill among all the inhabitants of the rural district.

ART. V. — *The Inferno of Dante.* Translated by Ichabod Charles Wright, A.M. London. 8vo. 1833.

WE have, on various occasions, expressed our high opinion of the translation of the Divine Comedy executed in our own time by Mr. Cary. To say that it was on all points superior to every preceding English version of that extraordinary poem, would have been little praise: they had all been execrable—it was really excellent. Mr. Cary understood his author as well perhaps as any Englishman did at the period of his labours—and he gave us a transcript, almost always clear, generally vigorous, and in many passages indicative of warm poetical feeling in the mind of the interpreter. We speak of the substance of Dante:—of his peculiar manner, as distinct—as unlike any other—in many respects as nobly original as that of Homer or of Shakspeare—the version, masterly as it was, certainly conveyed, as a whole, no approach to a likeness. The measure alone in which Cary wrote rendered this almost impossible. The sweeping, long-drawn-out harmony of good English blank verse could reflect no livelier impression of the compact, terse, if we may so call it *sculptural* precision of Dante's *terza rima*, than Pope's heroic couplets of Homer's hexameters; and when Cary, in the desire to come closer to Dante, flung away the guiding echo of his Milton, he produced an effect positively disagreeable. Tercets, without the grace of *cæsura*, and the varieties of interlinked lines, in the absence of rhyme, are indeed unmelodious monsters.

The attempt to introduce the *terza rima* itself as an English measure, often unsuccessfully hazarded in our earlier times, has been repeated, since Mr. Cary published his book, by a great master of versification; but although Lord Byron seems to have thought very highly of the execution of his Prophecy of Dante and his translation of an Episode in the *Inferno*, the public taste has not in the main ratified his judgment. The 'Prophecy' has the air
of

of a translation, quite as much as the 'Francesca'—perhaps more so. Its effect to the ear is stiff, hard, laboured—and we venture to say, it has been less read, and is now more nearly forgotten, than any other production of Lord Byron's mature years ever will be. After that failure, we think few will doubt that *terza rima* is essentially unfit for our adoption. We have indeed such a paucity of perfect rhymes in our language, and imperfect rhymes have now become so distasteful, so offensive, that it may be doubted whether a serious poem of considerable length ought ever again to be attempted in any measure requiring a multiplicity of assonances—except indeed the noble Spenserian stanza, in the case of which there is a prescriptive privilege to employ occasionally archaic rhymes, together with what is even of greater importance—a strain of amplification and redundancy such as would not now be tolerated in any other form of English versification. We speak of *serious* poetry—in ludicrous verse, the more jingle the better—the search for the rhymes is pretty sure to multiply the jokes: indeed every one sees, in *Don Juan*, that nine times out of ten the rhyme suggested the thought—and all this is well; the bizarre, the grotesque, the incongruous, being excellent materials and instruments for the *jester*. It is true that *Don Juan* contains several fragments of pure high poetry, superior perhaps to anything in the rest of the author's writings;—and that in these the demands of the verse have been met at no expense of beauty or of dignity. But we much doubt if any art could achieve a continuous grave poem, as long as the shortest canto of *Don Juan*, in English *ottava rima*, without leaving, ever and anon, a painful impression of unnecessary difficulties inefficiently encountered.

But will any hand ever execute a *translation* of any long poem, at once closely faithful and buoyantly energetic, in any English measure that requires rhyme at all? We suspect not: as yet certainly we have had no such example. The poet is he who feels more intensely than other men, and expresses his feelings more vividly: and great are the difficulties which the most skilful poet must overcome before he can succeed in presenting his feelings in *rhyme*, without dislocating them from the natural order in which they evolved themselves in his own mind—which order being disturbed, they lose, *pro tanto*, the power of commanding our sympathy. He can soar higher than we, but unless we can follow him through every winding of his flight, we lose our interest in him as a nobler self; we stare at, but do not feel with him; the link between us is gone. How hard then must be the task of *re-presenting*, not only in a new language, but amidst the fetters of jingle, the thoughts and feelings of another man, in *their* natural sequence of original development! We are not sure that

that the difficulty has ever been completely overcome, even in a fragment. The poet who grapples in this way with the conceptions of another poet, cuts the knot by recasting them in his own mind, and producing, as a translation, what is in fact a new poem of his own—little more than the key-note borrowed; such are the highest examples of rhymed poetical translation in our language,—Dryden's specimens from Lucretius and Juvenal; and such essentially is the *Iliad* of Pope. These great masters, if they cannot adhere to the order of images in the model before them, are capable of inventing another order equally natural as that, or nearly so; and the effect is infinitely more powerful and delightful than the closest transcript of all the *materiel* of the finest poem in the world, executed by one who, not being himself a master, or fixing his eye on closeness as the *sine qua non*, cannot, or does not, furnish any equivalent for that original arrangement which *rhyme* renders it all but *impossible* for him to preserve. The merely English reader will derive a much livelier notion of Juvenal's spirit from the daring *rivalries* of Dryden—or the majestic pathos of the 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' than from Mr. Gifford's happiest *translations*.

The original poet himself, in his attention to the mechanical details of versification, is but too apt to lose sight of the order in which his conceptions were really drawn out within his breast—for no man thinks in verse—least of all in rhyme); and hence the copious admixture of the *false*, which disturbs the impression of almost every poetical piece in the world—we are not afraid to say of every modern one of comprehensive dimensions. We know few studies so interesting and instructive as that of the *various readings* of a true poet—we mean the *ascertained* successive readings of the poet himself, not the syllable strife of commentators. How seldom do they fail to confirm the truth of Dr. Johnson's remark, that it is one of the hardest things in the world to alter the language of a passage without injuring the thought; * a remark which ought to render us merciful critics indeed when we approach any fair specimen of poetical translation—of all other kinds of composition that in which the *possible* praise bears the smallest proportion to its inherent difficulty and labour.

The most cursory perusal of Mr. Wright's *Inferno* will satisfy every one that, had there been no Cary, this work would have been a valuable addition to the English library. But with every disposition to encourage any gentleman in an elegant pursuit, it is our duty to ask, in how far, Cary's volumes being

* We recommend, especially, to the young lover of such researches, the comparison of some of Wordsworth's ballads, as originally published, with the late collective edition of that great author's miscellaneous poetry.

in every collection, it was worth Mr. Wright's while to undertake a new version of Dante? There are many poems of great merit, ancient and modern, which have never been interpreted to the mere English reader at all; many more of which the only existing versions are miserably deficient in every respect. Under such circumstances, surely Dante could not be a judicious choice, unless the new translator felt himself qualified to surpass, to some very considerable extent, the effect of his predecessor's performance—to convey at once a more exact impression of his author's meaning, and a livelier one of his manner. If Mr. Wright has succeeded in rendering Dante more accurately than Mr. Cary had done *here and there*, only by availing himself of certain recent commentaries on the original, of which Mr. Cary might have been expected to make use in preparing a new edition of his work; if, with the exception of these detached passages, the later version is not a more faithful one—and if it does not, as a whole, wear an air *more Dantesque without being less English*, than the former—we shall be compelled, not to treat disrespectfully a well-meant and industrious effort, but to express our regret that the time and talents devoted to it had not found some unpreoccupied field—and to urge the propriety of suspending a labour which, if completed, could at best conduct to a secondary place.

We are bound to observe *in limine* that the version of Cary has been of infinite use to his successor; Mr. Wright has taken from him not a few *lines*, and in *innumerable* instances he has obviously and incontestably drawn his *words*, not directly from the Italian fountainhead, but from the previous English (and manly English that is) of his predecessor. Cary has been in the main the Dante of Mr. Wright; and he has departed from him nowhere, as far as we have been able to trace, to any good effect, unless when guided by Ugo Foscolo, or by Rossetti—of whose *Commentary*, indeed, he not seldom inlays fragments into his text; a liberty which had better been omitted.

No doubt, then, it is on his nearer approach to the air and manner of the Italian master, that the new interpreter rests his claim to supplant Cary; and when we opened his book, we certainly did not doubt that the gigantic task of rendering Dante in the *terza rima* had now at all events been accomplished. But a very brief examination dismissed this dream. Mr. Wright's measure is the Dantesque one to the eye, but not to the ear. It is printed exactly like the Italian verse—but the writer has not grappled with the difficulties, and he has missed the chief grace, of the *terza rima*:—he has few triple rhymes at all—and none in the right places; and the subtle link by which Dante binds every section of his measure into the succeeding one is thus wholly lost.

The

The result, then, is not an English *Inferno* in the measure of Dante, instead of the measure of Milton; but only the sense of Cary twisted out of blank verse into a new and anomalous variety of English rhyme—whether a harmonious or a graceful one, or at all likely to take root among us, we shall enable the reader to judge.

We select, by way of specimen, a few of those passages which are most familiar to every one; but which are so, simply because no reader thinks he can have them too often before him; and first the opening of

CANTO III.

Per me si va nella città dolente;

Per me si va nell' eterno dolore;

Per me si va tra la perduta gente.

Giustizia mosse 'l mio alto Fattore;

Fecemi la divina Potestate,

La somma Sapienza, e 'l primo Amore.

Dinanzi a me non fur' cose create

Se non eterne, ed io eterno duro:

Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate.

Cary.

Wright.

Through me you pass into the city of woe:

Through me you pass into eternal pain:

Through me among the people lost for aye.

Justice the founder of my fabric mov'd:

To rear me was the task of power divine,

Supreme wisdom, and primeval love.

Before me things create were none, save

things

Eternal, and eternal I endure.

All hope abandon—ye who enter here.

Through me ye enter the shade of woe:

Through me to endless sorrow are convey'd:

Through me amidst the souls accurst ye go.

Justice did first my lofty Maker move:

By Power Almighty was my fabric made,

By highest wisdom, and by primal love,

Ere I was form'd, no things created were,

Save those eternal—I eternal last:

All hope abandon—ye who enter here.

In neither of these versions is the greatest beauty, save one, of this passage entirely preserved; the triple repetition of the *per me si va*. This might have been attempted; the effect of the transition from the solemn absolute *si va*, to the terrible *Lasciate voi* of the ninth line, a magnificent feature, was perhaps unattainable. Cary's first line is more literal than Wright's—and we like its sound better. His third line too is the happier; Mr. Wright's variations of *ye enter—ye are conveyed—ye go*, are very bad.

In the second tercet Wright has transposed, and not mended, Cary; his third line is worse than the corresponding one; he omits judiciously, however, Cary's interpolation of *task*: a task implies a master.

In the third tercet the advantage is on all points with Cary; Wright's *those eternal* is not inscriptional, and he loses a link in omitting

omitting 'ed io,' &c. not to be replaced by the weak modern invention of a hyphen (—); even commas and semicolons are out of place on marble. Cary's *endure* is better than his *last*. The closing line is *not* Mr. Wright's.

Quivi sospiri, pianti, ed alti guai
Risonavan per l' aere senza stelle,
Perch' io al cominciár ne lagrimái.

Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
Parole di dolore, accenti d' ira,
Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle

Facévan un tumulto il qual s' aggira
Sempre in quell' aria senza tempo tinta,
Come la rena quando 'l turbo spira.

Ed io ch' avéa d' error la testa cinta,
Dissi: Maëstro, chë è quel ch' i' òdo?

E che gent' è che par nel duol sì vinta?

Here sighs, with lamentations and loud
moans,

Resounded through the air, pierced by no
star,

That e'en I wept at entering. Various
tongues,

Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swell'd
the sounds,

Made up a tumult that for ever whirls
Round through that air with solid darkness
stain'd,

Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.

I then, with error yet encompass'd, cried,
'O master! what is this I hear? what race
Are these, who seem so overcome with
woe?'

There sighs and sorrows, and heart-rending
cries

Resounded through the starless atmos-
phere, [eyes,

Whence tears began to gather in mine

Harsh tongues discordant,—horrible dis-
course,— [despite,—

Words of despair,—fierce accents of
Striking of hands,—with curses deep
and hoarse,

Raised a loud tumult, that unceasing whirl'd
Throughout that gloom of everlasting
night,

Like to the sand by circling eddies hurl'd.

Then (horror compassing my head around)
I cried, 'O master, what is this I hear?
And who are these so plunged in grief
profound?'

In Wright's first line *sorrows* is no translation of *pianti*; in his second, *heart-rending* is not *alti*, nor does *cries* render *guai*. Cary is better; but we suspect Dante's ascent is from *sighs* to *moans*, and from thence to *wailings*. Both miss the sense of the third line; Dante *weeps*—tears only gather in Wright's eyes; and *al cominciár* does not mean *at entering*, as Cary supposes, but *at the first*—i. e. before the poet understands exactly that the sounds he hears are those of merited suffering. He was still in the *error* (which Wright blunders into *horror*) of the tenth line.

The second *tercet* is not well done by either; Wright's *harsh tongues discordant* does not express *diverse lingue*—the tongues of different nations; his *horrible discourse* is not quite so wide of the original as Cary's *horrible languages*—(Dante would hardly have used *favelle* in exactly the same sense as he had just done *lingue*); but it is vulgar—and it is *not* a complete translation.

The

The poet's meaning is the *various utterances of anguish*, which he proceeds to enumerate. *Parole di dolore* are not *outcries*, but, *words of woe*; and *despair* does not yet speak,—that is reserved for the close: the description again goes *crescendo*—there are *words of grief*, then *accents of rage*, then high and hoarse *voices*, and 'hands together smote,' in unison with *them*—this is the *despair*. Nothing can be worse than Wright's arrangement: *despair*—then *despite* (what bathos!)—then the striking of hands removed from its place *after* all the *favelle*, and thrust in between the *despite* and the *curses*, neither of which are Dante's. Cary's eighth line,

'Round through that air with solid darkness stain'd,'

is a fine one; the *solid*, though hardly *senza tempo*, is worth an infidelity: the corresponding line in Wright is commonplace.

The heart-rending story of *Count Ugolino* in Canto XXXIII., the subject of by far the first historical picture of the English school, has of course been executed by both these translators with the utmost care and reflection:—

Quand' io fui desto innanzi la dimane,
Pianger senti' fra 'l sonno i miei figliuoli
Ch' éran con meco, e dimandár del pane.

Ben se' crudél, se tu già non ti duoli
Pensando ciò ch' al mio cuor s' annunziava:
E se non piangi, di che pianger suoli?

Già éran desti, e l' ora s' appressava
Che 'l cibo ne soleva éssere addotto,
E per suo sogno ciascún dubitava.

Ed io senti' chiavár l' uscio di sotto
All' orribile torre, ond' io guardái
Nel viso a' mie' figliuol senza far motto:

Io non piangeva, sì dentro impietrái:
Piangévan elli; ed Anselmuccio mio
Disse: Tu guardi sì, padre: che hai?

Però non lagrimái, nè rispós' io
Tutto quel giorno nè la notte appresso,
Infín che l' altro Sol nel mondo uscío.

When I awoke,
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons (for they were with me) weep
and ask

For bread. Right cruel art thou, if no pang
Thou feel at thinking what my heart fore-
told;

And if not now, why use thy tears to flow?
Now had they waken'd; and the hour
drew near

When they were wont to bring us food;
the mind [and I

Of each misgave him through his dream,

When I awoke, ere morn its rays had shed,
I heard my sons, who with me were
confined, [bread.

Sob in their slumbers, and cry out for
Full cruel art thou, if thou canst conceive,
Without a tear, what then came o'er my
mind! [thee grieve?

And if thou grieve not, what can make
They were awake; and now the hour drew
near, [scant repast,

Which had been wont to bring their
And each was pondering o'er his dream
of fear,—

Heard,

Heard, at its outlet underneath lock'd up
The horrible tower : whence, utt'ring not
a word,
I look'd upon the visage of my sons.
I wept not : so all stone I felt within.
They wept : and one, my little Anselm,
cried,
'Thou lookest so ! Father, what ails
thee ?' Yet
I shed no tear, nor answer'd all that day
Nor the next night, until another sun
Came out upon the world.

When from within the dreadful tower I
heard [made fast :—
The entrance underneath with nails
I gazed upon my boys—nor spake a word.
I wept not, for my heart was turn'd to
stone ;— [cried,
My children wept ;—and little Anselm
'What ails thee, Father ?—strange thy
looks are grown.'
Yet still I wept not—still made no reply
Throughout that day, and all the night
beside ;
Until another sun lit up the sky.

The parenthesis in Cary's third line is bad ; the most important feature in the father's misery is here, and he says *my sons who were with me*—not '*for they were with me* ;' Wright's *sob for pianger* is injudicious ; the boys might utter in their sleep some sound of distress, but hardly a sob. His '*scant repast*' (from Rossetti) is also bad ; this is not the epithet of one who had seen his children die of starvation ; Cary's '*the mind of each misgave him*,' not the other's *pondering*, is the true translation of Dante's *dubitava*. We think there can be no doubt that Wright (i. e. Rossetti) properly renders *chiavar* 'nailed' not 'locked.' Cary confounds *chiavo* (clavus) with *chiave* (clavis) ; there could be nothing new in the sound of *locking* the prison gates, certainly nothing so decisively portentous as to make Ugolino *turn all to stone within*. It is a pity to drop the *mio Anselmuccio* ; but '*one, my little Anselm*,' is poor and prosaic. The *tu guardi sì, padre : che hai ?* is far better in Cary than in Wright.

Come un poco di raggio si fu messo
Nel doloroso càrcere, ed io scorsi
Per quattro visi il mio àspetto stesso,
Ambo le mani per dolór mi morsi :
E quei pensando ch' io 'l fessi per voglia
Di manicár, di súbito levorsi,
E dísser : Padre, assái ci fia men doglia
Se tu mangi di noi : tu ne vestisti
Queste mísera carni, e tu le spoglia.
Quetámi allór per non farli più tristi :
Quel di è l' altro stemmo tutti muti :
Ahi dura terra, perchè non t' apristi ?
Poscia che fummo al quarto di venuti,
Gaddo mi si gittò disteso a' piedi,
Dicendo : Padre mio, che non m' ajuti ?

Cary.

When a faint beam
Had to our doleful prison made its way,
And in four countenances I descried
The image of my own, on either hand

Wright.

But, when a faint and broken ray was
thrown
Within that dismal dungeon, and I view'd
In their four looks the image of my own—
Through

Through agony I bit; and they, who
thought
I did it through desire of feeding, rose
O' th' sudden, and cried, 'Father, we
should grieve
Far less, if thou wouldst eat of us; thou
gav'st
These weeds of miserable flesh we wear;
And do thou strip them off from us again.'
Then, not to make them sadder, I kept
down
My spirit in stillness. That day and the
next
We all were silent. Ah, obdurate earth!
Why open'dst not upon us? When we
came
To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet
Outstretch'd did fling him, crying, 'Hast
no help
For me, my father!'

Then both my hands through anguish did
I bite;
And they, supposing that from want of
food
I did so—sudden rais'd themselves up—
And said, 'O Father, less will be our pain,
If thou wilt feed on us:—thou didst
bestow
This wretched flesh;—'tis thine to take
again.'
Then I was calm, lest they the more should
grieve.
Two days all silent we remain'd!—O
thou
Hard earth, why didst thou not beneath
us cleave?
Four days our agonies had been delay'd,
When Gaddo at my feet his body threw,
Exclaiming, 'Father! why not give me
aid?'

The line *Quetámi allór*, &c. is not well done by either: in
Wright's *two days* we lose something of *that day*—and *another*;
'Gaddo at my feet *his body* threw,' is clumsy, and we lose the
picturesque—the *disteso*. Cary's version of the *che non m'*
ajuti? is much better than the other's. Some of Wright's *rhymes*
are wretched—*bestow—thou—threw!*

Quivi mori; e come tu mi vedi,
Vid' io cascar li tre ad uno ad uno,
Tra 'l quinto di e 'l sesto: ond' io mi diedi

Già cieco a brancolar sopra ciascuno,
E due di li chiamái poi che fur' morti:
Poscia, più che 'l dolor potè 'l digiuno.

Quand' ebbe detto ciò, con gli occhi torti
Riprese 'l teschio misero co' denti
Che furo all' osso come d' un can forti.

Ahi Pisa, vituperio delle genti
Del bel paëse là dove 'l si suona;
Poi che i vicini a te punir son lenti,

Muóvansi la Capraja e la Gorgona
E fáccian siepe ad Arno in su la foce,
Sì ch' egli annieghi in te ògni persona.

Cary.

There he died; and e'en
Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three
Fall, one by one, 'twixt the fifth day and
sixth:
Whence I betook me, now grown blind,
to grope
Over them all, and for three days aloud
Call'd on them who were dead. Then,
fasting got
The mastery of grief.' Thus having spoke,

Wright.

He died;—and, as distinct as here I stand
I saw the three fall one by one, before
The sixth day closed;—then, groping
with my hand,
I felt each wretched corse, for sight had
fail'd;
Two days I call'd on those who were
no more;
Then hunger—stronger e'en than grief
—prevail'd.'

Once

Once more upon the wretched skull his
teeth

He fasten'd, like a mastiff's 'gainst the
bone,

Firm and unyielding. Oh, thou, Pisa!
shame

Of all the people, who their dwelling make
In that fair region, where th' Italian voice
Is heard; since that thy neighbours are so
slack

To punish, from their deep foundations rise
Capraia and Gorgona, and dam up
The mouth of Arno; that each soul in thee
May perish in the waters. . . .

This said—aside his vengeful eyes were
thrown,

And with his teeth the skull again he
tore,—

Fierce as a dog to gnaw the very bone.

O Pisa! the disgrace of that fair land
Where 'Sì' is spoken;—since thy
neighbours round

Take vengeance on thee with a tardy
hand—

To dam the mouth of Arno's rolling tide
Let Capraia and Gorgona raise a mound,
That all may perish in the waters wide!

Mr. Wright's *before the sixth day closed* does not convey the sad distinctness of the father's *tra 'lquinto dì è 'l sesto*: and he introduces the *già cieco* in a wrong place—with Dante what is merely explanatory always *precedes* the picture. If Cary had written *hunger for fasting* we should have said he much surpassed the other's version of Dante's sixth line. Neither quite pleases us in the *che furo all' osso*. The present translator, in the last tiercet, has borrowed *dam up* from the other, which renders his own *mound* otiose. Neither of them did well in putting *mouth* for *jaw—foce*. Wright loses the *muovansi* altogether; and Cary's *from their deep foundations* is a heavy expletive. Wright seems to give to *Capraia* the quantity of *Capræa*.

A little onward, in the same canto, we reach one of the most Dantesque passages in Dante:—

'Noi passámm' oltre, dove la gelata
Ravidamente un' altra gente fascia,
Non volta in giù, ma tutta riversata.

Lo pianto stesso lì piànger non lascia,
E 'l duol che trova in su gli occhi rintoppo
Si volve in entro a far crescer l' ambascia:

Che le lágrime prime fanno groppo,
E sì come visiere di cristallo
Riempion sotto 'l ciglio tutto 'l coppo.

Ed un de' tristi della fredda crosta
Gridò à noi: O ánime crudeli
Tanto, che data v' è l' última posta,

Levátemi dal viso i duri veli,
Sì ch' io sfoghi il dolór che 'l cuor m' impregna
Un poco pria che il pianto si raggieli.

Cary.

Onward we pass'd,
Where others, skarf'd in rugged folds of
ice,
Not on their feet were turn'd, but each
revers'd.

Wright.

We then arrived, for we were journeying on,
Where bonds of ice another tribe com-
press,
Stretch'd on their back, unable to look
down.

There

There, very weeping suffers not to weep;
For at their eyes, grief, seeking passage,
finds

Impediment, and rolling inward turns
For increase of *sharp* anguish: the first
tears

Hang cluster'd, and like crystal vizors show,
Under the *socket* brimming all the cup.

Then cried out one, in the chill crust
Who mourn'd:

'O souls! so cruel, that the farthest post
Hath been assign'd yon, from this face
remove

The harden'd veil; that I may vent the grief
Impregnant at my heart, some little space,
Ere it congeal again.'

We have marked in *italics* some unhappy touches in both the versions. Cary's *socket* is very bad—the *cup* and the *socket* are one and the same thing—why not say *under the eyebrow*? The other's *unable to look down* is as bad; they are no more able to look up than to look down. It is obvious that the diction of Wright has been largely drawn in this place from his predecessor's. His *tenth* line wants two feet—probably something has dropped out at press.

We shall conclude with enabling our readers to compare at one glance part of the famous episode of Francesca of Rimini with the versions of Cary, Lord Byron, and their new rival.

Inferno, Canto V. 96.

Siede la terra dove nata fui
Su la marina dove 'l Po discende,
Per aver pace co' seguaci sui.

Amór, ch' al cor gentil ratto s' apprende,
Prese costái della bella persona
Che mi fu tolta, e 'l modo ancor m' offende.

Amór ch' a nullo amato amár perdona,
Mi prese del costái piaccér sì forte,
Che come vedi ancor non m' abbandona.

Amór condusse noi ad una morte:
Caína attende chi vita ci spense:
Queste parole da lor ci fur' porte.

Da ch' io 'ntesi quell' ánome offense,
Chinái 'l viso, e tanto 'l tenni basso,
Fin che 'l poeta mi disse: Che pense?

Quando risposi, cominciai: Oh lasso,
Quanti dolci pensier', quanto disio
Menò costoro al doloroso passo!

Poi mi rivolsi a loro, e parlái 'io,
E cominciai: Francesca, i tuoi martiri
A lagrimár mi fanno tristo e pio.

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Their very tears forbid their tears to flow;
And grief, unable through their eyes to
pass,

Turns itself inward to increase their woe.
Forming a cluster, the first tears unite,
Which thus, like crystal vizors to be-
hold,

Fill all the cup that holds the ball of sight.

Then one, in frozen crust confined,
Exclaim'd, 'O souls! so cruel though
ye be,

Since to the lowest place ye are assign'd,
Raise from my face the rigid veil I feel,
That I may vent in tears *my agony*
A moment's space, ere they again congeal.'

Cary.

'—— The land that gave me birth
Is situate on the coast where Po descends
To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.

Love, that in gentle heart is quickly
learnt,
Entangled him by that fair form, from me
Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me
still:

Love, that denial takes from none belov'd
Caught me with pleasing him so passing
well,

That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.
Love brought us to one death: Caína
waits [their words;
The soul, who spilt our life.] Such were

At hearing which downward I bent my
looks, [cried,
And held them there so long, that the bard
'What are thou pond'ring?' I, in answer
thus: [desire,

'Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond
Must they at length to that ill pass have
reach'd!'

Then turning, I to them my speech ad-
And thus began: 'Francesca! your sad
fate

Q I

Ma

Ma dimmi: Al tempo de' dolci sospiri
A che, e come concedette amore,
Che conosceste i dubbiosi desiri?

Ed ella a me: Nessun maggiór dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria; e ciò sa 'l tuo dottore.

Ma se a conoscer la prima radice
Del nostro amór tu hai cotanto affetto,
Dirò come colú che piange e dice.

Noi leggevamo un giorno, per diletto,
Di Lancelotto, come amór lo strinse:
Soli eravamo e senza alcun sospetto.

Per più fítte gli occhi ci sospinse
Quella lettura, e scolorocci il viso:
Ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse.

Quando leggemmo il disíto riso
Esser baciato da cotanto amante;
Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso,

La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante:
Galcúto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse:
Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.

Mentre che l' uno spirto questo disse,
L' altro piangeva sì, che di pietade
Io venni meno come s' io morisse,
E caddi come corpo morto cade.

Byron.

' The land where I was born sits by the
seas,
Upon that shore to which the Po de-
scends,

With all his followers, in search of peace.
Love, which the gentle heart soon appre-
hends,

Seized him for the fair person which
was ta'en

From me, and me even yet the mode
offends.

Love, who to none beloved to love again
Remits, seized me with wish to please,
so strong,

That, as thou seest, yet, yet it' doth re-
main.

Love to one death conducted us along,
But Cainà waits for him our life who
ended:—

These were the accents utter'd by her
tongue.—

Since I first listen'd to these souls offended,
I bow'd my visage, and so kept it till—
' What think'st thou?' said the bard,
when I unbended,

Even to tears my grief and pity moves.
But tell me—in the time of your sweet
sighs, [knew

By what and how love granted, that ye
Your yet uncertain wishes?' She replied:
' No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when mis'ry is at hand. That kens
Thy learn'd instructor. Yet so eagerly
If thou art bent to know the primal root
From whence our love gat being, I will do
As one, who weeps and tells his tale. One
day,

For our delight, we read of Lancelot,
How him love thrall'd. Alone we were,
and no [reading

Suspicion near us. Oft times by that
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our alter'd cheek. But at one
point [read,

Alone we fell. When of that smile we
The wished smile, so rapturously kiss'd
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kissed. The book and writer
both [day

Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that
We read no more.' While thus one spirit
spake, [struck

The other wail'd so sorely, that heart-
I, through compassion fainting, seem'd not
far [ground.'

From death, and like a corse fell to the

Wright.

' My native place is seated on the coast,
Where Po rolls down his waters to the
sea,
And seeks in peace to blend his restless
host.

Love, that in noble heart is quickly caught,
Enamour'd him of that fair form—from
me

So rudely torn,—there's anguish in the
thought.

Love, that permits no lov'd one not to love,
So ravish'd me to think of pleasing him,
That, as thou seest, its influence still I
prove.

Love caused us both to share one common
tomb:

Hell's lowest depth—Caina dark and
dim— [her doom.

Awaits our murderer.—Thus she told

Soon as I heard their wrongs, my head I
bent, [retire,

Nor from the ground my drooping eyes
Till, cried the bard, ' On what art thou
intent?' And

And recommenced: 'Alas! unto such ill
How many sweet thoughts, what strong
ecstasies
Led these their evil fortune to fulfil!'

And then I turn'd unto their side my eyes,
And said, 'Francesca, thy sad destinies
Have made me sorrow till the tears
arise.

But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs,
By what, and how thy love to passion
rose,
So as his dim desires to recognise?"

Then she to me: 'The greatest of all woes
Is to remind us of our happy days
In misery, and that thy teacher knows.

But if to learn our passion's first root preys
Upon thy spirit with such sympathy,
I will do even as he who weeps and says.

We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,
Of Lancelot, how love enchain'd him too.
We were alone, quite unsuspectingly.

But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in
hue
All o'er discoloured by that reading
were;

But one point only wholly us o'erthrew;
When we read the long-sigh'd-for smile of
her,
To be thus kiss'd by such devoted lover,
He who from me can be divided ne'er,
Kiss'd my mouth, trembling in the act all
over.

Accurs'd was the book and he who
wrote!

That day no further leaf we did uncover.'

While thus one spirit told us of their lot,
The other wept, so that with pity's
thrills

I swoon'd as if by death I had been
smote,

And fell down even as a dead body falls.

We shall not weary our readers with many more of our word-nibblings. It appears to us that Byron does more justice to the *seguaci sui* of the third line than any of the others; and yet we believe, with Rossetti, that Dante meant to convey the idea of *pursuers*—the great river hunted by the lesser ones until all find rest together in the sea. We do not approve Wright's *noble* in the fourth line, Lord Surrey's paraphrase of which is a pretty one—

When I could answer him, 'Alas!' I said,
'How sweet the thoughts—how ardent
the desire [led I—

That to the mournful step these lovers
Then turning to them, in these words I
spoke:

'Thy wrongs, Francesca, make mine
eyes o'erflow [awake.

With sorrowing tears,—such pity they

But tell me how, and by what sign confess'd, [know
In that sweet time of sighs, love bade ye
The doubtful passion labouring in each
breast?"

And she to me: 'There is no greater woe
Than to remember days of happiness
Amid affliction;—this thy guide doth
know.

But if, how love did first our hearts beguile,
Thou fain wouldst hear, I will the truth
confess, [while.

As one who tells her tale, and weeps the
One day it chanced, for pastime we were
reading

How Lancelot to love became a prey;
Alone we were—of evil thoughts un-
heeding.

Our eyes oft met together as we read;
And from our cheeks the colour died
away;

But at one passage we were vanquished.

And when we read of him so deep in love,
Kissing at last the smile long time de-
sired, [remove,

Then he, who from my side will ne'er

My lips all trembling kiss'd:—well may I
say [fired

That book was Galeot—Galeot he who
Its glowing page!—we read no more
that day.'

While thus one spirit spake, so bitterly
The other wept, that all my senses fled;
A swoon came o'er me as about to die,
And prostrate on the earth I fell, as dead.'

'I know how small a net may mesh the heart of gentle kind.'

Byron's version of the sixth is also the best—Wright's is very bad indeed. We do not admire the *influence prove* of his ninth. The 'common tomb' of his tenth is false; and the commentary of the eleventh, 'Hell's lowest depth,' not quite correct as to the matter of fact; of 'dark and dim' we say nothing—the place which poor Francesca herself inhabits is dark and dim enough. Cary alone preserves a delicate touch in the twelfth line of Dante;—'*da color fur' porte*,' observes Rossetti—'as if whatever has been said by Francesca is to be understood as said by Paolo also; nor is this an accidental or inexact expression. We have had it twice before in the *Noi pregheremmo per la tua pace* and the *Noi parleremo a vui*'—Commento, vol. i., p. 148. The seventh tiercet of Wright is shocking. Byron gives to the *leggemmo il desiato riso esser baciato*, &c. a voluptuous turn, far from Dante. The versions of *la bocca mi bacio*, &c., are none of them good; neither Cary nor Wright has felt the beauty of Dante's placing of the *tutto tremante*. Byron has, but his *in the act* weakens his line. Wright has the advantage of his rivals in the eighteenth line—*il doloroso passo*. They are all unfortunate on the line about *Galeotto*: the lady's meaning is simply that the book, and the author of the book, were to her and Paolo what Galeot in the romance they were reading had been to Lancelot and Ginevra. Cary's 'love's purveyors' is frigid; Byron's *accursed* is not true to the feeling of the speaker; nothing can be more frigid or more unlike Dante than Mr. Wright's 'Galeot—Galeot, he who *fired its glowing page!*' The next line, *quel giorno*, &c. is not well done by any of them. Wright misses the *vi leggemmo*—'*therein we read*'—but this is badly amplified in Cary's 'in its leaves,' and still worse in Byron's 'no further leaf we did *uncover*.' But what are all these trifles to Mr. Leigh Hunt's grand couplet—

'The world was all forgot, the struggle o'er,
Desperate the joy—that day we read no more'?

The *spondaic* solemnity and inimitable imitateness of *E caddi come corpo morto cade* appears to have been felt by none of the translators except Lord Byron, who does for it as much as our language would let him. On the whole, we cannot consider Mr. Wright's version of this exquisite episode as a better one than Cary's; and though Byron's certainly is so in many respects, and though *he* grapples with all the difficulties of the original measure, we doubt if even he has achieved so much as would pay the cost of his labour. He forgets that Latinisms, which may be full of ease and life in Italian, are often dry and dead when transferred to English; and the effect of his translation is rather cold, excepting in the one place where it is too warm. We

We recommend, by the way, to any one who likes a hearty laugh, Mr. Taaffe's elaborate commentary on the story of Francesca and Paolo. He spends about twenty pages in proving that Dante's account has been all along misunderstood—that the poet never meant to insinuate that they had been guilty of any criminal act—*quel giorno*—on the day of the *doloroso passo*! The commentator never asks himself in what company has Dante placed them—beside Paris and Helen, Tristrem and Yseulte, &c.—no, nor why, unless they had erred at least as deeply as Launcelot and Queen Guinever, they should talk of the romance being their 'Galeotto!' Even this nonsense, however, is scarcely worse than Rossetti's gloss on *cotanto amante*. Dante, it seems, was not thinking of the *deep love* of Launcelot, but of the love of *so great a man*—such a hero as one of the Knights of the Round Table. And this is brought in by the poet, that the example *talis tantique viri* may suggest an apology for Paolo's kiss!

We presume most of our readers will agree with us in thinking that though Cary's version might be essentially improved by such a revision as the author's health will yet we hope permit him to bestow on it, he has performed his task so well that it is a very idle business for any one else to set about a complete English Dante. In Mr. Wright's case, it certainly is our opinion that what little advantage may have been gained as to *manner* (and it is really but a little), is counterbalanced by losses on the side of *matter*; in frequent contortion of phrase, and transposition of images, and, above all, in the introduction of expletives merely for the sake of rhyme.

And after all, Mr. Wright's rhymes are too often not very good ones—e. g. *word* and *appeared*; *sire* and *heir*; *God* and *loud*; *throng* and *stung*; *hour* and *shore*; *down* and *stone*; *down* and *soon*; *then* and *lean*; *then* and *began* (p. 271); *hole* and *cowl*; *crust* and *post*; *vice* and *lies*; *again* and *mien*; *passed* and *possessed*; *flaunt* and *mount*; *hour* and *sure*; *grief* and *LIFE*; *tail* and *fell*; *two* and *thou*; *hedge* and *rage*; *east* and *west*; *waged* and *be-sieged*; *up* and *troop*; *not* and *shout*; *it* and *SIGHT*; *for-sooth* and *mouth*; *news* and *woes* (p. 259); *here* and *prayer*; *DUN* and *DONE* (p. 261); *LIE* and *ITA-ly* (p. 248); *WAR* and *DRAW* (*ibid.*); *short* and *wrought* p. 232); *QUEST* and *FIRST* (p. 144). Mr. Wright's ear seems to be at once Scotch, Irish, and Cockney. What is to be said to such lines and rhymes as

'Incontinence and bestiality

Is less offensive to the Deity.'—p. 98.

or—'Justice divine inflicteth there its wrath

On Sestus; and for ever draweth forth,' &c.—p. 109.

or—

- or— 'Then spake my guide with greater *vehemence*,
O Capaneus, in that thou dost not *quench*.'—p. 126.
- or— 'Little regard or reverence for his God;
But, as I told him, his own rage accurst
Is to his bosom a deserved reward.'—p. 126.
- or— 'Not long ago rain'd down from Tuscany
I came to this dire gullet, he replied,
Mule that I was—my name was Vanni Fucci.'—p. 222.

The book swarms with barbarities equally offensive. We have given Mr. Wright no small advantage, in taking our extracts from the most *celebrated* passages.

This gentleman has, however, done quite enough to convince us that, if he would take up some poet as yet untranslated, or only badly translated, he might render yeoman's service. He is evidently possessed of considerable talents and accomplishments—and he might easily learn to rhyme; and there is one point on which we cannot but compare him, greatly to his advantage, with too many of those who have lately been before the public in the capacity of poetical translators. 'These,' said Mad. de Sevigné, 'remind me of domestics, whose business it is to carry their master's message, and who too often contrive to make him say the reverse of what he meant.' To this Voltaire adds, 'There is another point of resemblance: they are very apt to give themselves the airs of being masters themselves.' To this last reproach Mr. Wright has never exposed himself. His notes are in general shrewd and sensible—always modest.

ART. VI.—*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Révolution de 1830.* Par M. Alex. Mazas, Secrétaire du dernier Président du Conseil des Ministres, nommé par le Roi Charles X. Paris. 8vo. 1832.

THIS is a very curious work, and, though in a light and gossiping form, one, in our opinion, of the most important that has been published on the subject of the revolution of July. Our readers are well aware how highly we estimate M. Bermond de Vachères' account of the *Military Events* of the Three Days; and we are far from placing this work above his, either as to the importance of the individual facts related, or as to the abilities and judgment of the narrator. But though M. Bermond accidentally gave us some insight into the policy—or rather the want of all policy—of the king and his civil servants at that important crisis, his chief object was the defence of the Royal Guard, and an exposition of the series of military blunders by which, rather than by any efforts of their own, the triumph of the revolutionists was accomplished.

M. Mazas

M. Mazas opens a still more instructive scene of the same drama. He shows us the king, the cabinet, and the court in a state not merely of confusion, but of imbecility—not committing blunders, but doing nothing—in the condition not even of men who were playing a great stake with bad cards and worse skill, but of mere children looking over a game of which they did not understand the play, nor foresee the consequences. No wonder that the movement of the hands and arms was feeble and uncertain, when the head that should have guided them was palsied. Perhaps no circumstance in the book shows this in a stronger light than the very fact that *M. Mazas* has had occasion to write it. M. Mazas was a kind of occasional tutor to the young Duke of Bordeaux, to whom he used to give lessons in French history two or three times a week. *Happening* to be in the palace of St. Cloud on Thursday the 29th of July, when the king as a last resource named as his prime minister the Duke de Mortmart, who also *happened* to be on duty at St. Cloud as Captain of the Guard—and there being, as it would seem, no one else in the château who could hold a pen—this tutor was, on the sudden, appointed Secretary to the Premier, and in this capacity drew up the royal ordonnances which repealed those of M. de Polignac, and nominated the last cabinet of Charles X. On the strength of this unexpected appointment, M. Mazas has undertaken to write the history of that less than ephemeral ministry to which he was attached; and we think that the very circumstance of the king's being in such a state of utter abandonment as to be obliged to make, extempore, a captain of his guard prime-minister and his grandson's reading-master secretary, is as extraordinary and as pregnant with moral considerations as any fact of that eventful period. We shall not now meddle with the causes which left the king thus destitute of advice and assistance; we here mention the fact itself as explanatory of the origin of the work, and confirmatory of our former opinion that no ministerial combinations had been formed, and no preparation, civil or military, made for carrying into effect the fatal *Ordonnances*—that the king and his cabinet may be charged with unpardonable negligence, but must be acquitted of any premeditated design against the charter and liberties of the country.

We shall now proceed to give a summary of the narrative of the tutor-secretary, premising that there is in his story an air of simplicity and candour which convinces us of the literal truth of every syllable of it: he affects no fine writing; he indulges in no sentimental flourishes, and is sparing of speculative commentaries; he deals in facts, and gives them great and small as they occurred, and as they at the moment affected him. Nor is it
always

always the smaller details that we read with the least pleasure, or with the least advantage. Our readers will see that many of the slightest occurrences are indicative of the higher and more remote springs of action.

On Sunday, the 25th of July, M. Mazas dined at St. Cloud. After dinner, M. de Damas, the governor of the Duke of Bordeaux, said, 'You need not return till Thursday.' This was an unusual interval. Did M. de Damas foresee that circumstances calculated to interrupt the studies of his pupil might occur? Before M. Mazas retired, he followed the young Prince into his private apartments, where he observed, placed on a chair, a very rich frame containing a very indifferent drawing: while he was examining with some surprise the contrast between the frame and the work, the little Duke approached him and said, with a gravity very unusual with him, 'Tis all I have left me of *him*.' 'Of whom?' 'Of my father,' he replied, in a *very low whisper*, and ran immediately away. It turned out that this was a drawing made by the Duke de Berri when he was only twelve years old, which had been lately found in an old trunk and presented to his son. When we recollect how soon the poor child was to be bereft of *all* that he should have inherited from his father, this little anecdote is interesting.

Next day, Monday the 26th, appeared the *Ordonnances*, but they seemed to produce little or no effect on the capital; indeed, says M. de Mazas, it was the fair of La Villette, one of the villages in the neighbourhood of Paris, which the lower orders of the great city are most fond of frequenting; and with the Parisian populace pleasure supersedes even politics. M. Mazas expected no riot, and 'if there had been any such disposition, he had no doubt that the ministers had 50,000 men in the neighbourhood to repress it: we now know that they had not 5000, the garrison being rather smaller than usual.

On Tuesday morning, the 27th, M. Mazas visited the Palais Royal, and was reading the papers, when, about ten o'clock, some noise was heard, and a group was formed, in the midst of which a young man got up on a chair and read, with a loud voice and the gesticulations of a madman, the protest of the journalists against the *Ordonnances*. The gendarmes soon appeared, and with some difficulty dispersed the crowd. While this was going on, Mazas observed a little old man, all in black, who, looking at the orator, said, 'Just so it began in 1789!' Mazas says, that since the events have so wofully justified that prediction, the visage of the little black old man often presents itself to his memory. At the time, however, he felt no uneasiness—he went about his usual business, (he was librarian at the Arsenal,) and in the evening was about to pay

pay some visits, when at six o'clock he fell in with a party of gendarmes who were retreating before a mob—the shops were suddenly shut—the lamps were extensively broken. There was firing on the right or north bank of the Seine—which, indeed, was the chief scene of this revolt, as it had been of the worse scenes of the old revolution. The left bank is more thinly peopled, and seems to have been generally more peaceably disposed.

On Wednesday the 28th, Mazas, through skirmishes, and during a heavy cannonade, made his way to the residence of M. Hennequin, the celebrated advocate. He found him surrounded by his terrified family, and in a state of great excitement. 'What can be done?' asked M. Hennequin. 'Since yesterday I have been inquiring where the friends of the government should *rendezvous*—in vain: we are ready to die for the king, but there is no one to direct us: there seems to have been no preparation—no one knows what to do, and we are left to exhaust ourselves in idle and impotent regret.' This, says M. Mazas, is the best reply to the epigrammatic question which was so much in vogue after the Three Days, —'Pray, can you tell me where were the royalists on the 27th, 28th, and 29th July?' Here we must differ from M. Mazas. M. Hennequin's complaint would be, we think, a very imperfect reply to this famous and very silly question. If there had been no king—no army—no ministers—no constituted authorities, the individual friends of the monarchy and of good order might, and would probably, have felt it a duty to array themselves to repress an insurrection; but where there is a government, or the semblance of a government, the well-disposed trust to it for defending itself and them—individuals, undisciplined, unarmed, unauthorized, have neither the right nor the duty of intervening between the public force and the rioters. Who doubts that, in the great London riots, or more recently in the Bristol case, the innumerable majority of the citizens looked at the mob with abhorrence? and would the triumph of the handful of ruffians on these occasions have justified any one's supposing that the great body of the inhabitants of London or Bristol partook of their insanity and countenanced their outrages? This is a very serious, and may again become a very important consideration; and we fear that as it hitherto has been, so it will hereafter always be, found that public order in times of sedition can only be maintained or restored by the public force—by the vigour of the magistrates and the decision of the government. If there be not a sufficient public force at hand, the loyal and well-disposed may, if they have been previously organized, be called out to check the insurgents; but without some previous concert and discipline, the collection of such a body, however well disposed they might be, would probably only complicate

plicate the confusion and increase the disaster. But neither in the case of Paris in 1830, nor of London in 1780, nor Bristol in 1831, was there any need of the officious interference of the loyal citizens—there was, in all these cases, a sufficient public force, if it had been directed by men of common sense and firmness, to have restored order in the first instance. It was only the supineness, the cowardice, or the treachery, of those who had the direction of the police and the troops that in all these instances were the true causes of the disasters.

On quitting M. Hennequin, M. Mazas fell in with an *Englishman*, who, with our characteristic disposition of meddling in other people's business, was in a state of the most joyous excitement, and astonished the French by his enthusiastic encouragement of the revolt. The first shot in this fatal contest was fired by an Englishman who lodged in the Rue St. Honoré, and here, in a different part of the town, we find another of our countrymen foremost in the sedition. We notice this with regret and shame, as being, we fear, a national characteristic. M. Mazas mentions it on account of a more curious circumstance: this Englishman announced that 'the republic had been already proclaimed, with La Fayette as president,'—he announced this as early as mid-day of Wednesday the 28th, when there had appeared no other indication of such extreme proceedings.

M. Mazas, with a supererogation of loyalty, determined to proceed to St. Cloud; but he figured to himself the difficulty he should have in getting there, concluding that no doubt all the avenues of the royal residence would have been guarded, and that the bridges and other important posts between it and Paris would be occupied by the king's troops. No such thing: he sees two gendarmes on the bridge of Grenelle—an aide-de-camp of Marmont's, with a small escort, near Auteuil; and on the bridge of St. Cloud itself—which he had fancied he was to find strongly fortified—an officer and a few men, who seemed to be rather on the look-out for news than occupying a post of importance. He reaches St. Cloud—he finds the centinels as usual, neither more nor less, and all the etiquettes of the palace in their usual sleepy train; except, indeed, that the court-yard always so full of equipages, and the corridors always so full of courtiers, were now quite deserted. He proceeds to look for his pupil and his governor, the Baron de Damas. They were in a part of the park called the *Trocadero*, where a kind of military playground had been formed for the young prince. He and his sister were playing with the children of M. and Madame de Damas, in their presence and that of a few other persons: the ladies and gentlemen were in great anxiety, but in utter ignorance of what was passing. At this moment

General

General Crossard arrived: he came, as M. Duhamel, a deputy, and his son had previously done, to offer his services—he gave a most alarming account of the state of Paris. ‘Marmont,’ he said, ‘had committed an unpardonable blunder in concentrating his troops in the streets of Paris—the moment one finds resistance in a city, the only course is to get out of the streets, and not risk one’s men in a war of crockery-ware and brickbats.’ He offered, if they would lend him a uniform, to return to Paris, with orders to the marshal to evacuate the interior streets, and concentrate his army round the Tuileries—there to wait the reinforcements which would soon arrive from all quarters. At this moment the sentinel on the higher part of the ground cried out ‘To arms!’ as if the enemy were there. ‘M. de Damas snatched up the young duke in his arms, like a feather, and conveyed him to the Château, leaving his wife and his own children to the care of Mazas. It was, however, a false alarm—the Parisians no more thought of attacking St. Cloud than the king or his officers thought of defending it. Night came on: Mazas offered to stay with M. de Damas, who gratefully accepted the offer, and immediately employed him in bringing up the arrears of his correspondence, which had not been looked at for the last twenty-four hours. Indeed Mazas seems to have been—like the Duke of Bordeaux himself—a *god-send*, and he became a kind of factotum in this deserted court. But we are surprised to find that they could give this faithful and useful servant no better accommodation, after his anxieties and fatigues, than a common chair (*un pliant*), in which he slept a few hours, in a shooting-jacket, which he had worn as a kind of disguise to enable him to reach the Château.

In the morning of Thursday *they saw by a telescope* the tri-coloured flag on Notre Dame. It afterwards disappeared, but was hoisted again about noon. All they knew in the king’s palace of the state of Paris was what they could see with a telescope! M. de Damas now took the young prince to pay his daily visit to his grandfather, but he previously directed Mazas—whom he had employed in the early part of the morning in arranging and burning papers, and, in short, preparing for a retreat—to proceed as far as he could towards Paris, for information of the state of affairs. Mazas undertook his new office with alacrity, and did not meet one soldier; but as he approached the barrier of Paris he found the insurgents were more alert than the troops, and had occupied all the passes: he had nothing to do but come back with the melancholy account that no troops were to be seen, and that the people of the villages were beginning to feel the infection of the city. He reached St. Cloud,

Cloud, where he found the immediate guard of the palace not larger than usual; the soldiers were *playing at ninepins*, and within five hundred yards of them the tricoloured flag was flying in Sèvres. There was not even a gun to defend any approach of the château: there was a large depot of artillery at Vincennes, within a mile of Paris, but it never, it seems, had been thought of, till now—and now, as Vincennes was on the other side of Paris, it might as well have been at Moscow. But the youth of the military academy at St. Cyr, near Versailles, had a few small pieces for school practice: these boys—and this seems the only symptom of activity given in the whole affair—marched with their tiny guns to the defence of St. Cloud; and these little better than toy cannon, dragged by boys, were the only artillery that the King of France had to protect his house and person from insult in this crisis of his fate. The spirit of these glorious boys was wound up to a pitch of honour and devotion quite out of character with the pusillanimity and confusion which they found at St. Cloud; and they were actually locked up in one of the courts of the palace, to prevent their sallying out on the insurgents. ‘I saw them,’ says Mazas, ‘hanging to the iron rails that confined them, and crying with the utmost enthusiasm *Vive le Roi!*’

Soon after appeared the Marquis de Dreux Brézé, who has since distinguished himself in the house of peers, and General Vincent. They remonstrated with M. de Damas that there were no measures of defence taken, that there was no one invested with any command or authority. General Vincent offered to go alone, to endeavour to quiet Versailles, which had now joined the revolt: he went, and failed. Exposed to great personal danger, his courage and energy awed and at last propitiated the mob; they permitted him to return.

The news now became worse and worse. The Duke of Orleans was mentioned—with surprise that he had *not* come to place himself by the side of the king! It was openly said that his person should be secured; and an officer, whose name Mazas discreetly omits, was designated as the fit person for such an errand. But this was only a bravado of the ante-chamber—the king had neither the power nor the will, nor indeed any motive, to arrest the Duke of Orleans. His royal highness certainly had fears (as we shall show by and by from his own statement) for his personal liberty at this crisis, and hid himself in a kind of garden-house in his park, but we really believe he was much more afraid of his friends, the mob, than of Charles X. Like Claudius, he was dragged from a hiding-place to the throne. Nor can we much blame him for having thus retreated from both parties: to have joined the king would have been to adopt his ministers
and

and their absurd and fatal measures. Whatever personal regard he might feel for the king, it would have argued a degree of magnanimity which few men possess, and least of all Louis Philippe, to have spontaneously allied himself to a cabinet who had proved that they had neither discretion and ability to avoid a conflict, nor foresight and firmness to prepare for one. M. Lafitte, the prime instigator, as it seems to us, of the whole sedition, and whose object was to have the Duke in his own sleeve, ready for any emergency, suggested to him suspicions of the intentions of the court, and by a witty enigma, worthy the days of oracular mythology, sent him word to 'beware the nets of St. Cloud.'*

About this time, however, a report was spread in the chateau that a deputation with offers of peace from the Parisians had arrived, and the inhabitants passed suddenly and inconsiderately to a state of confidence and comfort; they looked on all as settled, and began, says M. Mazas, to gossip as usual. Then it was that a storm of reproaches against M. de Polignac was heard on all sides. 'I was petrified,' says the good-natured tutor. He adds, 'All who had seen the court for, these three days must have been disgusted with it for ever.' We believe it. Imbecility in the great, and ingratitude in their followers, are indeed disgusting. But while we concur in the general sentiment, we do not know that we should have applied it on *this* particular occasion. Surely the most honest—the most loyal—the most devoted—the most disinterested, might, without any reproach upon either his honour or his sagacity, have censured the policy, at once so rash and so timid—so daring and so weak, by which M. de Polignac had brought his sovereign and his country into such a crisis. Even the most ardent royalists, who might have approved the *Ordonnances* as right in themselves—or the most sagacious statesman who might have seen that they were the inevitable result of the necessities of the times, might and must have cursed the fatal temerity and *insouciance* which had neglected to provide for their execution and success.

During this short fool's paradise Mazas happened to enter the apartment of General Trogof, 'one of the few men,' he says, 'who in all these difficult trials know how to preserve the manners and countenance which were suitable to his character and the occasion—calm and firm, but without bombast, and, above all, without com-

* To understand this, the reader must know that St. Cloud is lower down the stream of the Seine than Paris, and that nets are stretched there across the river to intercept any evidences of robbery or murder which the perpetrators of such crimes in Paris might throw into the river. Hence the phrase *les filets de St. Cloud*—so significantly used on this occasion.—We find, as this sheet is passing through the press, the hero of the last translated of De Koch's novels (those inimitable pictures of the Cockney life of Paris) ending his career among the *nets of St. Cloud*.—See *Andrew the Savoyard*, vol. ii. p. 325.

plaints or recrimination.' He observed in a corner of the general's room a pile of a very strange and curious libel, which had been lately published against the Duke of Orleans, called *Maria Stella*. 'What in the world,' says Mazas, 'brings such a quantity of this libel into your room?' 'The king,' answered Trogo, 'having heard that such a work was in circulation, had commanded me to look after and seize all that I could find—he would not suffer such an outrage on the Duke of Orleans to circulate in his palace.' 'I have often recollected this,' says Mazas, 'when, since the 30th of July, I have seen the most infamous and atrocious libels against Charles X. and his immediate family ostentatiously exhibited in the Palais Royal; and I have thought of the pain that Louis Philippe must have felt at not being able to be as generous towards Charles, as Charles, up to the last moment, had been to him.'

The guards were now in full retreat; Mazas saw them pass the bridge of St. Cloud; the men were worn down with fatigue and exhaustion, but they maintained a soldier-like air, proud, and somewhat passionate. The 15th light infantry was peculiarly striking from the inflammation visible on the countenance of the men. It had done its duty during the earlier part of the contest, but had latterly refused to act; and now, with a romantic mixture of devotion and disobedience, came to return into the king's own hands the colours which he had given them. Their colonel, M. de Perregaux, an old soldier, whose heroic figure set off the chivalrous part he was acting, carried the colour himself, at the head of the regiment, and ascended alone the great staircase to deliver the defeated and abandoned but unsullied standard, into the hands of the defeated and abandoned but not unhonoured sovereign. How much more picturesque and touching was this unexpected incident than the premeditated theatrical displays to which the Revolution has trained the French people and army! And it was felt accordingly.

The army came back, as M. Bermond had already informed us, extenuated with toil and inanition—for neither Marmont nor any one else have ever remembered that soldiers must eat—and, above all, drink—after fighting in close streets for the three hottest days ever known—and he tells us that the kitchens of chateaus were emptied to afford them a scanty and unsuitable refreshment; but M. Mazas illustrates it by a fact:—he was seated at the Duke of Bordeaux's table; some officers, black with dust and gunpowder, were invited to share the dinner, but some one said that there was at the foot of the Orangerie a company of grenadiers who were absolutely starving. The *whole* of the prince's dinner was immediately sent down to the soldiers; the royal boy himself helping to lift off the massive silver dishes; and when he and his guests—

some

some of whom were as exhausted as the grenadiers—looked for something to eat, there was absolutely nothing left upon the table. In the midst of their anxiety, this little incident occasioned a moment of mirth.

After this singular dinner, which turned out to be none at all, the prince and his suite adjourned to the Trocadero—‘their custom always in the afternoon,’—‘even still the ordinary forms and etiquettes of the court prevailed—a thunderbolt only,’ says Mazas, ‘could interrupt them.’ He had better have said that even a thunderbolt—(and surely a more fearful one had never fallen)—could *not* disturb them.—So to the Trocadero they went. The prospect of peace had restored a certain degree of tranquillity—the little princess and her train joined her brother, and they and their young companions began their usual round of play—but that evening they had invented a new game. While the older, and apparently not much wiser, heads were discussing the prospects of the country, they were startled at finding the children rather livelier and more noisy than usual. They watched what they were about, and saw that they were divided into two opposite parties—they were *playing the insurrection of the preceding days*:—the Duke of Bordeaux, in the uniform of the Royal Guard, commanded the *royalists*, and ‘his sister, with a kind of Polonese cap on her delicious little head,’ led the *insurgents*, and, with shouts and screams, and all the activity and thoughtlessness of childhood, were *playing at civil war*—at the very civil war which condemned them to suffer, on the very next day, expulsion from the country of their birth—the kingdom of their hopes, and what they would best understand and most regret—the scenes of their pastime! We shall be perhaps thought childish too, when we confess that this little incident, so natural, and yet so unexpected, has struck us much more than some of the graver scenes of this eventful history.

There are many other small anecdotes which give an insight into the personal feelings of the royal family and their friends during this crisis, which we wish we had space to extract; but we must hasten to graver, though perhaps not really more important matters.

The first step in the negotiation which had been begun was the dismissal of the ministers; and the deputies who had assembled at M. Lafitte’s exacted, as the first condition, that M. de Mortemart should be named Prime Minister. This is a remarkable fact. M. Lafitte was, as we have seen by the confession of M. Sarrans,* the leader of the Orleanist party; and he had, ‘*immediately on the appearance of the Ordonnances*, formed the project

* See Quarterly Review, No. xcvi., p. 530.

of overthrowing the elder branch for the advantage of the younger; and when we find, four days after the publication of the *Ordonnances*, this same Lafitte urging Charles X. to exercise his royal authority by the nomination of M. de Mortemart—and when we consider all that followed this appointment—we cannot but suspect that M. de Mortemart was a mere puppet put forward to serve the ulterior objects of M. Lafitte, and to occupy the scene till he should be ready to produce the real hero of his drama—the Duke of Orleans! It is very possible—nay, we believe—that neither M. de Mortemart nor the Duke of Orleans were parties to this intrigue, but they were its tools. The not-unsuspicious result has been, that Louis Philippe became King of France; and that almost his first act was to name as his minister to the (at the moment) most important court of Europe, Russia, this very M. de Mortemart, whom Charles X. had been so lately persuaded to appoint President of his council. We will extract, in his own words, the account the Duke of Mortemart gave to his new secretary of his share in the first part of this transaction:—

‘I was setting out for a watering-place. I had been yesterday (Wednesday, 28th) two hours on my way, when I met the paymaster of my company, (of the king’s body-guard,) who stopped my carriage, told me of the events that had occurred, and that the body-guards were assembled at St. Cloud. I immediately changed my route, took the paymaster into my carriage, and hired post-horses at Versailles, in order to get to St. Cloud. The populace, finding that we belonged to the king’s household, attacked and pelted us. My servant was wounded—my carriage broken—the officer was struck on the thigh and myself on the back—but a detachment of the national guard rescued us, and I proceeded, and arrived at St. Cloud about ten at night. I endeavoured immediately to see the king to report the state of Versailles, but his majesty sent me word *that he was going to bed and would see me in the morning!* Very early this morning several persons came to urge me to wait on the king to explain to him the danger of our position; for his majesty, probably ill-informed, could not be persuaded of the serious nature of the case. I accordingly saw him at six o’clock this morning—(Thursday, 29th).—I told him what I had seen at Versailles, and what I had heard of Paris, and entreated him to take some new steps, for that I thought the throne itself was in danger. The king, patting me with his hand, replied, “You are an honest and loyal servant, and I appreciate your worth; but you are young; born in the Revolution, you see things after the modern fashion, and the least tumult alarms you; but I, I have not forgotten the events of forty years ago. I will not, like my poor brother, ascend the cart—I will get on horseback.” I answered that I feared the moment was at hand when he would be obliged to mount. —“We shall see—we shall see,” said the king, and dismissed me.’

Here Mazas interrupts M. de Mortemart’s narrative to state that this

this fatal security on the part of the king arose from a despatch he had received still earlier that morning, from M. de Polignac, reporting that the night had gone off quietly; that the Parisians were in want of gunpowder—(which was true); that he had every reason to hope that he should suppress the tumult; and that, moreover, the liberal leaders had made several attempts at an arrangement. M. de Polignac was, we now know, fatally over-sanguine as to his power; but we are confident that if the king had followed his first impression, mounted his horse, and, at the head of his troops in the Tuileries, made any attempt towards conciliation, all might yet have been arranged. Alas! his majesty, and what is still more surprising and lamentable, the Dauphin, did not ‘mount their horses,’ but seem to have dawdled away the most precious hours that occur, perhaps, in the history of modern Europe, in newsmongering at St. Cloud, till they were forced to mount—neither their horses, nor the cart, but—their travelling carriages, fugitives and exiles! M. de Mortemart proceeds:—

‘I joined my men, and remained with them on duty at one of the out-posts, sending off detachments occasionally, as required. About three o’clock in the afternoon the Prince of Polignac sent for me. I was very much surprised to find him at St. Cloud. He told me the deputation from Paris had proposed, as the best chance of an arrangement, the formation of a new ministry, of which the Duke of Mortemart should be the head, and accordingly, added the prince, the king means to appoint you first minister of a new cabinet. I begged the prince to acquaint his majesty that I would defend his person at the head of my troops to the last drop of my blood, but that I would take no part in politics, and above all, not the part he had alluded to. With these words I left him, and hastened to rejoin my company at the *Yellow-gate* of the Trocadero, which it was rumoured the insurgents were about to attack, and I was equally anxious to share the danger of my men and to escape from the solicitations of M. de Polignac. I had not, however, yet reached the *Yellow-gate* when I heard myself called after by several of the king’s footmen and an officer of the household, who had been pursuing me for some time, and who signified to me the king’s express command to attend his person forthwith. I obeyed reluctantly. I found his majesty very much changed—not in countenance, for he never lost his calmness—but in spirit and opinion. “You were right,” he said; “matters are more serious than I thought this morning.”—[The morning of the *third* day!—]“It is now thought that a ministry, of which you should be the head, might make an arrangement, and I have appointed you.” I declined. The king refused to accept my negative. I persisted for a quarter of an hour; at last the king produced a paper. “Here,” he said, “is your nomination, countersigned by M. de Chantelauze; you are now Minister for Foreign Affairs and President of the Council.” I still re-

fused to take the paper. The king advanced, and pressed it on me. I retreated several paces, till at last I was literally pushed to the wall, with my hands behind my back. The king still followed, and when I could retreat no farther, his majesty stuck the paper in my military sash. I took it only to endeavour to return it into the king's hands, when he said, "You refuse then, Sir, to save my crown, and the lives of my ministers." I answered, "Sir, I can no longer resist such an appeal. I accept the task, but I entreat your majesty to recollect that I declare, that if the royal authority can be re-established in Paris, it can only be by painful sacrifices, dictated by necessity, and I shall be held responsible for all the consequences. If, on the other hand, I should fail, I shall be equally to be pitied; too happy indeed if I do not even find myself accused of treachery." Thus, concludes the duke, 'was I forced into a post which is ordinarily so coveted.'

Here, then, was a captain of the body guards become prime minister, without colleagues—without clerks—without an office. What was to be done? Some one suggested that Mazas was in the chateau; he was sent for and appointed secretary to the President of the Council. M. de Mortemart seems to have been anxious, as was natural, to proceed immediately to Paris, but he was detained at St. Cloud, waiting and waiting for the return from Paris of Messieurs de Semonville and Vitrolles—negociators of this delusive arrangement. This delay, we have no doubt, was, like all the rest, managed by Lafitte and 'his clique,' as M. Sarrans denominates them. M. de Vitrolles was, we believe, sincere and zealous; but we have not equal confidence in M. de Semonville, nor in M. D'Argout, who replaced Semonville, when this latter was what is vulgarly but emphatically called *knocked up* in this negotiation, in which the *body* seems to have had more to do than the *mind*, and coach horses more than privy councillors.

At last, at half-past two o'clock of the night between Thursday and Friday, MM. de Vitrolles and D'Argout arrived. They now said that there was not a moment to be lost—that M. de Mortemart must hasten to Paris, and must take with him as an indispensable introduction, six new *ordonnances*,—1. annulling those of the 25th; 2. establishing a national guard; 3. nominating Marshal Maison to command it; 4. nominating M. Casimir Perrier to be minister of finance; 5. appointing Marshal Gerard to be minister of war; 6. convoking the chambers. M. D'Argout dictated these *ordonnances* to Mazas, who frankly confesses that, little accustomed to such affairs and disturbed by the noise and movement around him, he did not shine in his new office of secretary. Having occasion, for instance, in one of these *ordonnances* to state that his majesty consented to the *session*, meaning, of the Chambers—he had in his hurry written *cession*—M. de Vitrolles, who was overlooking him, exclaimed, 'How, sir? The king does not mean

to

to consent to the *cession* of any of his royal rights.'—While this was going on, another incident occurs which brings these great historical events down to the level of ordinary human nature. We suppose all revolutions are made, more or less, under the influence of hunger and thirst; but history has been hitherto too dignified to descend to such minutiae. The royal guard were, we have seen, rather starved than beaten out of Paris, and at St. Cloud were scantily fed on silver dishes from the royal table, while the royal family and their guests 'went supperless to bed.' MM. de Vitrolles and D'Argout were now obliged to beg a morsel to eat—'a large brown loaf and a bottle of wine were brought to them, as one sees a loaf and a bottle brought to the workmen in Paris,' and they devoured the homely repast with great eagerness. These little incidents prove in a most striking manner how completely the king and his friends were *surprised* in the whole of this affair. The court, and the army, and the negociators, and everybody who in any way adhered to the court, are without food, and many of them without clothes; while we have little doubt, indeed we have evidence, that M. Lafitte and 'his clique' had their dinners as usual, and served their country in the intervals between their customary and delicate repasts. The truth is, in such times the ordinary affairs of domestic life go on without interruption, but the supply on the larger and more artificial scale for courts and armies is the first thing to fail. We recollect to have heard that when, in the beginning of November, 1830, the peace of our own metropolis was seriously threatened, and a number of troops were concentrated in and round the town, the Duke of Wellington had the precaution (an idle one it might, by common observers, be supposed in such a city as London) of providing bread, cheese, and beer, for the sustenance of the troops and the police.

At last the new ordonnances were signed, and M. de Mortemart and his secretary were about to depart for Paris, when M. de Polignac led his successor aside and had a short conversation with him, the concluding words of which Mazas reports. 'What a misfortune,' said the prince, 'that my sword broke short in my hands! Had I succeeded, the *charter* would have been placed on an indestructible basis.' M. Mazas believes, and so do we, in the sincerity and good faith of M. de Polignac, who, so far from being adverse to a representative government, 'carried his love of that system almost to insanity.' M. de Polignac complained that 'his sword broke in his hands;' but why had he but *one*? why not the *twenty thousand* swords which were within his reach? and which he ought to have had at hand, if it were only to prevent the necessity of using the sword at all!

At last, at seven o'clock in the morning of Friday the 30th—about fourteen hours having been unfortunately and *unaccountably* lost—M. de Mortemart set out for Paris; he carried the *ordonnance* for his own appointment: the other six M. Mazas put into the pocket of his jacket—he had no coat—and ‘secured with a pin lest he should lose them.’ Finding great difficulty from the mob at the barriers, they alighted from their carriage and entered Paris on foot, and having further disordered their already disordered dress as a kind of disguise, walked separately, in order not to attract notice. The interior was silent and tranquil, the windows were not yet open, no horses nor carriages, and scarcely any inhabitants in the streets. ‘What a calm!’ said Mazas. ‘The calm of force,’ replied M. de Mortemart. M. Mazas admires the ‘depth’ of this expression; we have the misfortune of thinking that it shows that M. de Mortemart was little suited for the part he was selected to play. The calm was, we think, that of the habits of a great town at an early hour, and of an indifference and apathy in the great body of the middle classes of the people, who neither opposed M. de Polignac’s *ordonnances* nor M. Lafitte’s insurrection. A person so pre-occupied with the notion of the *force* of the insurrection as to see *this* in a circumstance which assuredly afforded no evidence of it, was manifestly certain to fail in the task of resisting it; and it was, we presume, some knowledge of his character, that induced M. Lafitte to stipulate that, of all men in France, poor M. de Mortemart should be named first minister.

As they proceeded through the empty town, M. d’Argout persuaded the duke to go at once to M. Lafitte’s—the focus of the insurrection—before he went to the Hotel de Ville to exhibit his powers and commence his ministry—strange advice and as strangely adopted. On their way, they happened—*curious coincidence!*—to pass through the street where resided M. Bérard, a leading deputy of the liberal party, who, by another coincidence equally strange, *happened*, with some other liberal deputies and friends, to be standing in the street. Poor Mazas felt, or at least expresses, no wonder at all this; but he observed, that when M. d’Argout presented the Duke of Mortemart to Bérard, the latter seized upon him with great eagerness,—‘*s’empara de M. le Duc avec beaucoup de chaleur*,’ and dragged him into his house, assuring him that he should risk his personal safety by going to M. Lafitte’s—besides, added M. Bérard, ‘you come to negotiate an arrangement—it is too late;’ and in order that, if the point were before doubtful, it might really be *too late*, M. Bérard contrived to detain the Duke of Mortemart above an hour in his house. We can easily believe that this hour was not lost by M. Bérard and his friends, particularly when we find, in the sequel, that

that this M. Bérard was the person who was charged with the composition of the new charter by which Louis Philippe was called to the throne, and which is now commonly known in France by the derisive cognomen of *La Charte Bérard*. It must be confessed, that *accident* had given a strange direction to M. de Mortemart's proceedings.

In short, M. de Mortemart, under the advice of M. Bérard, neither went to Lafitte's, according to his second intention, nor to the Hotel de Ville, according to his first, but made his way to the Luxembourg—the palace of the peers—where M. de Semonville, an officer of that assembly, resided—whence he wrote a letter to Lafayette at the Hotel de Ville, to announce the six new *ordonnances*, and his own appointment. This had no effect but to hasten the elevation of the Duke of Orleans to the government, under the title of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom,—and so ended, before it began, the ministry of M. de Mortemart. But his troubles were not at end,—‘they hunted him,’ he complained, ‘like a wild beast.’ It is quite clear that this *hunting* was not a mere popular effervescence—it was the tactic of the predominant party, who endeavoured to prevent M. de Mortemart's making an effort, as he had announced his intention of doing, in favour of the Duke of Bordeaux. In short, it appears to us quite certain that M. de Mortemart was all along nothing but a stalking-horse, behind which the revolutionary party were ripening and advancing their proceedings; and who, brave soldier and honourable gentleman as he may be—(we wish he had not accepted the Russian embassy)—was manifestly ungifted with either the political sagacity or the moral courage which the station, into which he had been so strangely called, demanded.

But another and more curious scene now opens upon us. In the middle of the night the Duke of Orleans sent to desire to see M. de Mortemart, who was concealed in an *entresol* at M. de Semonville's—he wished to see him, he said, *dans l'intérêt de la cause du roi*—‘for the advantage of the royal cause.’ M. de Mortemart consented,—he arrived at the Palais Royal about day-break (3 a.m., July 31st.) He found the duke overcome with heat and fatigue and only half-dressed. His Royal Highness hastened to accost him as follows:—

‘Duke of Mortemart, if you see the king before I do, tell him that *they* have brought me by force into Paris; but that I will be torn in pieces before I will permit the crown to be placed on my head. The king, no doubt, reproaches me with not having joined him at St. Cloud—I am sorry for it—but I was informed as early as Tuesday evening, that some persons were urging his majesty to arrest me, and I confess I had no desire to throw myself into a wasp's nest—on the other hand, I was equally afraid that the Parisians would come for me.

me. I, therefore, shut myself up in a hiding-place known only to my family—but last night a mob invaded my house at Neuilly, and insisted, in the name of the assembly of deputies, on finding me. Being told that I was absent, these people declared to the duchess, that they must carry her and all her children to Paris, to be kept prisoners till I should be found. The duchess, terrified at her position, sent me, by a sure hand, a most pressing note, requesting me to appear. I could not resist such an appeal; I returned to rescue my family, and the mob brought me hither very late in the evening.—p. 128.

We believe the duke was sincere in all this, not only because he voluntarily said so, but from a small incident which convinces us that these *immediate* events took him, also, by surprise. Of his numerous household and staff, he had not one soul in attendance; a single aide-de-camp, who was not even in turn of duty, hearing in the country of what was going on in Paris, hastened to town, and very opportunely arrived in time to be the official attendant, and the *only one*, of the duke: but this does not alter our opinion, that this Neuilly mob, like those that *hunted* M. de Mortemart, were directed by the Orleanist 'clique,' who wished to spare his Royal Highness the disgrace of appearing to volunteer to plunder his king and cousin, and who moreover felt that if the duke were to display any ambition for the crown, it would be the surest way, in the then temper of men's minds, to defeat their object; and that to conciliate public opinion towards his elevation, it was absolutely necessary to give the whole drama the air of popular force and princely reluctance.

The duke proceeded to say, that he had been named *Lieutenant-General* of the kingdom, as the only mode of preventing Lafayette's proclaiming a republic. At this period of the conversation another incident occurred, which we shall relate in Mazas' own words, and as, no doubt, he heard it from M. de Mortemart:—

'While these two personages were thus discussing such important questions, a frightful tumult was heard, which gradually increased and approached. At length M. Barthois' (the aide-de-camp before mentioned) 'entered, and told the prince that the occasion of all this noise was a mob who insisted on seeing his royal highness. "Is it a deputation of the students or of the national guard?" "Not at all—'tis a mob of the lower orders, who will see you, and, if you do not appear, will overwhelm all opposition, and force their way into this apartment." "Tell them that I am quite exhausted, and undressed; that I cannot receive them, but that I will see their leader:—bring him in." This broke up the conference with M. de Mortemart, who departed, assuring the duke that he would acquaint the king with the state of affairs.

'I have been assured,' continues Mazas, 'that the popular leader introduced by M. Barthois was a lively picture of the conspirator in a melo-drama,

melo-drama, and that he was in a frightful state of excitement and disorder. "We are come," he said, "to name thee * king; but we will have thee *alone*—we will have neither peers nor deputies—they are all rascals. Thou art a good prince—thou wilt govern well—and that's all we want!" The prince, exceedingly astonished at the tone and expressions of the speaker, replied, that if he were to be king, he would only be so on condition of having both peers and deputies. The man replied, but with more respect, dropping the *thee* and *thou*, "Well, settle that as you like, only we will have you for king." —p. 131.

Well may Mazas liken this fellow to the conspirator in a melo-drame—he was, no doubt, one of the *dramatis personæ* 'de la comédie de quinze ans,' and, we have little doubt, belonged to the same 'clique' which had the night before composed the mob at Neuilly, and his arrival was, we are equally convinced, so timed as to coincide with the visit of M. de Mortemart. That great historian and prophet of human nature, Shakspeare, has, with miraculous sagacity, exposed, two hundred years before it was acted, M. Lafitte's drama—a drama which seems to have had its due effect on the simplicity of M. Mazas, and *perhaps* of M. de Mortemart.

* *Duke*.—Alas! Why would you heap those cares on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty:

I do beseech you, take it not amiss;

I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

* *Buckingham*.—If you refuse it, as in love and zeal,

Loath to depose the child your brother's son,

Yet know, whether you accept our suit or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our king;

But we will plant some other in your throne,

To the disgrace and downfall of your house;

And in this resolution here we leave you:

Come, *Citizens*; we will intreat no more! (*Exeunt.*)

* *Catesby*—(*Aide-de-Camp*).—Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit:

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

* *Duke*.—Will you enforce me to a world of cares?

Well, call them again—I am not made of stone."—RICHARD III., Act 3. Sc. 7.

Mazas, under the influence of the Duke's professed reluctance, adds a curious and rather mysterious observation:—

'There occurred subsequently many important circumstances *highly honourable* to the Duke of Orleans, but considerations of a higher interest forbid my revealing them.'—p. 132.

These no doubt were circumstances indicative of his royal highness's fidelity to the king, and his regret at the revolution, and

* The use of *thee* and *thou* is, in French, the last degree of familiarity and insolence. his

his personal reluctance to ascend the throne. We cannot take upon ourselves to decide how much of the spirit of Gloster actuated the Duke of Orleans, who seems, indeed, if he was not altogether a reluctant tool, to have been, at least, an intimidated and irresolute usurper; but sure we are that his elevation was the work of a knot of dirty intriguers carried on for their own purposes, and associated to a royal name, not so much for *his* advancement as *their own*. They succeeded for a moment; but after an ephemeral favour, the new monarch took an early opportunity of turning round upon them, and they are now bewailing in poverty and obscurity the defeat of their hopes and the ingratitude of Louis Philippe. The days are passed when the triumphant Richard sent his greedy associate and creator, Buckingham, to the block; but, with a due allowance for the change of manners, the course is substantially the same—and Louis Philippe has abandoned Lafitte to bankruptcy and the miserable resource of a scanty and unpaid public subscription.

But we must bring this article to a conclusion, though we have by no means exhausted the interesting subjects which Mazas treats. The remaining and greater part of the work relates in detail the final journey of the royal family to the coast. He rejoined them on the route, with the intention of partaking their exile; they at first accepted his services—but circumstances obliged the unhappy fugitives to narrow the number of their attendants, and Mazas expresses a generous regret at being one of those unavoidably left behind.

Our readers will see that this work opens many curious scenes of the late fatal drama hitherto little known, and leads us to expect future information concerning the practices by which the catastrophe was brought about; and it is comfortable to have additional reason to hope that, if Louis Philippe be not the greatest hypocrite that ever lived, his conduct, though not distinguished by high-minded generosity, may have been at least fair and honest; that he lent his countenance to the revolution only when the mischief had become inevitable,—when his refusal might have produced general anarchy; that his first wish was to preserve the monarchy for its rightful possessors; and that if he has finally occupied the throne in his own right, he has been driven to do so by the ambition, the ingratitude, the folly, and the crimes of others, and not instigated by any original bad passions of his own.

On the whole, it is now evident and admitted, even by the chief actors in it, that the revolution of July was not a national movement,—that it was guided by no national object, and that it has accomplished no national good. Ever since the restoration, a party, small in numbers, but wealthy, clever, and active, had been preaching sedition through the press, of which it had made itself master,—

master,—in the chambers, of which it formed the loudest if not the most eloquent portion,—and in the *cafés* and *salons*, where opposition to any existing government is the fashion, and the only fashion that never changes.

Before the intrigues, the speeches, the libels, the *songs* of this party, the moderate, discreet, and truly constitutional ministries of Richelieu, Villèle, and Martignac had successively fallen; and it became as certain as any problem in mathematics that the existing forms and practice of the constitution were inadequate to its own preservation. The high-minded integrity and liberal policy of Richelieu—the financial success and internal prosperity that crowned the measures of Villèle—the conscientious candour and scrupulous constitutionality of Martignac's administration—had obviously exhausted all that mere moderation and conciliation could do. A firmer purpose and bolder measures were the only experiment which remained to be tried; that consideration determined the appointment of MM. de Polignac and Peyronnet. They no doubt were firm and bold; and had they, to these qualities, added the most ordinary share of discretion and foresight, it is certain that they would have been successful in their first and immediate object, and it is probable that they might ultimately have reconciled the principle of popular representation with the stability of government and the due authority of the crown. But the rashness and *imprévoyance* of Polignac, the irresolution and blindness of Marmont, and the lamentable delusion and inactivity of the king and the dauphin, played the game of the disaffected, and gave to their hasty, though long premeditated, revolt the fatal character—and at last the irresistible force of a national revolution.

The king was dethroned; and, as if that catastrophe were not enough to satisfy the evil destiny of the elder branch, they were so deplorably ill-advised as to uncrown themselves and to crown their adversary by the *double abdication*. A sedition had dethroned them *de facto*—their own abdication confirmed it *de jure*. A theorist has said, and phrasemongers have repeated, that 'history is philosophy teaching by example.' Alas! such examples never teach. The utter and even ridiculous failure of Buonaparte's abdication—if history could teach conduct—should have warned Charles and his son of the utter inefficiency of such a course for any good purpose. It forfeits *de facto* and *de jure* the existing rights without conferring one jot of authority on those of the intended successor. After all, it is perhaps fortunate that this weak device failed of its object; if the revolutionists had consented to accept the Duke of Bordeaux as a puppet king, they might, under his empty name, have done, without check or control, whatever their ignorance, their passions, or their ambition might have suggested; and it is impossible

impossible to say what confusion might have arisen; and what atrocities might not have been committed in the struggle of parties to possess themselves of the authority of the phantom monarch. Instead of this, they have been obliged to submit to a sovereign who at least is a '*reality*'—whatever his '*charter*' may be; who has now no ulterior ambition to gratify; whose interest and wish it must equally be to preserve peace abroad; and good order and subordination at home; and who, under the temporary popularity of an usurper, has been able to take measures of coercion for the present and of security for the future, which no legitimate sovereign could have ventured to imagine.

'The state of siege,' and the bold and bloody, yet necessary and justifiable suppression of the sedition in June, 1832, have quieted matters for the present; and the construction of a circle of fortresses round Paris—under the flimsy and disgraceful pretext of guarding against foreign invasion, but for the real and convenient (though not very constitutional) purpose of bridling that turbulent town—will transfer the national force from the populace to the army, and to *him* who can maintain an ascendancy over the army. When Marshal Soult shall have finished the fourteen new *Bastilles*, for the erection of which the reformed chamber of France has voted so many millions, we shall hear of no more revolutions made by the Faubourg St. Antoine—or the 'gentlemen of the press'—or the *Elèves* of the schools; and so weary is France of her forty years of *liberty*, that she not only consents to enormous pecuniary burdens to accomplish this astonishing tyranny, but she consents to it for a *reason* which in other times would have made every Frenchman's blood boil with indignation—namely, that foreign armies can, when they please, march unresisted to the very barriers of Paris!

Another circumstance has had a very great effect in consolidating the present and perhaps the future power of the reigning dynasty—we mean the insane incursion of the Duchess of Berri into France, and the lamentable frailty which the result of that incursion has detected. It is painful in the deepest degree to speak of a woman—of a woman in adversity—in terms of personal censure; but when a woman turns a political crusader, she voluntarily divests herself of that otherwise inviolable respect to which her sex is entitled: and when, by a political extravagance, she solicits the attention of all the world, it is doubly unpardonable that she should—in the most critical public circumstances, and in the moment most unfortunate, most ruinous to herself, her friends, her family, and her country—exhibit those personal frailties, which, blameable in private life, become scandalous when obtruded on the public. Attached as we are to the principles of constitutional liberty, and believing them to be safest under an hereditary monarchy, we hoped

hoped and believed—nay, we still do hope and believe, that, if Henry V. shall live, France may at last find a resting place, from half a century of agitation, under his constitutional sceptre—with these sentiments, we deeply regretted, as did every sensible Frenchman, even of what is called the Carlist party—the premature and inconsiderate attempt of the Duchess of Berri. We saw that it was made too soon—on erroneous principles, and by an inadequate and improper agent; but while we disapproved as politicians, we, as men, admired and respected the *heroic devotion of a mother!* When, however, the fatal déboulement arrived—when we heard of the *other* motive which may have induced the unhappy lady to leave the pure and unsullied bosom of her own family to seek—not princely glory, but—personal obscurity, in the fastnesses of La Vendée—

We can go no farther—we pause in astonishment and sorrow—in painful sympathy with the million of honest hearts in France, who have been crushed by this calamity; and with, above all, the other members of that admirable and august family, which, for fifty years, has suffered calumny, persecution, exile, torture, and death—but never *shame* before:

ART. VII.—*The Port-Admiral; a Tale of the War.* By the Author of 'Cavendish.' 3 vols. London. 1833.

SOME few attempts have of late years been made to introduce a species of nautical novels into the light and popular literature both of this country and of the United States; but we cannot very highly compliment *our* authors, at least, on their success in this department. The truth is, they come forward under the great disadvantage of their readers being constantly reminded of something better, and compelled to contrast those original and incomparable productions of Roderick Random and Peregrine Pickle with the comparatively feeble and spiritless compositions of the present day.* The coarsest phrases of sea-slang, now nearly exploded, unseasoned and unmitigated with any portion of that genuine humour which Smollett so well knew how to infuse into an uncouth phraseology, so as to make it amusing to every class of readers, are stuffed into these modern productions in their naked deformity. Captain Marryat far outshines his rivals in this school; but his novels may in point of fact be said to be good, as novels go, in spite, rather than by reason of, their nautical *dialogues*. The shrewd sagacity of his general views of human nature is the real support of that hasty but vigorous writer.

Having glanced into 'Cavendish,' one of the most vulgar and

* Were it *selon les règles* to criticise articles in contemporary journals, we should not have omitted this opportunity of saying something of the often admirable nautical sketches of 'Tom Cringle,' in Blackwood's Magazine,

witless of all these new sea-novels, we should not have thought of wasting any time on another book from the same hand ; but our eye chancing to light on the motto to the first chapter of this ' Port Admiral,' purporting to be a quotation from a letter of Sir Edward Codrington, we were curious to see what use a writer of this stamp had made of such a text from so great an authority. It is also possible that curiosity may have been whetted by our recollection of the author having, in his first work, given a new edition of the battle of Navarino ;—of that unfortunate attack of the combined fleets of the three great maritime powers of Europe on a handful of miserable Turks—of that battle which, we are morally certain, will once more at least be fought over again, when, in, imitation of the ' god-like hero' of old, (pardon the profanation,) we may probably hear that

' Thrice he routed all the *Turks*,
And thrice he slew the slain.'

The motto is as follows:—

' I am an enemy to slavery in any shape, under whatever name it may be disguised ; and my blood boils when I contemplate the oppressions which are passed by under another designation. Is not a pressed man a slave to the will of a despot?'—LETTER OF VICE-ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD CODRINGTON.

The patrimonial and professional position of the gallant sugar-grower gives this passage not only weight but pathos. Who must not pity the ' enemy of slavery in any shape,' who has been pocketing, for thirty or forty years, the proceeds of ' the Codrington plantation'? Who but sympathize with the author of the triumphant question—' Is not a pressed man a slave to the will of a despot?'—when it is certain that he, the said author, acted throughout the great war of our time in the various capacities of midshipman, lieutenant, and captain, in the royal navy—and therefore must, it is but too certain, have often, *per se aut per alium*, enslaved his fellow whites, and acted the despot over them in their unjustly degraded condition!

Our novelist's commentary on the text we have quoted occupies the greater part of his first volume—which indeed has hardly a thread of connexion with the story of the other two. The chief ' despots' whom he attacks are the late Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge, and his captain, Austen Bissell, both of whom unfortunately perished in the *Blenheim*, off the Isle of France,—a calamity that alone might have restrained any man of proper feeling from raking up the ashes of the dead, to say nothing of heaping the most cruel, calumnious, and utterly unfounded aspersions on their memories. That this is the ship, and these the men, whom he means to describe, he, however, is at no pains to conceal. Sir Thomas, as is well known, was the bosom friend of Lord

Nelson

Nelson and of Lord St. Vincent. In the battle off St. Vincent, when Nelson exclaimed for victory or Westminster Abbey, he was nobly supported by Troubridge in the Culloden. At Teneriffe, when Nelson lost his arm, and all who had landed were in imminent peril of falling into the hands of the enemy, Troubridge kindled a fire in the great square, assembled his people to the number of about two hundred and forty, and sent a flag of truce to the Spanish governor, who was at the head of eight thousand troops, to announce that if he did not immediately halt, and give a free and unmolested passage for his men to their ships, he would instantly set fire to the town. The governor at once acceded to the terms. At the battle of the Nile, Troubridge, in the Culloden, had the mortification of grounding, which prevented him from getting into action; on which occasion Lord Nelson said, 'Let us, my dear Troubridge, rather rejoice that the ship which got on shore was commanded by an officer whose character is so thoroughly established in the service as your own.' Nelson, after this battle, when under a depression of spirits, writes to Lord St. Vincent, 'I feel that I must soon leave my situation to Troubridge, than whom we both know no person is more equal to the task.' He afterwards says, 'I trust you will not take him from me. I well know he is my superior; and I so often want his advice and assistance.' On the capture of St. Elmo, Lord Nelson says, 'although the abilities and resources of my brave friend Troubridge are well known to all the world, yet even he had difficulties to struggle with in every way that have raised his great character even higher than it was before.' He was subsequently appointed captain of the Channel fleet, under the Earl St. Vincent, with whom he afterwards sat as one of the Lords of the Admiralty. On the late Lord Melville's succeeding to the administration, he appointed him to the command of the Indian seas eastward of Point de Galle. He had not long been there before he was appointed commander-in-chief at the Cape of Good Hope, for which place he sailed from Bombay in the Blenheim, in company of the Java, and the Harrier sloop, by the last of which the two former vessels were seen off the Mauritius, in a perfect hurricane and a tremendous sea, and were never heard of more. Sir T. Troubridge was a man of an anxious and ardent mind; full of devotion for the service, in which he raised himself solely by his own merit and exertions; he was kind to those who served under him, and was greatly beloved both by his officers and men.

The memory of such a man, it would be supposed, was not a fit subject for ridicule and defamation;—yet this brave and distinguished officer, now that a quarter of a century has passed by since his death, is here described as a monster in human shape—
into

into whose bosom compassion never entered;—who had no sympathy with the common feelings of his fellow-creatures, but took a pleasure in heaping insult and mockery on the victims of misery;—venting his rage in the most coarse and blasphemous epithets, such as never could escape the lips of any one having the slightest pretensions to the character of a gentleman. Nor does this author confine himself to the defamation of the late Sir Thomas Troubridge—his captain, and lieutenants:—the whole naval service is grossly and scandalously libelled in these volumes.

It would not be worth our while to say anything of the novel as a novel. Its story, if such it may be called, is puerile and absurd, the language mean, vulgar, and offensive, and the sentiments base and detestable; the characters low, consisting of spies, traitors, and smugglers; and his females!—we suspect the creature was never admitted into the society of *decent* females. And yet he is not without some share of talent neither; some of his descriptions are vivid and highly coloured, but these are so many little oases scattered over a vast waste, withered and blighted by the breath of scandal. In fact, the main object, both in this and his former work, seems to be that which, we are sorry to observe, is but a too common one with the feeders of even the novel-press in the present day—namely, to degrade men in eminent situations, and to hold up all in office or command as plunderers of the public purse, and cold, selfish tyrants, destitute of any regard for those placed under their authority or influence. An instance taken at random will suffice to show the spirit in which he writes.

The hero of his story (a sneaking sycophant of Buonaparte, and a spy!) listens to a conversation between Sir Richard Salisbury, the Port-Admiral of Plymouth, and one of the Lords of the Admiralty, on a visit of inspection there.

‘You may call it “moonshine,” if you like, Sir Richard,’ said the latter, ‘but I fear if these facts come to the knowledge of his majesty’s ministers, it will be denominated smuggling—a breach of our laws—and treated as such; particularly in one whose rank would warrant us in expecting him to prove a good example to his inferiors. I should really be very sorry to be instrumental in bringing about any inquiry that might hurt one I value so much as Sir Richard Salisbury. If you could point out any path by which I could escape laying this serious information before Lord —: but you see by suppressing it I might inculpate myself.’—vol. iii. pp. 73, 74.

Sir Richard justifies the practice—hates the excise—was so used to do a little ever since he was a boy, that it would break his heart to leave it off.

“However,” says the old smuggling Port-Admiral, “what you say is very true—I can only repeat at present, that *you* shall never be a loser through Richard Salisbury.” The Lord of the Admiralty slept

slept at the house that night, and on retiring to his chamber found on his dressing table a sealed letter superscribed for himself. He opened it. Within was a bill, drawn on a certain house in London, for five hundred pounds, "the amount of his share for 'moonshine' received." The bill only required his signature to be available, while the envelope contained these words—"The endorser, by using a similar form, is at liberty to draw on Messrs. * * * * * every quarter." Suffice it to say here, that it was tendered, accepted, and paid. The Lord of the Adm-r-ity gained an additional increase of two thousand a-year by the visit of inspection, during which he learnt of Sir Richard's smuggling. Nor did the hearty old officer ever hear one word more about his moonshine being laid before his majesty's ministers: so far from that, it continued "moonshine" to the last.—pp. 74, 75.

A considerable portion of the 'Port-Admiral' is dedicated to the display of the sentiments of hatred felt and expressed by Napoleon Buonaparte towards this country, and wherever they occur, they are accompanied by an abundant sprinkling of the felicitous ejaculation *bah!* This great personage, then first consul, visits England in disguise, and, under the guidance of the traitorous hero of the tale—and the liberal patriot Mr. Fox!—sees everything, is made acquainted with all the *dessous des cartes*, goes to the House of Commons to hear Mr. Pitt, treads on the Prince of Wales's toe under the Gallery, in order to get into conversation with him; and enjoys some gay larks in company with our present gracious monarch—who is represented as having been, in the days of the Boulogne flotilla, a romping youth of a midshipman—and of two gallant officers, who must at that period have been children. When at length the implacable enemy of England is safely lodged on board the Bellerophon, the tale finishes with a flowery lament over the lofty virtues, mistaken views, and fallen fortunes of the 'man of the age,' and with rude and impertinent abuse of the British government.

'The foe, prostrated by his fate, their magnanimity led them to insult; and the confiding *enemy* who threw himself upon the generosity of the nation, they betrayed with the most perfidious treachery, and aggravated with the most deliberate contumely and oppression. Croiser,'—[this is the scoundrel hero of the book.]—'however, never ceased to take the liveliest interest in his fortunes; and, on learning his cruel sentence, he applied to be appointed governor of the rock on which he languished through his dreadful captivity. This, however, the ministry refused; and, bent on adding to their victim's torture by the vilest means, they sent out one whose name will continue to be abhorred among mankind, as long as their admiration is capable of being excited by that which is great, or their detestation and scorn by that which is Low.'—pp. 367, 368.

This last miserable pun on the name of a brave officer, more sinned

sinned against than sinning, is worthy the quarter it comes from. We all know with what shame and confusion every responsible *liberal*, that has ever dared to impeach the character of Sir Hudson Lowe, has been fain to retreat from his charge. It is our belief that no man was ever placed in a more difficult position, or conducted himself therein with greater fortitude and humanity, or has been more wantonly and malignantly subjected to the tyranny of *safe slander*!

We think it right to note a few of this author's *drafts* on the credulity of his readers; and in the very first sentence of the grand episode, i. e. the first volume of the book, our attention is called to the situation of a young officer placed in irons, in a miserable *hutch* on the poop of Sir T. Troubridge's ship, then lying in the harbour of Bombay,—and to a seaman crossing secretly to his prison 'with a little mess o' beef and a drop of grog,' because, he says, 'I couldn't abide to see your honour starving up here sivin banyan days in the week.' An officer, or even the lowest swabber, *starving* on board a king's ship!—Either the writer knows, and if so he is a knave,—or he does not know, and then he is a fool,—that neither admiral nor captain dares to withhold any portion of the established allowance of provisions from any one on board.

In the next page we have summoned before the ferocious admiral, on a most absurd and ridiculous charge, one of the principal characters in the piece, namely, the carpenter of the ship, whom, we are told, 'in an evil hour, it had pleased certain of his majesty's officers to attack, overpower, and impress into his majesty's service.' This happened, the story proceeds, at Cork, where there was a regulating officer, who of course examined, and passed, or discharged, all the men pressed at that post, and as this carpenter, being a landsman settled there, was not liable to be impressed, he *must*, of course, have been discharged,—but no matter; have him *they* (who?) were determined. *They* knew he was settled in life—that he would leave behind him a young wife and two infant children,—but what of that? 'His conquerors' hearts were steeled—more adamant than their gyves; and within twenty-four hours after his capture, the ship was bearing him away to cross the vast Atlantic.'

'Græme had often begged permission to go home; but unhappily "he was too good a hand, he could not be spared." "Almighty God!" responded the maddened man to himself; "must I be led, by the conduct of my fellow-creatures, to curse the very bounties which Thy hand hath bestowed! Make me a complete fool,—an idiot; strike me with pestilence, disease—wither my frame—let me become an outcast, of no use to these tyrants; but conduct me to support the undeserved

deserved afflictions of those whom my heart loves dearer than itself! 'too good!'—I will become a very fiend incarnate!"—vol. i. pp. 16, 17.

The Blenheim (for it is useless to disguise the name) is now at sea, and the seeds of the mutiny sown before she left Bombay are beginning to sprout forth. The carpenter, Græme, whose warrant had been taken away, was artfully worked upon by Grooves, another carpenter, to whom it had been given, and also by two others, of the names of Kavanagh, an old smuggler, and M'Pherson, a wary and cunning Scotchman.

A frigate bore down to join the flag ship, having a bag of letters from England. Among others was one which deeply concerned Græme, and which, being calculated to harrow up his feelings, was therefore read to him publicly by the captain on the quarter-deck. It was as follows:—

'Admiralty.

'SIR,—I am desired by my Lords Commissioners to inform you, that the enclosed letter is for Charles Græme, landsman, now serving on board his Majesty's ship ———, under your command. It has been forwarded to this office by the under secretary of state for the home department; who received it from Mary Græme, to be transmitted to her husband, subsequent to her condemnation, and prior to her execution for theft; she having suffered the extreme penalty of the law for this offence on the — ultimo," &c. &c.

'From the first word of the letter he had listened with the most intense anxiety, which had rapidly changed to suspicion—alarm—agony, and then a maddened unconscious gaze of bewilderment; but when the final and irrevocable sentence was heard, amid the breathless silence of the crew, overstretched nature could support no more: the distended eye—the set teeth—the hand that idly clutched at the empty air, relaxed—no sound was uttered,—no tear was seen to fall, but consciousness and reason appeared to desert their empire, and the deck received a form not less insensate than itself. All colour, save the sallow tints of the grave, had flown from his gaunt swarthy cheek, and several of his shipmates now kindly endeavoured to lift up the stiffened body.'—vol. i. pp. 69, 70.

This letter, and one from his deceased wife, had been written *two years* before they were received! The latter stated, in pathetic terms, that in a state bordering on madness she had taken a bit of linen stuff to cover the naked bodies of her children: she says on her trial, in addressing the judge,—

'Your honour, I lived in credit, and wanted for nothing, till a press-gang came and stole my husband from me; but since then I have had no bed to lie on; nothing to give my children to eat; and they were almost naked. Perhaps your honour says I may have done something wrong, for I hardly know what I did.'

Why, we might ask, does this vile slanderer of the illustrious dead suppress the fact, when painting the starving wife and children, that every warrant and petty officer, and every seaman, pressed or not pressed, can at any time allot one half of his pay for his wife, children, or mother, which can be received by them in any part of the United Kingdom?—Why?—because the statement of this fact would have spoiled the story of Græme's starving wife:—fabricated to create an impression of disgust against the naval service—and to make the reader sympathise with Græme and his associates in the mutiny, which at length bursts out, and which, after a variety of the most horrible scenes of carnage, is only quenched in the watery grave of *all* the mutineers save *one*!

There is considerable merit in the author's description of the awful night in which his heroes carry their purposes into effect. In the eastern seas, in particular, it is well known a phenomenon frequently takes place, called the 'ripples,' when the surface of the sea, in the midst of a dead calm, is thrown into the most violent state of agitation, rolling on, as would seem, with great velocity, while in point of fact there is no current whatever. We have never met with a satisfactory explanation of this extraordinary phenomenon, but it is so well described, though with some exaggeration, by the writer of these pages, that we shall quote the passage:—

'A brilliant glare of light was observed to gleam forth from that part of the heavens where the brig was last observed to be. It was not lightning, so much as a dazzling and splendid coruscation. This had scarcely passed away, when a low hollow murmur was faintly distinguished—the ear at first doubted whether it was a sound or a deception. Then it grew louder, resembling the distant roar of surf on a lee-shore. With terror in their countenances the men eyed one another, involuntarily and simultaneously exclaiming, "Breakers!" But again, they were distant from any land—the noise increased, while the point from whence it came exhibited a bright light, distinguishable through which was for a moment beheld the black speck of the brig. The ocean seemed to be on fire; the tumult increased; the long line of vivid light on the distant horizon rapidly approached with supernatural swiftness; the agitated surface of the waters, lashed into fury, seemed more appropriate to Pandemonium than our globe, —the sailors looked aloft to the canvass, expecting to see the close-reefed top-sails blown out of their bolt-ropes. . . . Not a point, not a gasket betrayed the slightest motion. No breath was felt to cool the faces which the sultry air had parched, and which expectation fevered: the roll of the long seas seemed chained; the rest of the ocean appeared as a polished glass; while a quick, steady, tremulous shivering was felt throughout the ship's hull, and her crew momentarily expected the abyss to yawn and close on them for ever.

Thus,

'Thus, then, they remained staring with distended eyeballs on the approaching confusion of the waters, that traversed miles in seconds, and left distance far behind in its luminous career. No human voice was distinguishable; their breasts throbbed, their pulses seemed clogged with the heavy-laboured breath they drew as it came near. Some chemical decomposition of the atmosphere seemed to take place, as if those particles replete with life, which it once contained, had vanished; they inhaled the air, and yet it seemed to mock them, leaving behind the pangs of suffocation. In an instant more, and it had overtaken them. As far as the eye could reach, a-head or a-stern, all was one stream of fire and foam, while the same view presented itself on either side for a considerable way. The brine boiled up around them, mounting the gangway and splashing in the face of those whose curiosity had led them too near. Still the air was unmoved—the sense of suffocation intense, while the ship trembled beneath their feet, as if endowed with the living and animate comprehension of her terrified crew.'—pp. 97, 100.

Kavanagh has got together some of the most riotous of the crew on the lower deck, and after holding forth on the glory of freeing themselves from 'the despots,' and the advantages to be derived from running away with the ship, he and his confederates succeed in swearing the rash multitude to stand by them.

The flogging of Græme was the completion of the business. After imploring the captain not to inflict a punishment, the disgrace of which no future good behaviour could wipe out, 'for the love of mercy,' he says, 'for heaven's sake, Captain Grummet,' catching his superior's hand, 'drive me not to madness.'

"Madness! you beast!" snatching the hand away as if polluted. "The cat will take the madness out of you! Get up, you rascal, this instant!" and he *inflicted a kick on the suppliant form before him*. A gleam of rage flashed forth on Græme's features, and was as suddenly subdued. "Captain, for the love of heaven, if—"

"Here, master-at-arms, serjeants, take this villain up; seize him to the gratings!" Four men immediately stepped out to obey this order. Meanwhile, the crew, who had been gradually drawing near, all warmly excited by the open tyranny perpetrated on one so universally respected, no sooner beheld the first blow struck than they rushed forward in a body with the cries of "Hurra! my hearties, down with the —, down with them! true blue for ever!" Each man now seizing whatever weapon came to hand, it was one scene of irretrievable confusion and carnage.'—pp. 114, 115.

The admiral at this moment rushing out on deck, ordered the marines to fire, which was immediately obeyed; the mutineers took shelter on the lower deck; while, by those above, the hatches were battened down; the guns spiked, and the cutlasses and pistols carried upon the poop. The mutineers below were divided as to

what should be done : some advised a surrender—others to remain inactive—others again to get possession of the ship. One fellow says, 'I propose we broach the rum, get ourselves groggy, blow the old barks up, and all go to Davy Jones together.' It ended, however, by Græme being appointed leader, and in a determination to take the ship by storm. A long and detailed account follows of the steps taken to attack the officers and the loyal part of the crew, which was at length effected by blowing up the decks,—the detail of which is so minutely circumstantial as to lead one to suspect that the writer must have himself been engaged as a mutineer in the course of his service. At the solicitation of a female passenger, it was agreed that one of them was to go to the admiral to propose to him, as it was impossible for his party to retain the ship, to give her up on condition of being set free on the first shore. Some twenty were to draw lots who was to undertake the message : the lot fell upon Grooves, whom, as might be supposed, the admiral ordered immediately to be hung at the yard-arm. This made the mutineers furious, and nothing was heard but 'Revenge!—revenge for Grooves's murder, and death to the admiral!'

They now proceeded to carry the deck by storm, across which had been formed a barricade of hammocks ; to these they set fire with lighted torches. Græme, pointing to the carpenter, still swinging from the yard-arm, called out, 'There, my boys, there's your murdered shipmate ! who shall cut him down first ? Revenge or death ! three cheers and on !'

A dreadful contest ensues, in which Græme cuts down the captain while defending the admiral, and the latter remains a prisoner at the mercy of the mutineers. Having bound him hand and foot, they take him to the gangway, and having lowered down the body of Grooves, still swinging from the yard, the savages tie the neck and feet of the admiral to the corresponding parts of the corpse of Grooves, which, stiffened in death, is set upright on its feet by the seamen, back to back with the gallant flag-officer, who maintains a dignified silence. They then, after every species of insult, place the two bodies in a horizontal position and launch them into the deep.

The whole of this scene is described in a brutal vein of cold-blooded sympathy and diabolical admiration. That none of the ship's officers may escape degradation, the minister of religion is brought forward staggering drunk ; and instead of reading the impressive service, ordained in committing the bodies of seamen to the deep, he is made to stammer out the usual grace said at dinner !

And what, even according to this caitiff's own notions, are the natural consequences of mutiny and insubordination ?— 'On

'On the lower-deck it was one scene of licence. Lavishly illuminated throughout with the candles taken from the purser's store-room, the glare displayed groups of seamen reeling about intoxicated; others, not so far advanced, were sitting over large casks of rum, hoisted up from the spirit-room, and broached with the most wanton profusion, until the consumers being in many instances too far gone to notice anything, the barrels had slipped from their stations, and rolled about the deck, now literally flooded with raw spirits unable to find a vent.

'Some, dressed in their best clothes, sang songs of glee, and appeared as merry as if this awful moment had been the most auspicious of their lives. Many again were lying past all reason on the deck, the exterior of their persons as thoroughly drenched in the spirit that plashed around them, as the coats of their bodies within, while guns dismounted, and even the corpses of some who had crawled below and expired on their road to the surgeon, added to the horrors of the place.'—pp. 254, 255.

The heavens were now glowing with one sheet of flame, the tornado raged violently, the lightning struck the mast, which went overboard—a blue flame of ignited spirits rose through the hatchways, followed by the red gleams of burning pitch—the *hull* of the ship was now on fire :—

'Short was the time it had to blaze; deprived of its masts, the remaining one having quickly followed its predecessor, the old hulk no longer possessing head-way, it broached-to, and fell broadside to the wind into the trough of the sea. The water inside now mounting rapidly up to her orlop-deck, she became too heavy to mount the waves any longer, when a tremendous billow breaking with all its fury on her deck, the hull fell over upon its side. A hiss—a shriek of human agony was heard along the deep, and the dark mass disappeared from the surface of the waters, to plumb its way through the unfathomed tides below! The flame thus driven from its prey, shot upwards, borne along on the wings of the tempest for a short distance—its purple light soon diminished—quivered—then expired. And all around was night!'—pp. 258, 259.

Thus ends this narrative, introduced for no other purpose that we can see than that of creating a disgust against the naval service generally, and to wound the feelings of the surviving friends of a brave and meritorious officer, who untimely perished in the execution of his duty. The son, however, survives, a distinguished officer in the same profession; and as, when a youth, that son, like another Telemachus, went in search of his lost father, there can be no doubt he will search out the libeller, and take such steps to vindicate his father's memory, as the rank and character of the writer may justify him in doing. It has been stated in the club-houses, that he is a commander in the navy; we hope not; we

we cannot believe there is one on that list who would thus disgrace himself! Whoever he may be, we have little doubt the name of the offender, when detected, will furnish an adequate refutation of his calumnies.

And now having dispatched this scurrilous publication, we may be permitted to return to the distinguished author of its motto, and briefly inquire whether it be true, that 'a pressed man is a slave to the will of a despot?' Admitting the affirmative, it would follow that every seaman in the king's service is 'a slave,' because there is no distinction whatever in the treatment, the pay, or privileges, of an impressed man and a volunteer; all are alike subject to the articles of war, enjoy the same advantages, and are amenable to the same regulations with regard to discipline, on board a king's ship, in whatever manner they may have become part of the crew. The chief, it is true, may chance to be of an arbitrary character, and it would indeed be surprising if, now and then, one of this description should not be found among the sixteen hundred captains and commanders whose names stand on the navy list; but even in this case, though the men may be subject to the tyrannical and capricious orders of 'a despot,' they are still very far removed from the condition of slaves; for if *their* despot should *dare* to exceed the limits of his authority, which are accurately defined and well understood, the object of his tyranny is not left without remedy; a well-founded complaint of an undue exercise of his power will subject him to the peril of losing his commission, as well as to heavy damages in a court of law.

The advantages enjoyed by these 'pressed slaves,' on board a king's ship, over those in merchant vessels, are manifest and important, and the seamen know them well. In the first place, if they are active, steady, and good seamen, and conduct themselves well, they are sure to be immediately promoted to petty and eventually to warrant officers; nor are instances rare where they have attained the rank even of commissioned officers. At this moment, there are on the list captains, commanders, and lieutenants, who were impressed into the service. The gunners, boatswains, and carpenters, are mostly men that came into the service by impressment. When his present Majesty, as Lord High Admiral, mustered these warrant officers at the ports, he inquired of every one of them whether they had been impressed, and more than two-thirds replied in the affirmative. And what are the further advantages enjoyed by *these* 'slaves to the will of despots?' Their pay is from 60*l.* to 100*l.* a-year, according to the rate of the ship, besides their provisions, and these emoluments and allowances are constant, whether at sea or in ordinary; and when worn out, they have

have pensions according to their length of service from 35*l.* to 85*l.* a-year. Nor is this all; their widows at their death have pensions of 25*l.* a-year, about fourteen hundred of whom are now in the receipt of them. Then, with regard to the petty officers and seamen, their provisions are of the very best quality, and the rations precisely the same as to the captain. Every biscuit they eat is made from flour of wheat purchased by government in the market, ground in the government mills, and baked in the government ovens. They have the luxuries of tea, cocoa, and sugar allowed, and are supplied with any articles of clothing they may stand in need of, at rates far below the prices of private dealers, and of superior qualities. They are well attended to in the event of hurts or sickness. The mortality, indeed, on board a ship of war is incredibly small. The scurvy, that once committed such dreadful ravages in ships of war, has wholly disappeared; and the sailors owe this blessing, in great measure, to the introduction of lemon juice, and many judicious regulations established by that venerable and intelligent medical officer, Sir Gilbert Blane. The effects of these, as particularly ascertained in the height of the war, were most remarkable. In the years 1811-12-13, the average number of seamen afloat was about 138,000; and the average deaths, by disease, accident, and battle, amounted in round numbers to 4,600, giving thus little more for the annual mortality than one man in thirty.

They enjoy other advantages of no little importance. They are allowed to allot half their wages to their families; they are granted pensions for life after twenty-one years' service, varying from tenpence to fourteenpence a-day; and petty officers, sergeants and corporals of marines, according to their length of service, receive from 25*l.* to 40*l.* a-year and upwards. Of these misnamed 'slaves,' upwards of 20,000 are at this moment dividing among them the enormous sum of 260,000*l.* a-year as pensioners, besides nearly 3000 who are well fed, clothed, and lodged, in the magnificent establishment at Greenwich,* and by far the greater number of whom were impressed men. We say nothing of the chances of prize money, which, however, with the spirit of adventure and enterprise that actuates the minds of seamen, induce them to get into king's ships for any service that is likely to bring them before the face of an enemy. What, indeed, but the inherent love of fighting and making prizes could induce so many English

* Let us take this casual opportunity of correcting an erroneous statement in a late Number of this Journal. We mentioned King William IV. as the munificent donor of the greater part of the naval pictures in the Hall at Greenwich. His present Majesty's personal and professional feelings had, no doubt, been consulted—but the act we alluded to was, we find, that of his ever princely predecessor, King George IV.

seamen to prefer entering, in these piping times of peace, the service of Dom Pedro, at the risk of life or limb, and with such uncertainty of getting either pay or provisions, to the comfortable enjoyment of both in a British man-of-war?—nothing but the activity of the one service, and the present torpid state of the other.

With the predilections of seamen generally for entering on board his Majesty's ships, not only on account of the splendid advantages held out to them, but also for the pride of serving under a pendant, and the good treatment they are sure to experience, it will naturally be asked, where is the necessity then of forcing men into the service? We think we can explain how far it may still be necessary to keep up the practice of resorting to the impress, though we consider it capable of modification. It was proved, in the course of the late prolonged war, that the number of our native seamen was inadequate to the manning of both the military and mercantile navies; and that, in consequence, more than a third part of the crews of the former, or about 40,000 men, were obliged to be made up of landsmen and foreigners. At this period the whole trade of the world nearly was in the hands of the British merchants; to secure seamen for their ships the wages they gave were enormous; but still, by the activity of the commanders of our cruising ships in procuring men, the merchant vessels were also compelled to take landsmen and foreigners. Owing to this great demand of the two services, the number of sea-faring men became greatly augmented, and the crews of both were in a progressive state of improvement. Peace at length came—the fleet was paid off—foreign nations participated in the commerce of the world—the best of the old navy seamen are now worn down with age—the consequence is, that at the present time the number of real available seamen is much reduced; they are just enough, and not more than enough, for the merchant ships employed in the foreign commerce of the country, and for the reduced squadron of men-of-war on the peace establishment.

It is clear, then, that on the sudden breaking out of a war, if we wish to place the country in a state of safety, our coasts and our colonies (if any be left to us) to be defended against insult and plunder, and our trade effectually protected, we must depend solely on the exertions and activity of our navy. Ships we have in abundance, and many of them of a very superior kind, but of what use would they be without a sufficient supply of seamen; and where are these seamen to be had but by intercepting the homeward-bound merchant ships in the Channel, and taking out of them such men as can be spared? There is no denying that this measure is a severe hardship, as it prevents seamen from seeing their friends
after

after a long voyage, and imposes a restraint upon them which nothing but state necessity could justify. Impressment from outward-bound ships, however, would very little, if at all, abate the hardship to the men, while it would be infinitely more distressing to the trade of the country, the protection of which is the immediate duty of the government; and this great object can only be efficiently obtained by having as speedily as possible a well-manned fleet at sea on the first appearance of hostile movements. Severe, moreover, as the practice of impressing men *anyhow* may appear, we should remember that it is an evil contingent to the condition of persons betaking themselves to a seafaring life. Their liability to serve in time of war is implied by various acts of parliament, some directing protection to be granted to landsmen against impressment till they have used the sea two years; others to apprentices until they attain the age of eighteen; others to mates of merchant ships, harpooners, &c. of Greenland vessels; and also to a great number of other descriptions of persons, all which exceptions prove the rule of general liability. No one, indeed, will be bold enough to assert that it is not both constitutional and legal to compel seamen to serve in the navy. The practice has prevailed and does prevail in all the maritime nations of Europe; with us it is the common law of the land,—it has been acted upon prior to the time of Edward III., and has frequently been extended to the impressment of ships as well as men. Mr. Sergeant Foster, in his able and unanswerable report on the subject, says, ‘the right of impressing mariners for the public service is a prerogative inherent in the crown, grounded upon common law and recognised by many acts of parliament.’ In short, we can see little difference in the coercion which calls on a person to serve in the militia or to find a substitute, and in the coercion which compels a seaman to serve in the navy, who is also, in ordinary cases, allowed to serve by substitute.

Whatever feeling may exist in the public mind against impressment, the sailor, knowing he is liable to serve, and knowing he will be well treated in a man of war, thinks much less of it than those do whom he leaves behind; he generally quits without regret a merchant ship, where he is neither so well fed nor treated, and much more severely worked. The real and distressing hardship is when Jack is seized by a press-gang in the bosom of his family; it is in cases of this kind that the odium against impressment is most excited; the act of dragging men away, amidst the cries of women and children, creates dissatisfaction and disgust in all who witness the transaction. This worst part of the practice may, however, and it is to be hoped will, be discontinued in the event of another war. It certainly is neither expedient nor necessary
that

that it should be kept up: and we should strongly recommend that no such place as what is called a *rendezvous* may be allowed to exist; very few good men are raised at the best of them, and one half that are raised are discharged on being regulated, as unfit or illegally taken. The real tar will not long continue to shut himself up on shore, and it is little enough to permit him, while there, to remain undisturbed, and to consider him only as fair game when afloat. Indeed, so much improved in every respect has been the treatment of the seamen in his majesty's fleet that, in all the foreign stations where a king's ship may be lying, the masters of merchant vessels have the greatest difficulty to prevent their men from deserting to join the former. It is therefore, perhaps, not too much to hope that, in a future war, after the first bustle to get out a fleet to sea is over, (and this must be done instantaneously at all hazards,) the navy will be able to keep up the complement of seamen by volunteers.

This affair is, after all, an evil more in the abstract than in reality—a subject for poets and painters to exercise their pens and pencils upon in vivid description and glowing colours,—a theme for declamation by noisy politicians—‘a sop o’ th’ moonshine’ thrown by some pledged *delegate* to sooth his constituents. Persons of this description affect to be sensibly hurt at the practice of flogging in the army and the navy,—denounce it as cruel, inhuman, and unnecessary: with their accustomed liberality they seem to think that they, who are placed under the painful necessity of ordering such punishment, must have less feeling than themselves who declaim against it—nay, even derive a pleasure from inflicting it. We hear, however, of many better-disposed persons than these, talking of substitutes for this punishment; in the army, this might, perhaps, in most instances, be resorted to, but not so in the navy. The scheme has, in fact, been tried in fifty ways, and in all totally failed. The prevailing vice of sailors is drunkenness, and this it is utterly impossible to put an end to under any of the plans suggested. If a man declares his allowance intoxicates him (and it is certainly much more than it ought to be) the captain may abridge it, and credit his account with the value of the remainder; but where every man and boy has his whole allowance, the drunkard will have no difficulty in finding the means of frequently indulging his unfortunate propensity. Some captains have tried to shame the delinquents by making them objects of ridicule,—clapping a fool’s cap on their heads,—labelling their jackets,—putting a collar round their necks; but such expedients have been found wholly inefficient. One officer fitted up a large puncheon as a tread-mill; but this disgusted the whole ship’s company, who, one and all, called

out

out for the old-established punishment. Solitary confinement on board ship is scarcely practicable, and if it were, is by no means advisable.

'Solitary confinement,' says Captain Hall, 'I take to be one of the most cruel, and, generally speaking, one of the most unjust of all punishments; for it is incapable of being correctly measured, and it almost always renders the offender worse. It is apt also to protract his sufferings far beyond all required bounds; while it not only prompts him and gives him time to brood over his most revengeful purposes, but irritates him against his officers and his duty, degrades him in his own eyes, and, if long continued, almost inevitably leads to insanity and suicide.'*

We entirely concur in the opinion of this distinguished officer, that the transient nature of the punishment at the gangway, as compared with the prolonged misery of solitary confinement, leaves no time for discontent to rankle, nor any permanent ill-will on the mind of a sailor, either towards his captain or towards the service. In point of fact, however, since that most beneficent and humane regulation of the Admiralty, which requires a *written warrant* to be issued by the captain for the punishment of a seaman, setting forth the offence, and also a quarterly return to be made of all such warrants and punishments, the lash has rarely been resorted to—more rarely in proportion to the sound discipline of the ship. But though the frequency of punishment be abated, the power of punishing must remain, otherwise there will soon be an end to that good discipline in the navy on which alone its efficiency can be maintained.

Asserting then, as we fearlessly do, the absolute necessity of continuing the power of impressment and the power of punishment, if we are to maintain in its vigour that arm of our strength and security—the navy—we at the same time as fearlessly deny that 'a pressed man is a slave to the will of a despot.' Such a doctrine, we believe, has never been broached since the days of the mutiny in the fleet, which, in the opinion of those best acquainted with the service, would never have happened had the just rights and reasonable claims of the seamen been then attended to. At that time there were, no doubt, commanders in the fleet, who carried

* The Third, and we are sorry to hear it called *last*, series of Captain Hall's *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, from which we quote, does not present any features of novelty sufficient to demand another separate article; but we take this opportunity of expressing the pleasure with which we have perused its many vivid descriptions and sagacious remarks. We sincerely hope the author will continue his lucubrations in some other form. It is a strong measure to advise any man now-a-days to try a novel—but there is such a power of life in Captain Hall's nautical portraitures, and such a *gentlemanlike* vein of fun withal, that we cannot but say we wish he would make the attempt to be the Smollett of our *Fernos*.

on the duty in a harsh, imperious, and insolent manner; but this, though it often disgusted the true seamen, *created no disposition to mutiny*; their open and honest hearts were taken advantage of and corrupted, and driven to a state of insubordination and disobedience, not by the conduct of their officers, but by a set of outcasts of the earth, disgorged from the common jails, and sent into the fleet under the name of *quota men*.

At the time of this unfortunate event, the *character of the English sailor* was most faithfully drawn, by one who understood him well, in these striking sentences:—

'The British sailor is thoughtless, and inattentive to what concerns his own happiness; but not indifferent either to the interest of his country, the glory of the navy, or the renown of the individual ship to which he belongs. He is cheerfully active, and prompt in the execution of his duty; patient of fatigue, as well as of the vicissitudes of weather and climate; steady and collected at his post in the hour of danger; obedient, respectful, and attached to the officer worthy to command him; faithful and true to his king and country. He has an open, honest, and faithful heart; he is courageous in action, and humane in victory; he is the life and soul of our commerce, the guardian and bulwark of the nation: yet these men, the pride and safety of their country, are, for the most part, *pressed* into the service.'

It is of the seamen of *this period* that the author of 'The Port-Admiral' writes. *Pressed* as they were, could such men as these deserve to be called *slaves*?—Yes, for one short but awful interval, they were indeed 'slaves,' and at the will of 'despots' composed of the very scum and scouring of society; but the moment these deluded men perceived they had been artfully led astray from their duty to their king and country, and that there was a disposition to listen to their real grievances on the part of the government, from that moment they deserted their leaders, who had assumed the name of delegates, and tendered submission and obedience to their officers. Most of these delegates, as well as Richard Parker, the chief conductor of the mutiny, were tried, and executed, complaining bitterly of the *ingratitude* of the seamen in deserting *them* and the cause!

We happen to have in our possession a striking letter, addressed by Parker, two days previous to his execution, to a person who had known him from his earliest infancy. As this dying declaration of the unfortunate man has never been published, we shall take this opportunity of placing it on record:—it is curious in itself, and may read a lesson to all pledge-bolting and pledge-bound *delegates*, whether in or out of the fleet.

Copy

Copy of the Dying Declaration of Richard Parker.*

June 28th, 1797.

' Dear Sir,—In my awful situation, I have great consolation to find that I still possess your esteem and merit your commiseration. Heaven grant you may long outlive the painful recollection of my unfortunate fate! A little while and I must depart from this world, and for ever close my eyes upon its vanity, deceitfulness, and ingratitude. My passage through it has been short but chequered;—my departure from it will be extremely boisterous, but I seriously assure you, upon *my part*, by no means *unwilling*. The only comfortable reflection which I at present enjoy, is, that I am to die a martyr in the cause of humanity. I know the multitude think hard things of me, but this gives me no uneasiness, for my conscience testifies that the part which I have acted amongst the seamen has been right, although not to be justified by prudence. The latter consideration is the only compunction which I feel, under my doleful calamity: yes! prudence urges that I ought to have known mankind better than blindfold to have plunged into certain destruction.

' Long since I had learnt that the miseries under which the lower classes groan are imputable in a great measure to their ignorance, cowardice, and duplicity; and that nothing short of a *miracle* could ever afford them any relief. This experience, prudence too late teaches me, should have been my guard against that *fatal error* which forfeits my life. However severe this reflection, still I preserve my fortitude, and I am enabled to do this, by considering that, as a human being, I stand subject to human passions, the noblest of which is a tender *sensibility at every species of human woe*: thus influenced, how could I indifferently stand by, and behold some of the *best* of my fellow-creatures cruelly treated by some of the very *worst*? I candidly confess I could not; and because I could not, fate consigns me to be a victim to the tenderest emotions of the human heart. Upon the word of a dying man, I solemnly declare, that I was not an *original mover* of the disturbances amongst those men who have treated me so very ungratefully. Also, that I was elected by my shipmates their delegate, *without my knowledge*, and in the *same manner*, by the delegates, their president. I was *compelled* to accept those situations much against my inclination, by *those* who pushed me into them; and I did by no means attain them in the manner which has been scandalously reported, by persons who are purposely prejudiced or ignorant of the matter. It is well known what *authority* the seamen had over their delegates, and in what ferocious manner the delegates were frequently treated, for not according with every *wild scheme* which the sailors proposed to carry into practice. I further declare, that from the aggregate body originated every plan, and that during the time the delegates held their perilous situations, they always acted pursuant to, and obeyed the instructions of their constituents. How I and my unfortunate colleagues have been rewarded for our fidelity in

* The italics in this letter are Parker's own.

thus

thus acting, those who have any sense of *moral obligation* will easily determine. The only instances in which the delegates acted of themselves, were in those of checking the *violence* and *turpitude* of their masters; and this, God knows, we had hard work to do: but considering all circumstances, those who know anything of sailors will readily allow that we preserved much better order than could reasonably have been expected upon such an occasion. For not according with the preposterous ideas of the seamen, I and many more must suffer death. Had we been as *decidedly violent* as they were, we need not have died like dogs: for all the force which could have been mustered would not have availed, and necessity would have obliged a compliance to our demands. Owing to the delegates' moderation, they have been overcome, and for my own part I cheerfully forgive the vanquishers, for the *bloody use* they intend to make of their victory: perhaps it is policy in them to do it. From the first moment that I understood the kindness which the delegates were to experience from their employers, I was prepared for the sacrifice; and may Heaven grant that I may be the last victim offered up in the cause of a *treacherous* and *debased commonalty*!

'Many will ask, how an insignificant man like myself could merit the confidence of the multitude, so far as to induce them to thrust him forward upon such an occasion? If such inquirers will for a moment reflect, that in a popular commotion, any person who has the misfortune to be in repute for a trifling share of *ability* is liable to be forced into action, though *much against his will*, their inquiry will easily be solved, and this was precisely my case. Others will say, how could a man of his information be so indiscreet? Tell such, that RICHARD PARKER, in his last moments, was pierced to the bottom of his soul with asking himself the same question: that he ingenuously owned he was indiscreet, but that it was, as he thought, from laudable motives. At the pressing application of my brother shipmates, I suffered humanity to surmount reason, and I hope my life is a sufficient atonement for my folly. I am the devoted scapegoat for the sins of *many*; and henceforth, when the *oppressed* groan under the *stripes of the oppressors*, let my example deter any man from risking himself as the victim to ameliorate their wretchedness. Having said thus much of my concerns with the seamen, I shall now take the liberty to offer my friend some advice; it is the result of dear-bought experience, and I hope he will profit by it. Remember never to make yourself the *busybody of the lower classes*, for they are *cowardly, selfish, and ungrateful*: the least trifle will intimidate them; and him whom they have exalted *one moment as their demagogue*, the next they will not scruple to exalt upon the gallows. I own that it is with pain I make such a remark to you, but *truth* demands it: I have *experimentally* proved it, and very soon am to be made the *example* of it. There is nothing *new* in my *treatment*: compare it with the treatment of most of the advocates for the improvement of the condition of the multitude in *all ages*: nay, with reverence I write it, with the
treatment

treatment of Jesus Christ himself, when on earth,—and then declare, *whether or not* my advice is to be regarded.

‘It is my opinion, that if government had not been too hasty, the *Portsmouth mutiny* would have been as readily overcome as that at *Sheerness*. A very trifling forbearance on their part would have occasioned the *Portsmouth* delegates to have been delivered up like those at *Sheerness*, to have settled all the accounts; this is not mere supposition, but founded upon facts, though not generally known. The mutineers have been accused of *disloyalty*, but it is a *false* accusation,—they were only so to their ill-fated tools the delegates. Both *army and navy* are, in my opinion, *loyal*; and setting aside the liberties which they have lately taken with their superiors, were attached to the *ruling powers*. The ignorant and the violent will call me a *criminal*; but when it is remembered what were the *demands* I made for my unprincipled employers, I know the discreet part of mankind will acquit me of criminality. I have reason to think the *civil power* would have acquitted me; but by the *articles of war* my destruction was irremediable, and of this government was well aware, or I should not have been tried by a court-martial. By the laws of war I acknowledge myself to be legally convicted, but by the laws of humanity (which should be the basis of all laws) I die illegally. My judges were respectable, but not totally disinterested, for one of the demands had for its tendency the *abridgment of their emoluments in prize-money*.

Now, my dear friend, I take my leave of you, and may Providence amply return every kindness I have received from your hands! Oh! pray for me, that in the last scene I may act my part like a man, and that when I am on the point of being offered up, I may be inspired with charity sufficient to forgive *those* for whom I am sacrificed. The moment my body is suspended, the spectators will behold a wretch who is exposed as an example of his own frailty, and of the *disgrace and dishonour* of those men for whom I meet so ignominious a death. Parting with life is no more than going to sleep; and God in his mercy grant I may sleep sweetly after my worldly toils, through the merits of my Lord and Saviour, JESUS CHRIST! Amen.

Adieu, eternally adieu!

From your dying friend,

RICHARD PARKER.’

There are many things in this striking letter on which we could have wished to comment a little; but we believe, on the whole, we may as well leave it to speak for itself. It will, at least, repay our readers for the disgust with which they must have considered our extracts from the mutinous parts of ‘*The Port-Admiral*’; perhaps it may read a lesson to the author of that scandalous production himself.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Adventures of Hatim Taï, a Romance. Translated from the Persian.* By Duncan Forbes, A.M. 4to. pp. 214. London. 1830.

2. *Customs and Manners of the Women of Persia, and their Domestic Superstitions. Translated from the original Persian Manuscript.* By James Atkinson, Esq. of the Honourable East India Company's Bengal Medical Service. 8vo. pp. 93. London. 1832.

THERE is no use whatever in our sitting down to read the adventures of Hatim Taï, unless we first revive in our souls the rainbow-hues of early youth, and recall that inexperienced ardour which prompted us easily to believe in the mystic potency of talismans, and in the obedience rendered to them by genii of earth and air and ocean. We must again believe, as we then believed, that the imagination has a real living world of its own, far apart from this land of spinning-jennies and rail-roads—a fairy region where palaces of gold, provided with every luxury that can regale the sense, greet the wearied traveller just at the moment he is about to sink upon the parched desert from exhaustion—where diamonds as large as ostrich eggs, and emeralds of the purest green, are trodden upon at every step we advance—and lakes of limpid water spread before us, on which boats with self-expanding sails are most conveniently waiting to waft us from island to island. Nor are we to be surprised if, now and then, when we have lost our way in some gloomy forest, a humane lion or a gentle bear should shake us by the hand, and entertain us with right learned and edifying discourse, while, from his superior knowledge of the country, he conducts us in safety to the cavern in the mountain of which we happen to be in search. Neither are we to look upon the circumstance as otherwise than perfectly natural and auspicious, if, while gliding over the smooth sea, the tenants of the deep, albeit unused to the vocal mood, favour us with a ravishing melody, timed to the music of myriads of shells struck by invisible hands in the azure depths beneath.

A grave and argumentative treatise might be written on the question, whether the more civilized of mankind have in fact gained any accession to their happiness, by permitting the increase of exact knowledge to limit the free range of the imagination. Agriculture may probably be improved by the multiplication of enclosure bills; but the sports of the village, and, in some instances, the beauty of the landscape, are sad sufferers from this species of parliamentary interposition. Sir David Brewster has, with 'impious hand,' attempted to destroy all the mysteries of our little planet by showing that magic is, in truth, nothing more than nature unexplained. We have the consolation of believing that the

the Sicilians, at least, have not yet read his book, and that they may go on for centuries to come in beholding, as supernatural wonders, the palaces, and towers, the green valleys with herds and flocks reposing in the shade, and the hosts of armed men on foot and on horseback, that sometimes suddenly appear to occupy the sea between them and the fair shores of Italy. We doubt if we should exchange for the cold philosophy of the Scotchman the feelings of astonishment and awe that must have excited the simple Cumberlander beyond himself, when he beheld with his corporeal eye the shadowy huntsman and his dog pursuing their wild chase of horses along Souterfell side; and still more when he, and all his neighbours too, saw countless troops of horsemen traversing the same perilous steeps. We venture to say that Daniel Stricket would not have been a whit the happier, if he had been told that these strange spectacles were referrible only to the refractory tricks of the atmosphere.

When we choose to be merely rational, and to wander in the groves of the academy, we can experience a sensible delight in solving a difficult problem of mathematics. But this species of pleasure is but as a single ray of light compared with the glorious sunshine which cheered the mind, when first we accompanied Aladdin through the wondrous regions that were opened to him by his enchanted lamp. Even now the visions of early days come crowding upon the fancy whenever we chance to meet with the name of Haroun Alraschid. We resume our acquaintance with him as with a long-lost friend, whom we had known as a beloved member of our family circle—we feel towards him as if he had been a part of our own history, and as if we had dwelt beneath his patriarchal rule in the charmed city of Bagdad.

Had we been somewhat sooner acquainted with Hatim Taï, we should doubtless have held him also in considerable estimation. In Persia, Hindostan, and Arabia, his memory is quite as popular as that of the caliph, and his adventures are read with universal admiration. In our sunless climate they will be deemed marvellous in the extreme; but that very attribute ought to be looked upon as their greatest attraction, next to the indefatigable benevolence which they uniformly display.

Hatim Taï flourished in the latter half of the sixth century of the Christian æra, as the acknowledged chieftain of some thousands of his own tribe, who dwelt in Yemen, or Arabia Felix. According to an Arabian authority of the twelfth century, he was 'liberal, brave, wise, and victorious: when he fought, he conquered; when he plundered, he carried off; when he was asked, he gave; when he shot his arrow, he hit the mark; and whomsoever he took captive, he liberated.' Such a man would

have been justly deemed a hero in any country. His exploits have furnished copious themes to Arabian poetry and romance. D'Herbelot says, that his tomb is still to be seen in a small village of Yemen, called Aovaredh, and that the natives still visit it with that reverence which the virtues of Hatim Tai so eminently deserved.

The tales which are here translated by Mr. Forbes are seven in number; and they record the various dangers and difficulties which the hero was content to encounter, in order to promote a union between a beautiful damsel of unlimited wealth, and a young prince who was smitten more by her personal charms than her riches. But the lady, like some of our Provencal high-born maidens, proposed certain trials through which her lover must contend for her hand, before he could obtain it. The ordeal in this case assumes the shape of the following seven enigmas, which, at the instigation of her cunning nurse, she proclaimed as necessary to be solved by any person aspiring to her favour:—

1. What I saw once I long for a second time.
2. Do good and cast it upon the waters.
3. Do no evil; if you do, such shall you meet with.
4. He who speaks the truth is always tranquil.
5. Let him bring an account of the mountain of Nida.
6. Let him produce a pearl of the size of a duck's egg.
7. Let him bring an account of the bath of Bad-gard.'—p. 7.

These, perhaps, ought rather to be called so many labours which were to be performed after the Herculean fashion. The Prince Munir of Syria, to whom they were proposed, set about performing them to the best of his ability; but having no clue whatever to guide him, he wandered in vain over mountains and deserts, until his good fortune conducted him to the borders of Yemen, where he sat down under a tree and gave vent to his tears, which were as copious as the showers of early spring. Hatim happening to pass that way on a hunting excursion, beheld the young prince, and having learned from him the cause of his grief, resolved generously to undertake the labours which had been assigned to the lover. Trusting to Providence, he forthwith set out for the wilderness, to find the man who constantly exclaimed, 'What I once saw I long for a second time.' Before he proceeded far upon his journey, he espied a wolf pursuing a milch doe, and his heart being touched with kindness towards the young to whom the milk belonged, he entreated the wolf to desist from the chase, and to accept a slice from his own thigh, by way of a bonus for abstaining from crime. The wolf agreed; and having feasted upon the food thus seasonably provided, he in return informed Hatim, that the man of whom he was in search dwelt in the

the desert of Hâwaïda, and further, pointed out the way which he was to go.

Hatim soon after found himself in the kingdom of the bears, by whom he was received with the greatest politeness and hospitality. He had, however, the misfortune to attract the particular regard of the king, who insisted that the hero should marry his daughter. This proposal Hatim respectfully declined, alleging that he was then engaged in a particular service, which he could not think of interrupting. The bear-king threatened to commit him to a dungeon, where he should remain without food until the day of judgment. Hatim was willing to undergo even this punishment rather than become the husband of a cub, and forthwith he was sent to prison. But sleep came to his aid; and in his dreams an old man appeared to him, who recommended that he should acquiesce in the king's proposal. Having acted upon this suggestion, he was introduced to his bride, whom he was astonished to find as beautiful as the moon in her fourteenth night, and seated on a splendid throne, arrayed in gold and jewels. Seeing her thus to his infinite surprise one of his own species, he accepted her hand, and took up his abode in her palace. Every day the king provided them with a variety of fruits; but Hatim being soon satiated with that kind of food, sent the king word that it did not agree with him, and requested something more substantial. Flour, sugar, milk, and butter, were forthwith abundantly served up to him in vessels of porcelain; and Hatim fared sumptuously twice a-day, on food the most delicious, which he dressed himself.

When six months were elapsed, Hatim obtained, through the intercession of his wife, leave of absence, that he might accomplish his enterprise. He once more found himself in the desert, upon which no human habitation appeared. But still trusting in Providence, he courageously proceeded. Every evening a mysterious man, with a tattered garment, brought him a loaf and a jug full of water; but, while he was thus cheerfully making progress, he suddenly beheld an immense dragon, who, raising his head to the skies, stooped and devoured him at one fell swoop. Here, no doubt, Hatim must have been promptly digested, had not his wife fixed a talismanic pearl in his turban before his departure, which protected him from dissolution. The dragon, finding him inconvenient, ejected him on the third day; and Hatim, as soon as his clothes were dried in the sun, resumed his journey. Arriving on the banks of a river, he sat down to refresh himself, and seeing great numbers of fish crowding near him, he was congratulating himself, while washing his clothes, upon the abundant supply of food which he was about to obtain, when a mermaid captured him,

him, and took him to her abode in the ocean, very much against his will. Her cavern, though splendidly furnished, did not reconcile him to such a fate, and, after much entreaty, he was restored to the spot whence he was taken. He then finished the washing of his clothes, which had been so unexpectedly interrupted, and again went on his way.

A lofty mountain soon appeared in sight, covered to the summit with trees in beautiful clusters. Hatim ascended these shady groves, through which flowed rivulets of pure water, and cooling zephyrs wafted a delicious fragrance. Here he met a man who warned him that the confines of the desert of Hâwaida were kept by damsels of surpassing beauty. One of them especially was a nymph whose charms it would require the greatest fortitude to resist; if he yielded he was lost for ever; but if he grasped her hand firmly, she would be compelled to forward him to his destination. This advice sunk deep in Hatim's soul, and he was resolved to pursue it.

The next day he reached the borders of a lake, from the bosom of which a nymph of surprising loveliness arose, and seizing Hatim in her arms hurried him into the deep. As soon as he found a footing, he opened his eyes, and beheld around him a beautiful and extensive garden, filled with women of exquisite forms, each of whom assailed him with her attentions. But he remembered the advice that had been given him, and held firmly to his purpose, saying to himself, 'This is all enchantment.' He was conveyed to a palace formed entirely of precious stones, and decorated with numberless paintings. Seeing the throne vacant, he thought that he might seat himself upon it. Placing his foot upon the step, a tremendous crash of thunder was heard, which startled him for the moment, but it did not deter him from mounting the ascent. When he sat down upon the throne another peal seemed to shatter the whole building, but when it passed away, the damsel, against whom he had been forewarned, approached, clothed in costly gold and jewels, her faced veiled. Hatim was strongly tempted to remove the veil—but he forbore, upon a moment's reflection, to expose himself to so great a temptation. Wishing, however, to see something more of this enchanted palace, he remained three days and three nights seated on the throne. The darkness of the night was dispelled by magic lamps, which to him were invisible, and his ears were delighted with melodious sounds. Fantastic groups, in endless variety, danced along the scene; but all the while the damsel of surpassing beauty stood by the throne, sweetly smiling in his face. They presented him with food and fruits of every description in costly dishes; but although Hatim ate most heartily, his hunger was not in the least appeased.

Wondering

Wondering in his mind, he said to himself, ' Though I am constantly eating, I am never satiated: how is this to be accounted for ?' In this manner three days elapsed, and on the fourth he said to himself :—

' Oh Hatim ! were you to look for a hundred years at these delusive appearances, still you would not have tired of them. At the same time you have left behind you a helpless youth, whose expectations are fixed on your exertions ; if you waste the time, what will you have to answer before God ?'

Upon this, Hatim, grasping firmly the hand of the beautiful damsel, was at the same moment struck by some invisible power from the throne to the ground. But, lo ! on recovering from the stupor which had seized him, he saw not a trace of the enchanted gardens or their fair inhabitants. He found himself in the desert of Hâwaïda, and commenced his search for the man who was constantly repeating the words which we have already quoted. At length he found him, and learned that his longing was produced by the sight of the matchless nymph, whose charms Hatim had resisted. Having led the disconsolate to the borders of the enchanted lake, and having seen him borne away to the gardens beneath, he returned to the fair heroine of these tales, and gave her a full account of his discovery, which the nurse from her skill in magic knew to be true.

In this manner, and after undergoing a variety of adventures, in which the imagination is certainly permitted to take its full scope, Hatim succeeds in satisfying the damsel's curiosity upon every point, and she finally consents to surrender her hand to the young Prince of Syria. We shall only notice one other passage from these tales. The second enigma is explained to Hatim in the following narrative, put into the mouth of an aged man, over whose door the words in question were inscribed as a motto :—

' In the prime of my life I was a most daring robber, and lived by plundering my fellow-creatures, whose property I used to seize by violent means. But every day when I rested from my sinful avocations, I used to bake two large loaves, the ingredients of which I mixed with sweet oil and sugar. Two such loaves I daily threw into the river, saying, "*This I give away to propitiate the favour of heaven.*" A considerable period had thus passed, when one day I was seized with sickness, so violent, that my soul seemed to quit my body. Methought a man seized me by the hand, and pointing out to me the way to the infernal regions, said, "*There is the place destined for thee.*" While he was on the point of hurling me into the midst of the damned, two youths, divinely fair in countenance and angelic in form, came up to my rescue. My guardian angels laid hold of me, one by each arm, and said, " We will not permit this man to be cast into hell ; sinful as he

he has been, his future station is in paradise, and thither let us convey him."

"They swiftly wafted me to the regions of the blessed, where an angel of exalted rank stood up and asked them, "Why have you brought this man? A hundred years of his life are yet to pass; but there is another of the same name whom you were commissioned to bring!" The same two angels who carried me to the gates of paradise, again brought me back to my own house, and said to me at parting, "We are the two loaves * which you used to cast into the river for fishes to feed on, as a service acceptable to the Almighty." When I recovered from my trance, I rose up and fled for refuge unto the threshold of divine mercy, exclaiming, in the voice of supplication, "Gracious God! thou art merciful, and I am a sinful creature. I repent of my evil deeds, which I committed in the depravity of my heart. To thy gates I now flee for protection; spare me, merciful Creator! and from thy secret stores of divine grace bestow on me that which is meet for me."

"When my health was restored, I prepared the two loaves as formerly, and went with them to the side of the river, in order to cast them upon the waters. On the shore I found a hundred dinars, which I took up and carried with me to the village. I there caused it to be publicly proclaimed, that if any person had lost a sum of money, he should obtain the same from me. None came forward to claim the money; I therefore laid it aside, in hopes that the real owner of it might some day appear. Next day, when I went to the river side, according to my usual mode, I threw my two loaves into the water, and another sum of a hundred dinars made its appearance on the shore. I took the money home with me; and in the same way it happened to me for ten successive days. On the eve of the eleventh day, as I was asleep, a man appeared to me in the visions of the night, saying, "Servant of the Almighty, thy two loaves have pleaded thy cause in heaven, and the merciful Creator has forgiven thy sins. The dinars which you receive are for thy competency; what is not necessary to thy own support, bestow in charity upon the poor."

"I awoke from my dream and betook myself to prayer, and rendered my thanks to the bountiful giver. I have since built this mansion, on the door of which I have written the motto that has attracted your attention. Every day I receive a sum of a hundred dinars on the shore of the river; and I occupy myself in giving it away in charity, in feeding the hungry, the poor, and the helpless stranger.—*Hatim Tai*, pp. 78, 79.

The second work at the head of this article is a translation of a kind of *jeu d'esprit*, which, under the pretence of gravely laying down rules of conduct for Persian women, exposes

* "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."—*Eccles. xi. 1.*

their superstitions and foibles with a quiet humour which is sometimes not a little amusing. It lifts the curtain of female life in that country, and betrays the secrets of the zenana with an unsparing candour. Many persons in England have an idea that women in the east are but slightly removed from the state of slavery, and that the harem is but another name for a prison. Sir John Malcolm, in his characteristic and entertaining *Sketches of Persia*, has related some anecdotes, which pretty well demonstrate that the ladies of that region know how to maintain their rights and vindicate their authority whenever it happens to be outraged. The reader probably remembers the story of Merdek's cat. A poor but well-born retainer of a nabob, named Sâdik Beg, had the good fortune to attract the favour of a lady of great wealth and high rank, who was an awful termagant. On the day they were married, a favourite cat belonging to the bride approached Sâdik, purring for attention from her new master; but he, drawing his scimitar, cut the cat's head off, and flung it with the body out of the window. From that moment his wife altered her temper, and became one of the most docile of her sex. Sâdik related the occurrence and its happy consequences to his friend Merdek, a little fellow who was completely hen-pecked. Merdek went home determined on making a similar experiment. As soon as the devoted victim made her appearance, Merdek drew his scimitar and decapitated the poor animal; upon which his wife gave him a blow upon the side of his head which laid him on the floor. 'Take that,' said she—for she had also heard of Sâdik's doings—'take that, you paltry wretch; you should have killed the cat on the wedding-day.'

Indeed, Sir John Malcolm, who enters at large into the subject, shows that, as to matters of property and the management of their families, the Persian ladies have, at least, quite as much power and as many privileges as the ladies of Europe; and the little work before us will be sufficient to convince any person who takes the trouble of reading it, that however novel the costume and manners of Persian women may appear to a stranger, the same fund of affection, the same amiability of disposition, the same desire for finery, the same active ambition of being noticed and esteemed by the lordly sex, and the same rage for gossip are found in their hearts, which characterize the fair in all other quarters of the globe. As to happiness, Providence has placed the means of obtaining it within the reach of every community:—

'I have travelled much,' says Sir John Malcolm, (in the delightful work already quoted,) 'but have found little difference in the aggregate of human felicity. My pride and patriotism have often been flattered by the complaints and comparisons of the discontented; but I have
never

never met any considerable number of a tribe or nation who would have exchanged their condition for that of any other people upon the earth. When I have succeeded, as I often did, in raising admiration and envy, by dwelling upon the advantages of the British government, I have invariably found that these feelings vanished, when I explained more specifically the sacrifices of personal liberty, the restraints of the law, and the burden of taxation, by which these advantages are purchased. It was the old story of the Arab nurse, who could not endure England because there were no date-trees; and the King of Persia, who, though feeling all the insecurity of his own crown, could not for a moment tolerate the thoughts of wearing that of England, which would have reduced him to only one wife.'

Among the principal rules inculcated in the code before us, it is laid down that on the last Friday of the Ramazan the women ought to dress superbly and perfume themselves, and put on their best ornaments, and go to the porticoes of the mosques, because the young men 'of cypress forms and tulip cheeks' assemble there. In sitting down in the porticoes they are to take special care to stretch out their feet, so as to display their crimson-tinted toes; and while holding up their lighted tapers it will be no harm if they gently raise their veils at the same time,—but this is to be quite an accidental affair. Nor is it commendable that on such occasions they should be particularly silent,—

'For there is nothing in the world more pleasing
Than hearing strains of melody
From lips that shame the ruby.'

It is perfectly proper for females, while engaged with their friends in pleasant conversation and the mutual communication of secrets, not to interrupt their happiness by paying attention to the hours of prayer. At such interesting moments prayer may be left to the imagination. But if a woman, whilst occupied in prayer, should happen to discover her husband speaking to a strange damsel, it is expedient for her to pause and listen attentively to what passes between them, and, if necessary, to put an end to their conversation. No house should be without musical instruments, especially the tambourine. In the absence of more harmonious cymbals, a brass dish and a mallet will do. Music should be at hand on all occasions. Every family that can boast of it is blessed. No woman of any pretensions to beauty should be indifferent to sweet sounds. However she may be engaged when these strike her ear, she should devote her whole soul to the melody; if she does otherwise she is guilty of improper conduct, and unworthy of either respect or consideration.

The possession of more than one wife is not, according to this learned

learned code, held in Persia, any more than it would be held elsewhere, as a pledge of happiness. On the contrary, we are told that he who takes two spouses is sure to repent of his folly :—

‘ Be that man’s life immersed in gloom,
Who weds more wives than one ;
With one his cheeks retain their bloom,
His voice a cheerful tone ;
These speak his honest heart at rest,
And he and she are always blest ;
But when with two he seeks for joy,
Together they his soul annoy.
With two no sunbeam of delight
Can make his day of misery bright.’—p. 54.

Mirza Abu Taleb Khan, a man of considerable experience, who visited England several years ago, says,—‘ From what I know myself, it is easier to live with two tigresses than with two wives !’ It is a rule never to be dispensed with, that the husband shall allow his better half plenty of cash, that she may enjoy feasts, and excursions, and the bath, and every other kind of recreation. If he stint her in these matters, he will assuredly be punished for all his sins and omissions on the day of resurrection. The woman should invariably assume that her husband’s mother, and other relations, are at heart her enemies. She will therefore find it necessary at once to establish her authority over them, by at least once a-day giving them physical proof of her resolution. The husband is to be conquered in a different manner. She must, on all occasions, ring in his ears the threat of a divorce :—

‘ If he still resists, she must redouble all the vexations which she knows from experience irritate his mind, and day and night add to the bitterness and misery of his condition. She must never, whether by day or by night, for a moment relax. For instance, if he condescends to hand her the loaf, she must throw it from her, or at him, with indignation and contempt. She must make his shoe too tight for him, and his pillow a pillow of stone ; so that at last he becomes weary of life, and is glad to acknowledge her authority. On the other hand, should these resources fail, the wife may privately convey from her husband’s house everything valuable that she can lay her hands upon, and then go to the kâzi and complain that her husband has beaten her with his shoe, and pretend to show the bruises on her skin. She must state such facts in favour of her case as she knows cannot be refuted by evidence, and pursue every possible plan to escape from the thralldom she endures. For that purpose, every effort of every description is perfectly justifiable and according to law.’—pp. 59, 60.

We shall add a few others of the sage precepts laid down, by our authority, as altogether sacred and inviolable :—

‘ Among

' Among the things forbidden to women is that of allowing their features to be seen by men not wearing turbans—unless indeed they are handsome, and have soft and captivating manners; in that case their veils may be drawn aside without the apprehension of incurring blame, or in any degree exceeding the discretionary power with which they are traditionally invested. But they must scrupulously and religiously abstain from all such liberties with Mullahs and Jews; since, respecting them, the prohibition is imperative. It is not necessary, however, to be very particular in the presence of common people: there is nothing criminal in being seen by singers, musicians, servants of the bath, and such persons as go about the streets to sell their wares and trinkets.'—p. 61.

' On the very day a woman goes to the house of her husband, upon being married, it is necessary that everything of importance relating to her own interest and advantage should be first settled; all arrangements made to secure her own comfort, and the uninterrupted exercise of her own will; so that she may be exonerated from the responsibility which might otherwise attach to her; for it is right that all blame should be invariably laid upon the back of her husband. It is not to be conceived that a woman can live all her life with one husband, in one house. Why should he deprive her of the full enjoyment of this world's comforts? Days and years roll on and are renewed, whilst a woman continues the same melancholy inmate, in the same melancholy house of her husband. She has no renewal of happiness—none.

' " The seasons change, and spring
Renews the bloom of fruit and flower;
And birds, with fluttering wing,
Give life again to dell and bower.
But what is woman's lot?
No change her anxious heart to cheer;
Confined to one dull spot
And one dull husband all the year!"' —pp. 65, 66.

' For a woman to be without familiar friends of her own sex is reckoned a heavy misfortune; and there is no one so poor who does not struggle hard to avoid so great a curse. A woman dying without friends or gossips has no chance of going to heaven; whereas happy is that woman whose whole life is passed in constant intercourse with kind associates, for she will assuredly go to heaven. What can equal the felicity of that woman whose daily employment is sauntering hand in hand with friends, amidst rose-bowers and aromatic groves, and visiting every place calculated to expand and exhilarate the heart? That woman, at the day of resurrection, will be seen dancing with her old companions on earth, in the regions of bliss. The very circumstance of living in such a state of social freedom and harmony always produces a forgiveness of sins. If a damsel dies before she has established a circle of intimates, to whom she can communicate her most secret thoughts and actions, the other world can never be to her a

scene

scene of happiness and joy. But if she is more favourably circumstanced, every supplication for pardon will have the effect of angel-prayers; and this is the reward of those who in this life cultivate social connexions, and are bound in the endearing ties of friendship.'—pp. 74, 75.

Trifling as this little work may appear in itself, yet it is impossible to glance over it without feeling that such gossiping pages as these are calculated to make us better acquainted with Persian female manners than a more grave and learned treatise. Life is composed of really little things—especially domestic life, in which the routine of one day scarcely differs from that which follows or precedes it. Foreigners can seldom penetrate the privacy of oriental families; and native writers too rarely think of describing habits which are of every hour's use, and have therefore no novelty to recommend them.

ART. IX.—*Poems by Hartley Coleridge. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 157. Leeds, 1833.*

TWO sons of Dryden were clever versifiers; but we are not aware of any instance in *our* literary history of the son of a great poet achieving for himself the name of poet. Here, however, is such a claim advanced by the son of Coleridge; and, weak and merely imitational as many of the pieces included in this volume are, we are bound to say that we consider its author as having already placed himself on high vantage-ground, as compared with any of the rhymers of these latter years. From the locality of the publication, *Leeds*, taken together with various melancholy allusions in the verses themselves, we are compelled to believe that the fate of this gentleman has not been such as his birth, education, and talents, with the well-won celebrity of several of his immediate connexions, might have been expected to lead him to. What his actual situation may be we know not; but we are grieved to hear the language not only of despondency, but of self-reproach bordering almost on remorse, from one who must be young, and who certainly possesses feelings the most amiable, together with accomplishments rich and manifold, and no trivial inheritance of his father's genius. It is impossible to read the two following sonnets without deep and painful interest:—

'Too true it is, my time of power was spent
In idly watering weeds of casual growth,—
That wasted energy to desperate sloth
Declined, and fond self-seeking discontent,—
That the huge debt for all that nature lent
I sought to cancel,—and was nothing loath
To deem myself an outlaw, sever'd both

From

From duty and from hope,—yea, blindly sent
 Without an errand, where I would to stray:—
 Too true it is, that, knowing now my state,
 I weakly mourn the sin I ought to hate,
 Nor love the law I yet would fain obey:
 But true it is, above all law and fate
 Is Faith, abiding the appointed day.'—p. 13.

' If I have sinn'd in act, I may repent;
 If I have err'd in thought, I may disclaim
 My silent error, and yet feel no shame—
 But if my soul, big with an ill intent,
 Guilty in will, by fate be innocent,
 Or being bad, yet murmurs at the curse
 And incapacity of being worse,
 That makes my hungry passion still keep Lent
 In keen expectance of a Carnival;
 Where, in all worlds, that round the sun revolve
 And shed their influence on this passive ball,
 Abides a power that can my soul absolve?
 Could any sin survive, and be forgiven—
 One sinful wish would make a hell of heaven.'—p. 27.

We have no desire to penetrate the mystery in which this unfortunate shrouds his sorrow. Let us rather afford our readers some evidence, that whatever may have been his errors, he has the gentle heart, as well as the power and music of a poet. We remember no sonnets so nearly resembling the peculiar and unaccountable sweetness of Shakspeare's, as the three following, all addressed 'To a Friend.'—

' When we were idlers with the loitering rills,
 The need of human love we little noted:
*Our love was nature; and the peace that floated
 On the white mist, and dwelt upon the hills,
 To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills:*
*One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,
 That, wisely doating, ask'd not why it doated,
 And ours the unknown joy, which knowing kills.*
 But now I find how dear thou wert to me;
 That man is more than half of nature's treasure,
 Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,
 Of that sweet music which no ear can measure;
 And now the streams may sing for other's pleasure,
 The hills sleep on in their eternity.'

' In the Great City we are met again,
 Where many souls there are, that breathe and die,
 Scarce knowing more of nature's potency,
 Than what they learn from heat, or cold, or rain,— *The*

*The sad vicissitude of weary pain :—
 For busy man is lord of ear and eye,
 And what hath nature, but the vast, void sky,
 And the throng'd river toiling to the main ?
 Oh ! say not so, for she shall have her part
 In every smile, in every tear that falls,
 And she shall hide her in the secret heart,
 Where love persuades, and sterner duty calls :
 But worse it were than death, or sorrow's smart,
 To live without a friend within these walls.'*

'We parted on the mountains, as two streams
 From one clear spring pursue their several ways;
 And thy fleet course hath been through many a maze
 In foreign lands, where silvery Padus gleams
 To that delicious sky, whose glowing beams
 Brighten'd the tresses that old Poets praise ;
 Where Petrarch's patient love, and artful lays,
 And Ariosto's song of many themes,
 Moved the soft air. But I, a lazy brook,
 As close pent up within my native dell,
 Have crept along from nook to shady nook,
 Where flow'rets blow, and whispering Naiads dwell.
 Yet now we meet, that parted were so wide,
 O'er rough and smooth to travel side by side.'—p. 3.

The following, 'To SHAKSPEARE,' is worthy of being so inscribed : it seems to us hardly inferior to any sonnet in Wordsworth :—

'The soul of man is larger than the sky,
 Deeper than ocean—or the abysmal dark
 Of the unfathom'd centre. Like that Ark,
 Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
 O'er the drown'd hills, the human family,
 And stock reserved of every living kind,
 So, in the compass of the single mind,
 The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
 That make all worlds. Great Poet, 'twas thy art
 To know thyself, and in thyself to be
 Whate'er Love, Hate, Ambition, Destiny,
 Or the firm, fatal Purpose of the Heart
 Can make of Man. Yet thou wert still the same,
 Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.'

Some stanzas 'To the Nautilus' appear to us full of life and grace. We quote two of them :—

'Where Ausonian summers glowing,
 Warm the deep to life and joyance,
 And gentle zephyrs nimbly blowing
 Wanton with the waves that flowing
 By many a land of ancient glory,
 And many an isle renown'd in story,

Leap

Leap along with gladsome buoyance,
 There, Marinere,
 Do'st thou appear,
 In faery pinnace gaily flashing,
 Through the white foam proudly dashing.
 The joyous playmate of the buxom breeze,
 The fearless fondling of the mighty seas.
 Lame is Art, and her endeavour
 Follows Nature's course but slowly,
 Guessing, toiling, seeking ever,
 Still improving, perfect never;
 Little Nautilus, thou shewest
 Deeper wisdom than thou knowest,
 Lore, which man should study lowly:
 Both faith and cheer,
 Small Marinere,

Are thine within thy pearly dwelling,—
 Thine, a law of life compelling
 Obedience, perfect, simple, glad, and free,
 To the great will that animates the sea.'—pp. 57, 58.

We are not less pleased with an address 'To certain Golden Fishes : '—

' Restless forms of living light
 Quivering on your lucid wings,
 Cheating still the curious sight
 With a thousand shadowings ;—
 Various as the tints of even,
 Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
 Reflected on your native streams
 In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams.
 Harmless warriors, clad in mail
 Of silver breastplate, golden scale ;—
 Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
 With peaceful radiance mildly glowing,—
 Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
 Sport ye in your sea so narrow.
 Was the sun himself your sire ?
 Were ye born of vital fire ?
 Or of the shade of golden flowers,
 Such as we fetch from eastern bowers,
 To mock this murky clime of ours ?
 Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
 Weaving many a mazy dance ;
 Seeming still to grow in size
 When ye would elude our eyes—
 Pretty creatures ! we might deem
 Ye were happy as ye seem,—
 As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
 As light, as loving, and as lithe,

As

As gladly earnest in your play,
 As when ye gleam'd in fair Cathay;
 And yet, since on this hapless earth
 There's small sincerity in mirth,
 And laughter oft is but an art
 To drown the outcry of the heart;
 It may be, that your ceaseless gambols,
 Your wheelings, dartings, divings, rambles,
 Your restless roving round and round
 The circuit of your crystal bound,
 Is but the task of weary pain,
 An endless labour, dull and vain;
 And while your forms are gaily shining,
 Your little lives are inly pining!
 Nay—but still I fain would dream
 That ye are happy as ye seem.'—pp. 113, 114.

We conclude with another of his sonnets: it is inscribed '*To a lofty Beauty, from her poor Kinsman*':—

'Fair maid, had I not heard thy baby cries,
 Nor seen thy girlish, sweet vicissitude,
 Thy mazy motions, striving to elude,
 Yet wooing still a parent's watchful eyes,
 Thy humours, many as the opal's dyes,
 And lovely all;—methinks thy scornful mood,
 And bearing high of stately womanhood,—
 Thy brow, where Beauty sits to tyrannize
 O'er humble love, had made me sadly fear thee;
 For never sure was seen a royal bride
 Whose gentleness gave grace to so much pride—
 My very thoughts would tremble to be near thee;
 But when I see thee at thy father's side,
 Old times unqueen thee, and old loves endear thee.' p. 34.

The Beauty must, we think, be cold as well as lofty, if these delicious lines did not reach her heart.

It is an old saying, that the oakling withers beneath the shadow of the oak; and perhaps had it been the happier destiny of this lady's '*poor kinsman*' to spend his early manhood under the same roof with the '*father and bard revered*' to whom he dedicates his little book, we should never have been called upon to announce a second English poet of the name of Coleridge. If he will drop somewhat of that overweening worship of Wordsworth which is so visible in many of these pages—so offensively prominent in the longest piece they contain—and rely, as our extracts show he is thoroughly entitled to do, solely upon himself, we are not afraid to say that we shall expect more at his hands than from any one who has made his first appearance subsequent to the death of Byron.

- ART. X.—1. *Reflections on the Domestic and Foreign Policy of Great Britain since the War.* By a British Merchant. 1833.
2. *Letter to Viscount Palmerston respecting the Relations of England and Portugal.* By William Walton. 1830.
3. *A Second Letter to Lord Palmerston.* By William Walton. 1831.
4. *A Reply to the Exposé des Droits de S. M. Donna Maria.* 1832.
5. *Portugal; or, Who is the lawful Successor to the Throne?* By a Well-wisher to the peace and independence of both Portugal and Brazil. 1831.

WHEN one's own house is on fire, there is neither time nor inclination to think of the scandals and squabbles of the neighbourhood. The unhappy sufferers whose lives and property are in jeopardy, the few brave and active men who are endeavouring to check the conflagration, and the greedy crowd who are on the watch for plunder, are all too much absorbed by the urgent excitement of the moment to think of anything else: present inconveniences are unfelt—personal injuries are disregarded—petty thefts are committed with impunity—and as to remote events and future interests, they are no more thought of than the millennium. Such is, and for the last two years has been, the state of England with regard to her foreign policy.

We are not so Quixotic as to hope to be able to create a different feeling; indeed, we ourselves partake too much of the general anxiety, and are too much convinced that our first and greatest danger is at home, to wish to distract the public attention from perils that are urgent and immediate to those which are eventual, and perhaps problematical: but when our external difficulties, by their number, their frequency, their magnitude, come so near and assume so fearful an aspect as to bear directly on our internal concerns, it becomes a duty—even at the risk of being, like the patriot prophets of Troy, disregarded—to warn our fellow-citizens that, in addition to our domestic enemies, we are beset by foreign dangers; and that our worst antagonists are not our open adversaries, but the treacherous *Sinons* whom we have admitted into our city and our councils. If some *μαντις κακων* had prophesied to our fathers, they would not have believed—and when impartial history shall have told our children, they will not comprehend—the state to which our foreign relations have been brought. We shall beg leave to lay before our readers a summary of some of the chief points of that miserable, degraded, and degrading policy.

1. *Holland.*—

I. *Holland*.—We have allied ourselves with our natural* enemy, France, against our natural ally, Holland—we have frustrated the diplomacy and forfeited the conquests of our ancestors. We have effected the opening of the Scheldt †—we have introduced a French army into the Low Countries, and consolidated by military co-operation and family alliances the influence of France over those provinces whose independence of that power was, for a century and a half, the first object of our national policy—we have adopted Bonaparte's arbitrary and illegal *principles* of proclaiming blockades and embargoes, not for any immediate military purpose, but to operate, by their pressure on commerce, remote political consequences—principles which even in war were untenable, but in peace are monstrous; and which will hereafter recoil, fatally perhaps, on our own maritime rights. We have dislocated all the interests—we have prostrated all the barriers—we have broken all the treaties which it had cost us oceans of blood and mines of treasure to establish; and every power in Europe whose aid we had courted, purchased, and employed to restrain the ambition of France, has been affronted, insulted, or sacrificed—in favour and for the support of that our most ancient and formidable enemy—our now still more formidable ally!

II. *Algiers*.—Nor have we been satisfied with the folly and humiliation of helping to establish the power of France in the Ne-

* We use this word in its popular sense, to express that combination of circumstances—such as geographical position, difference of religion, manners, tempers, and interests—which tend to make nations rivals and enemies; and, certainly, if there ever were two countries, whom the evidence of eight hundred years proves to be *natural enemies*, they are France and England.

† On this question, which England so long considered as vital to her own interests as well as to those of Holland, it will amuse our readers to be reminded that when Lord (then Mr.) Grey moved, on the 21st February, 1793, an address to the Crown for peace with France, he did not attempt to deny that the opening of the Scheldt in spite of Holland might be a sufficient cause of war, but he insisted that Holland did not feel strongly about it, and that, even if she did, France had shown a disposition to concede the point.

"The point in dispute," said Mr. Grey's address, "seems to us to have been relieved from a material part of its difficulty by the declaration of the Minister of Foreign Affairs of France, that the French nation gave up all pretensions to determine the question of the future navigation of the Scheldt."—*Parliamentary Debates*, February 21, 1793.

France, however, has revived these pretensions, and Lord Grey has ratified them. On a previous evening, when advocating the interference of this country in favour of Poland, Mr. Grey contended 'that the same ground on which we justified our interference on the question of the Scheldt, ought to have induced us to interfere in favour of Dantzic, for we were guaranties of her independence as strongly as we were guaranties of the exclusive navigation of the Scheldt.'—*Ibid.*, February 18, 1793.

In those days Mr. Grey did not venture even to contemplate the *possibility* of our abandoning Holland on this question, though it would have very well suited his argument; for, then as now, he was advocating an alliance with revolutionary France—in that *alone* consistent—for, as to the rest, he has abandoned both Poland and the Scheldt.

therlands—we have acquiesced in her occupation of Algiers, and her colonization of an unlimited tract of the African coast of the Mediterranean, a possession not less important as regards our maritime interests than even that of the richer but more remote provinces of the Nile; and when looked at, with reference to the balance of power in the Mediterranean, and to the ultimate safety of Spain and Italy, we do not hesitate to say, that it assumes a most formidable aspect. When the French undertook the Algerine expedition, the Duke of Wellington's ministry, as is abundantly proved by the papers recently laid before Parliament, lost no time in demanding and finally obtaining from the French court pledges that France did not aim at the permanent possession of Algiers, and still less at territorial aggrandizement on the African coast; but only—first, at reparation for gross injuries and insults which she had received; and—secondly, at preventing for the future the system of piracy and slavery with which that state had so long afflicted Europe: and the French ministry engaged that, these objects being accomplished, the final settlement and disposal of the territory and government of Algiers should be arranged in concert with the other European powers for the general advantage. And of these assurances the Wellington cabinet obtained a repetition from Louis Philippe and his ministers immediately after their accession to power. All these pledges and assurances have been now notoriously retracted by France; she revokes all her promises, and professes openly—and as a course of policy in which she glories—that France holds Algiers in her *own right*, and will colonize that territory to whatever extent she may think proper.

When it comes to be examined, if ever we have time and patience to examine anything, the conduct of Louis Philippe will not much advance the credit of revolutionary kings. The Wellington cabinet found him, at the end of a great civil convulsion, on an unsteady throne—his present safety, his future prospects, and, what was still more urgent, the internal peace of France, depended on our *immediate* recognition. That cabinet, too generous, perhaps, asked but one question,—‘Will you adhere to treaties and engagements, and *nommément* to that concerning Algiers?’ The new-made majesty answered, in substance,—‘Yes—yes—but take the assurance from my own mouth; do not wait for the formal delays of diplomacy—the case is urgent—the safety of France requires your instant recognition. Recognize me, then, and trust to the good faith of regenerated France and her chosen king to perfect our engagements in diplomatic form, as soon as we have leisure to do anything.’ On this representation and assurance the recognition was given; and now, the written engagements of the old government, and the verbal pledges of the new one, are equally disregarded

disregarded—and the Whig ministry submits to the double indignity! But though we doubt their courage to use it, we can give them a hint that would enable men of honour and spirit to settle this matter by *return of post*—the *recognition* of Louis Philippe was on the *express condition* of his keeping the engagements as to Algiers—let him be told that if he will not perform *his* part, we are released from *ours*! What he will not or cannot do, Henry the Fifth may!

III. *Italy*.—We have been at first duped, and afterwards persuaded to allow France to seize, by a mixture of fraud and force, the most important point on the Adriatic shores of Italy; and her occupation of Anconà, by a species of burglarious entry in the night, has not only outraged all public faith and all European interests, but it has, in a more particular manner, counterbalanced and endangered British authority in the Mediterranean. It is well known, that on the very day on which this expedition sailed, M. C. Perrier, then prime minister of France, most distinctly assured our credulous cabinet that no such expedition existed, or was designed; and this most monstrous breach not merely of international faith, but of individual pledge from one cabinet to another, has been acquiesced in, and, for aught we can see, tamely and timidly acquiesced in, by a British ministry.

It is equally important and curious to observe, that just at the same moment, when we might have expected to have heard the strongest remonstrances against the fraud, violence, and falsehood of France in thus seizing the chief fortress of the Pope—the most essentially neutral, and certainly the least aggressive sovereign in the world—we, on the contrary, took that favourable opportunity to send a minister to Rome—the first Englishman, we believe, who ever assumed any public character there—who, instead of any excuses for the violence already perpetrated, or any assurance of protection from further depredation, published a kind of manifesto against the papal government; and, under the pretence of recommending a representative system—(a *representative system under an infallible pontiff*!)—expatiated on every topic that was likely to create a revolt in the papal territories and a general conflagration in Italy. It was not enough to connive at the seizure of Ancona, we must also identify ourselves with the *principles* of France; our envoy acted as if he had been the missionary of the Parisian ‘Society for propagating revolutions throughout the world.’ And, lest any circumstances of *folly* should be wanting in addition to the *mischief*, the person selected for this mission was our resident at Florence, whose character and consideration at that court could not fail to be raised by his being abstracted from his ordinary duties to play the part of *Massaniello*

in the great Italian drama, which we must suppose our ministry meditated. But—it may be asked, *cui bono* all this?—Why should a British ministry, with already enough to disarrange abroad, and more than enough to mismanage at home, permit itself to be entangled in these additional difficulties, and to be committed with these new and extraordinary extensions of French domination? We know not. Is it insanity, or, what seems to us almost equivalent, a love or a fear of France? France has some old scores to wipe off with us; and have our ministers discreetly consented to allow her to repay herself from *others*, claims which they dare not discharge themselves? Insensible as we are to all matters of foreign policy, and regardless as we seem to be of all colonial and commercial interests, it would not yet have been safe to have ceded Gibraltar or Malta. The ambition of our new friend must, therefore, be satisfied with what we can *just now* manage to give her—*Algiers* as a counterbalance to *Gibraltar*, and *Ancona* as a substitute for *Malta*.

IV. *Greece*.—We have allowed her army to occupy Greece, to take the *merit* of the settlement of that country, if it be settled, or, in the alternative, to reap the *advantage* of its not being settled; and as a preliminary step to this, we have been forward in reducing the power, and of course in accelerating the overthrow of our ancient ally, the Turk—to the great profit and security, no doubt, of our Levant and Indian trade. And for this desirable end, we have allied ourselves with Bavaria, almost the only power in the world whose alliance can be of no use to us; and in the alleged distress of our own finances, we have guaranteed our share of a loan of *sixty millions* of livres to make *Prince Otho* King of Greece—a *German King of Greece*! This loan, it was alleged, was absolutely necessary to set the new kingdom a-going, and to provide for the unavoidable and pressing exigencies of a new government; yet, if we are not misinformed, a fifth of the whole loan (12,000,000 livres) has been diverted from its intended, its urgent, its *necessary* purposes, to purchase from the Turks some insignificant, and perhaps injurious, alteration of the mountain boundary of the new kingdom, which all parties had accepted, and which they had solemnly bound themselves to observe. And this is called improving the frontier by a successful *negociation*!

V. *Turkey*.—After inflicting our utmost vengeance on the Pasha of Egypt, for having, according to his duty and allegiance, assisted his sovereign in the Greek contest, and on that sovereign for accepting the aid of his subject, affairs have been so dexterously managed, that the sovereign and subject have been involved in direct hostilities against each other. The victorious arms of Ibrahim have threatened the very existence of the Ottoman

man empire; which has obtained a momentary and disgraceful respite by—the *occupation of Constantinople by a Russian army!*—and the ambitious visions of Catherine—the very glimpse of which, in the affair of Oczakow, had occasioned the indignation and alarm of western Europe, and, above all, of England herself—have been now realized and brought to the very verge of success,—to the certainty of accomplishment, whenever Russia may be (as we think, so *ill*) advised as to wish for such a consummation. It is, however, but justice to Russia to say, that, if we are well informed, she has all along warned us of the approach of this crisis, and urged us, while yet there was full time, to interpose our influence to prevent the enterprise of the Pasha; but our ambassador to the Porte found the climate and society of Naples* too agreeable to be exchanged for the dull monotony of Pera—and we ourselves were better employed in prostrating Holland at the feet of France. It was not till the Russians—not *being able to awake us*—came forward themselves, that we began to rub our eyes and wonder at seeing the eagle hovering over the minarets of Constantinople:—so that in very truth, we—we alone—are responsible for the present state of affairs in that quarter.

VI. *Poland.*—We have never been among those who have been very sanguine of the policy, or even the possibility, of Polish independence. We fancy that we see in the geographical position and moral condition of Poland, that she possesses neither the natural nor the political *consistence*, which is necessary to a substantial sovereign state. She has been, in her best days, a combination of provinces rather than a substantive nation, and we doubt whether she ever can be one; and, with this doubt, we have seen with pain the successive efforts which she has made for independence, which we have thought a vain and unprofitable waste of her riches, her blood, and her spirit. But *if* we were of the opinions which his majesty's ministers, and their most influential supporters in both houses profess, not only on the general question of *liberalism* throughout Europe, but of the special claims of the Polish insurrection to the sympathy, if not the support, of all free peoples; if, we say, we partook in these opinions, we should ask our ministers

* The protracted stay of Lord Ponsonby at Naples—(he had been gazetted ambassador to the Porte on the 9th November, 1832, and did not leave Naples till April, 1833)—produced an observation in the House of Commons, the ministerial reply to which must, we hope, have been *misreported*, for it stated what we believe to be *untrue*—‘that his lordship’s delay was occasioned by the detention *by contrary winds* of the frigate which was to convey him.’ Now we have heard that the Actæon frigate, Captain the Honourable W. Grey, was some *weeks* if not *months* at Naples, and might have sailed almost any day during that time, and did, in fact, frequently sail—on *parties of pleasure*. Lord Ponsonby is the brother-in-law, and Captain Grey the son, of the Prime Minister, and therefore, we suppose, we shall hear of no more inquiries on so *disagreeable a subject*. We can only say that the delay, however caused, was most unfortunate.

how they have testified that sympathy, and given effect to those opinions? A zealous Polish partisan might have expected that they should have utterly broken with Russia on this point; but, at all events, they might have preserved at least *neutrality*; and *such* a neutrality as they have practised towards Holland, towards Italy, towards Portugal, would have been just as favourable to the Poles as it has been useful to the insurgents in other countries. But instead of throwing their neutrality (a much more formidable weapon than their hostility) into the scale for Poland, our ministers have absolutely and directly helped her antagonist, by advancing to the Emperor of Russia, in the crisis of the contest, all that he wanted to secure his success—a subsidy—under the colour of the Russian-Dutch loan; and this was done not only in bitter derision, as it were, of their professions of good-will towards Poland, but in the most impudent defiance of our own treaties, our own law, and our own interests. But the truth is, that though they sympathized with the Polish insurrection as an insurrection against an established sovereign, they had an insurrection *nearer to us*, and *dearer to France*, to foster in the Netherlands, and the *Dutch* loan was paid to Russia to induce this power to connive at the injustice which France and England were perpetrating against the *Dutch* nation.

VII. *Portugal*.—We reserve, for the conclusion of this series of blunders and bad faith, our conduct towards Portugal; of which, as a matter that, by a concurrence of circumstances, has become implicated with our internal interests, we must take a more detailed view. Whether the *right* to the crown of Portugal belongs to Dom Miguel or Dona Maria is, *abstractedly*, a question in which England has no immediate concern; but it must naturally have so much effect on public opinion, and has been made, on the part of the present ministers, so main an ingredient in the defence of their flagrant partiality to one side, that it is necessary, to a right understanding of the subject, to state—which we shall do shortly, but we hope clearly—that preliminary part of the case.

John VI., king of Portugal and Brazil, had two sons, Pedro and Miguel, and two or three daughters. Pedro is married, and has a son and daughters, of whom Dona Maria is the eldest. There is no question, that if Dom John had died in the sovereignty of the *united* kingdom of Portugal and Brazil, Pedro would have succeeded to the united throne, and after him his son, and that neither Dona Maria nor Dom Miguel would have had any right whatever. King John and his whole family had retired to the Brazils on the French invasion of Portugal; but, on the settlement of Europe, he returned, leaving his eldest son, Dom Pedro, regent of Brazil, and as such, Dom Pedro,
at

at his installation in that office, took a solemn oath of allegiance to the king, his father, and to the crown of Portugal. Actuated, however, by the same spirit which had spread over other parts of the South American continent, Brazil soon showed symptoms of a design to cast off the nominal yoke of the mother country, and to proclaim its own independence. This design was communicated by the regent Dom Pedro to the king his father, in a letter, dated 4th Oct. 1821, in the following words:—

‘It is wished to secure the independence through *me* and the troops; but by neither have those ends been obtained; *nor shall they be*: because my honour and that of the troops is a greater object than the whole of the Brazil. They (the independent party) wished, and still say they wish, to proclaim *me* emperor. I protest to your Majesty, *I will never be a PERJURER*; that I never will be false to you; and that they may do so mad an act if they choose, but it shall not be till after *I* and all the Portuguese shall have been cut to pieces. This is what *I swear* to your Majesty; at the same time writing in this letter, *with my own blood*, the following words:—“*I swear to be ever faithful to your Majesty, to the Portuguese nation and constitution.*”—(Juro sempre ser fiel a V. M., a nação; et a constituição Portuguesa).’

No doubt, Dom Pedro was at this period, and in these sentiments, sincere, and had no desire to exchange the not-distant prospect of the ancient and settled throne of Portugal for the slippery and imperfect sovereignty of the proposed empire of Brazil; but local circumstances became too strong for either his personal wishes or his public engagements—Brazil declared itself an independent empire, and the ties between it and the mother country being thus, *de facto*, cut for ever, Dom Pedro considered himself justified—in spite of his original oath of allegiance, and the recent oath written *with his own blood*—in accepting, on his own behalf and that of his children, (his eldest child and heir presumptive, observe, being at that time *Dona Maria*—his son not being yet born,) the style and office of ‘Constitutional Emperor of Brazil.’ This occurred in May 1822.

What then became the state of the Portuguese succession?—By the laws of the *Cortes of Lamego*—the fundamental act of the Portuguese monarchy—it was provided, that none but a ‘*Portuguese*’ could come to the crown of Portugal. It was, therefore, under this ancient law tolerably clear that Pedro, by thus accepting the sovereignty of the Brazilian empire, which was not only separate and independent, but had actually *declared and waged war* against Portugal—had ceased to be a ‘*Portuguese*.’

But all doubt on this point is removed by another more recent, but not less fundamental law of Portugal. On the re-establishment of the kingdom under the house of Braganza, in 1640, a constitutional

constitutional compact was entered into between 'the king and the three estates of the realm in cortes assembled,'—at once the Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, and the Act of Settlement of Portugal. By this instrument the resolutions of the *Cortes of Lamego* were confirmed generally, and the question of the succession of the crown still more explicitly determined;—for it provides

'that the succession of this kingdom shall not at any time come to a *foreign prince, nor to his children*, notwithstanding they may be the *next of kin to the last king in possession*.'

These words seem as if they had been devised on purpose to meet the exact case. Dom Pedro, though next of kin to King John, had now become undeniably not only a *foreign prince* but a *hostile sovereign*, and therefore neither he nor his heirress Dona Maria could succeed to the crown of Portugal. What follows is still more in point and quite decisive:—

'And further, when it happens that the sovereign of these realms of Portugal shall succeed to any larger kingdom or lordship, he shall always be bound to *reside* in this, and having two or more male children, the *eldest* shall succeed to the *foreign kingdom* and the *second* to this one of *Portugal*.'

The instrument then proceeds to provide that if the King has but one son, Portugal shall be separated and allotted to that son's children, on the before-mentioned conditions; and if he leaves only daughters, then the eldest daughter shall succeed to Portugal, on condition of marrying such native Portuguese as the three estates assembled in cortes shall select. And if such daughter shall marry in contravention of this regulation, the three estates shall elect a native-born king.

It is clear, from both the letter and spirit of these fundamental laws, that the old dominions of Portugal having been, *during the lifetime of King John*, separated into two distinct and independent realms, the eldest of John's two sons, Dom Pedro, and *his descendants*, were properly called to the foreign kingdom—Brazil; and that the younger, Dom Miguel, was entitled to succeed to the throne of Portugal.

The only quibble that could possibly be made against this clear and rational construction of the law, is as to the point *from which* the departure and separation should be reckoned. If it occurred in the person of Dom John, the case is clear—Pedro should inherit Brazil and Miguel Portugal; but the Pedroites may allege that it began with Pedro—that *he* was the point of separation, and that it was *his* eldest son that should possess Brazil, and *his* next heir Portugal. Common sense and the historical fact equally reject this latter supposition, for not
only

only did the separation take place *some years* before the death of John VI., but there were actual hostilities and subsequent treaties of reconciliation between the two independent states. But as if to remove even quibbles of this nature, and to bring the case within the express *letter* of the laws of 1640, King John had not only, on his own accession to the crown, in 1815, erected 'the *state* of Brazil into the dignity, pre-eminence, and title of a *kingdom*,' but before he finally consented to the treaty of separation in favour of Pedro, he effected in his own person the separation of the crowns, and assumed and bore the double title of King of Portugal and *Emperor of Brazil*, and having done so, he *then* conveyed to Dom Pedro the latter title and the sovereignty of that empire. And his treaty with Dom Pedro distinctly states and recognizes that he, Dom John VI., was *Emperor of Brazil*, and was to bear the *imperial* title for his life ;—thus fulfilling *to the very letter* the provisions of 1640, for Dom John thus became possessed of two separate dominions—the larger of which then devolved on his elder son, Pedro, while Portugal became vested in the younger, Miguel.

This is so clear that it may be asked, why then on the death of John VI., in March 1826, Dom Miguel did not immediately ascend the throne? The answer is easy. By a series of family squabbles and political intrigues, Dom Miguel had been sent out of Portugal in May 1824, and had been for near two years in what may be called *custody* at Vienna.

'He was originally conveyed, under pretext of going on his travels, on board a Portuguese frigate, from the Tagus to Brest, and thence escorted to the Austrian capital. During his residence in Vienna he was kept *under restraint*, and induced to become a party to acts which would never have met his concurrence if he had enjoyed the agency of his own free will—if he had been made acquainted with his own reversionary rights, or *even aware of what was going on in Portugal*. He experienced indeed the polite attentions of the Emperor Francis, but he was nevertheless restricted, and allowed *no intercourse with his friends or relatives at home*—his countrymen were refused access to him, and all his movements diligently watched.'—*Walton's Reply*, p. 86.

Dom Miguel was, when he was thus '*escorted*' to Vienna, only twenty-two years of age, and it is one of the complaints against him that he had been very ill educated ; it would not therefore be surprising if he were ignorant of rights arising out of points of ancient law, which it was, in the sequel, evident that even the Austrian and British cabinets understood very imperfectly—if, indeed, they were at all acquainted with them. But whether Dom Miguel fully understood his legal position or not, it is quite evident

dent that—a kind of prisoner at Vienna—he had no opportunity or means of vindicating his rights, or of resisting any conditions, however unjust, which might be imposed upon him.

In this state of things, the official account of Dom John's death reached Brazil on the 25th April, 1826; on the 26th the Emperor Pedro assumed, in the city of Rio Janeiro, the title of King of Portugal; on the same day he created seventy-seven peers to form an upper house, and issued an order for assembling the Cortes; and, on the 29th, he proclaimed the constitutional charter of Portugal, and on the 2d of May abdicated the throne, and, by his own mere authority and decree, constituted his daughter, Dona Maria, Queen of Portugal. 'My mouth,' said Jack Cade, 'shall be the parliament of England'—'My mouth,' said Dom Pedro, 'shall be the cortes of Portugal!' And this assumption of despotic authority over a distant people—this disposal, by Dom Pedro, at *his own mere will*, of the crown of Portugal, is hailed by all the *Liberals* in Europe as a most laudable and constitutional proceeding! But this extravagant attempt was not merely an unconstitutional assumption of authority on the part of the Brazilian emperor—it covered a fraudulent design—he *never intended that his daughter should reign in Portugal*, but put her forward to keep the throne open for himself whenever he should be able to escape from the precarious sovereignty of Brazil, of which he already began to feel the uncertainty and the danger. The European powers saw through this trick, and in their anxiety to defeat it—by catching him in his own springe,—they hastened to confirm his abdication and to acknowledge Dona Maria; and, we believe, in ignorance of the Portuguese constitution and the right of succession, Prince Metternich obliged Dom Miguel to accept the constitution as the price of his enlargement.

But even before Dom Miguel had left Vienna, some insight seems to have been obtained; both by himself and the Austrian cabinet, as to his real position; for he made, as we shall see presently, a *reservation of all his personal rights*, and the Austrian negociator settled that he was to be regent of the kingdom till Dona Maria should come of age; and that when that period arrived he should become her husband; the parties having been already solemnly affianced at Vienna. Thus, it was endeavoured, in fact, though in a circuitous way, to compensate the injustice of Pedro's unconstitutional constitution, and to confer on Dom Miguel the *real and substantive royal authority*: and is it not a little strange that those who were willing thus to confer upon him the supreme power, under the name of *regent and husband* of the queen, should have—all of a sudden—discovered that he is such a *monster* as to be totally unworthy to exercise the same power

power under his own regal and legal appellation? The *title* is different, but the *functions* and the *man* are the same.

However, at last Dom Miguel was allowed to return to Lisbon; and assumed the title and duties of *Regent*. But the Portuguese people had never acquiesced in the invasion of their ancient laws and national rights by the acts of the *Brazilian* monarch. Sir Frederick Lamb, our minister, writes,—

‘On the days immediately succeeding his landing, cries of “*Long live Dom Miguel the First!*” were heard. . . . His Royal Highness is incessantly assailed with recommendations to declare himself king, and reign without the (*Pedroite*) Chambers—that it entirely depends on his will to do so; as the Chambers will offer no opposition, and the measure will be popular with the great majority of the country.’—*Parl. Papers*, No. 14.

The regent rejected this summary process; but convoked the Cortes—the ancient constituent authority of the realm; and almost the first act of that assembly was to decree the nullity of Dom Pedro’s charter, and to confer on Miguel the title of *king*, to which, as they stated, the institutions of the country entitled him—instead of that of *regent*, which he derived only from foreign courts: and the Portuguese people ratified (says one party) with joy, acquiesced in (says the other) with silent regret, the decision of the Cortes.

We deal not with *impressions* and *opinions*, and pretend not to measure the degrees of popular joy or regret, nor even to decide how far the Cortes spoke the sentiments of the nation. All our information on these points is favourable to Miguel; but we build nothing on mere opinions—we are stating *facts*. Dom Miguel was, as clearly as law can speak, already king *de jure*—the voice of the constitutional authority, the three estates of the realm, and the assent of the nation, made him king *de facto*; and we think there needs no other evidence that he has the *people* with him, than the avowal which has been so loudly and so incautiously made, that the recall of *foreigners* from Pedro’s service would be ruin to Pedro’s cause, and that a strict *neutrality* would be the most certain means of insuring Miguel’s success—it being beyond all question, that if Miguel be dethroned, it can only be by *foreign* force. Whether, therefore, we appeal to the old doctrine of *hereditary right*, or to the modern principles of *popular election*, we may safely ask, what monarch in the world can show better titles? Was the voice of our Convention Parliament that elected King William less suspected of partiality than that of the Cortes?—and was the majority of the people of England more favourable to our Revolution than that of Portugal appears to be to Dom Miguel’s restoration?

In

In what does the *de facto* sovereignty of Dom Miguel differ from that of Louis Philippe?—Is it invalidated by his happening to have also the right *de jure*? Yet he is branded as an *usurper* by those persons with whom, in other cases, to be an usurper is the highest claim to approbation and confidence. But he is, it is said, a *monster in private life*. We know not what proofs of his monstrosity can be adduced—we only know that we have as yet seen none; and that, in the most unfavourable accounts which we have ever met of his manners or his morals, he has held only a *second* place to his brother Dom Pedro—the idol of all the censurers of Dom Miguel.

But one damning fact, it seems, we have against him—he is a *perjurer*—he swore allegiance to a constitution, on the overthrow of which he has ascended to power. But let us be allowed to observe, in extenuation of this grave imputation, that the alleged oath was taken by him probably in ignorance, and certainly under *duress*; and all moralists admit, that engagements made in ignorance or under restraint are invalid. But in this case we need not have recourse to the casuist or the moralist, for Dom Miguel did, before he entered into his engagement at Vienna, distinctly *save and reserve his own personal rights, whatever they might be*. This appears by the Protocol of the Conferences at Vienna, Oct. 20, 1827, where it is stated, that ‘it was proposed by the Portuguese ministers, and *even by the Court of London*, that a reservation of Dom Miguel’s personal rights should be inserted in the instrument by which he was to accept the office of regent;’ but the protocol goes on to state,—

‘That Dom Miguel having *already explicitly reserved ALL HIS RIGHTS* in the letter in which he had transmitted his *oath* to the charter, a second reservation would at present be superfluous.’—*Parl. Papers*, No. 15.

Thus it is admitted, that the oath of allegiance was accompanied and qualified by the reservation of *all* Dom Miguel’s *rights*; and thus falls to the ground even this, the strongest, and indeed the only plausible personal imputation which has been made against Dom Miguel. But though we have destroyed the argument, we cannot pass over, without notice, the strange inconsistency of those who used it.

What if he had inserted no such saving clause? Did not Dom Pedro take a *voluntary oath* of allegiance, and renew it afterwards in ‘letters of his own blood,’ and then break it, not under new and unforeseen circumstances, but under the very state of things which the letter *written in blood* contemplated? Did not Louis Philippe *swear* allegiance to Charles X.?—did he not subsequently accept from his hands the office of Lieutenant-General of the

the Kingdom?—did he not, in breach of both these engagements, ascend, as sovereign, the throne to which he had sworn allegiance as a subject? Have those who are so tender about the conscience of Dom Miguel ever made the slightest difficulty in acknowledging the king of the French? M. de Talleyrand *swore* to two constitutions under Louis XVI.—to a couple, we believe, under the republic—to the First Consul—to the Emperor—to Louis XVIII.—to Charles X.—to Louis Philippe—in short, as has been quoted as a mighty *good joke*,—‘*thirteen in all!*’ and yet M. de Talleyrand and his fellow-labourers are the persons who cast stones at Dom Miguel. For ourselves we care not a fig about Dom Miguel or about Dom Pedro, nor would we cast our old pen into the balance between them personally—and though we certainly wish that the ancient Portuguese constitution, and the rights of the Portuguese nation, should have fair play, and that ultimate success may attend the right, on whichever side it be (and we think, for the reasons we have stated, it is on Dom Miguel’s), our first and greatest, and, indeed, only anxiety is, that the character of our own country should stand fair and clear, and that while we profess neutrality between the parties, our neutrality should be real and honest—creditable to our national integrity, even though it were (which it could not be) less favourable to our national interests than the shuffling, skulking, and underhand partiality which our ministers have practised.

This, and *no more than this*, was, as it appears to us, the object which influenced the Duke of Wellington, and the majority of the House of Lords, who concurred with his grace in the vote of the 3rd of June—a vote which—important in itself, as regarding our foreign policy and public faith—has become a thousand times more so by its effect on our internal relations—by its having been made the *occasion* of advancing, with an audacity and virulence—heretofore flimsily concealed—doctrines, aye, and hopes and provocations, wholly destructive of the very foundations of our constitutional system; it is the recent and alarming avowal of such designs that has led us to enter so much at large into the Portuguese question, though it be only the staff on which the standard of sedition has been raised, and induces us to go a little further into, what appear to us to have been the more immediate motives and objects of the Duke of Wellington’s motion.

Dom Pedro landed at Oporto early in July, 1832, and has not yet made an inch of way in the country, nor obtained the slightest countenance from the people; and it is notorious that he could not have maintained for a week the civil war which desolates the unhappy city of Oporto and its neighbourhood*, and which

distracts

* We find in the Times of the 24th May, a statement, founded on letters from Oporto,

distracts and impoverishes the rest of the kingdom, if it were not for the *foreigners*—French and English—whom he has collected under the standard, as he pretends, of Dona Maria.* At first our ministers showed some disposition to maintain the appearance at least of that neutrality which our monarch in his speeches to parliament, and our parliament in its addresses to the monarch, so often and so solemnly professed—they dismissed one or two naval officers who had taken prominent commands in Pedro's service, and although this was of little real value—for such measures had but small effect on the two or three whom they reached, and none at all on the great body of our countrymen—it yet kept up the show of neutrality and evinced a kind of decency as to public character; but this slight frown gradually relaxed into indifference and latterly brightened into something like a smile of approbation; and of course the activity of the Pedroite agents received at every new and favourable phase of the ministerial aspect additional vigour. Ships of war were purchased; transports were taken up, freighted, manned, and chartered in the Thames, to convey Pedro and his army. The Custom-house officers of the port of London, as was their duty, on receiving the necessary information and depositions from the agent of the Portuguese government in this country, arrested these vessels for an infraction of our own laws; upon which the government interposed its dispensing (and we, in spite of Lord Grey's *dicta* on the point, suspect illegal) authority, and under we know not what pretence, ordered the release of the ships; which accordingly proceeded to Belleisle, and having completed their preparations, and the three frigates having received Portuguese names, it was on board one of the vessels so released that Dom Pedro *himself* was conveyed to the Douro. This proceeding of our government naturally gave additional confidence to the agents of Dom Pedro; and when it became every day more visible that no aid was to be expected from the natives themselves, new and more extended efforts were made to send out such a foreign force as might counteract the marked discountenance of the Portuguese people. These efforts were so numerous and so public, that every reader of

Oporto, 'that from the total suspension of all business *since the landing of Dom Pedro*, an immense number of families are reduced to the greatest distress—such as never was exceeded.' And this, forsooth, is the prince whom the whole Portuguese nation hail as their deliverer!

* If there wanted any additional evidence on this head, we might refer the reader to Colonel Hodges's 'Narrative' of the Oporto business, just published—a silly book, but which contains some curious details on other matters besides this. It contains, by-the-by, one good anecdote: Hodges was abusing an old grey-mustachioed drummer, who had been with Napoleon at Moscow, for his devotion to brandy:—'*Vous êtes une vieille canaille*,' said Colonel Hodges. '*M. le Colonel*,' replied the incorrigible Frenchman, '*si je n'étois pas une vieille canaille, je ne serais pas ici*.' This seems to have checked the Colonel's thunder in mid volley.

every

every newspaper must have been, for months and months, aware of them. We think it right, however, to select from an immense mass of similar information, the announcements of the particular expedition which at last forced the Duke of Wellington to notice the subject in the House of Lords. We select from a single paper, the *Morning Herald* :—

Morning Herald, May 1.—‘ Since the arrival of the Marquis Palmella from Paris in London, the agents of Dom Pedro have been indefatigable in their exertions. On Saturday last a detachment of *one hundred and fifty men* marched from Westminster to Rotherhithe, and yesterday morning *another detachment of two hundred men* joined them; the whole were to embark yesterday afternoon, and immediately sail for Oporto. On the arrival of this force Don Pedro will have about *thirteen thousand foreign troops* to commence operations against the enemy.’

Here is a system of ‘*neutrality*’ and ‘*non-interference*’ with a vengeance! Here is evidence that Miguel is a detested usurper! Here is a proof that the *people* of Portugal are all in favour of Pedro and his constitution!—‘ *thirteen thousand foreign troops*!’

May 7.—‘ On Saturday last the Lord Cochrane sailed from the Downs for Oporto, with a fair wind, having on board five hundred and twenty French troops—old soldiers—well armed, equipped, and commanded. Fresh efforts are making by the agents of Don Pedro to enable their friends to put an end to the struggle, by recruiting for them on a large scale.’

May 13.—‘ On the 9th instant, the William IV. steamer left Falmouth for Rochfort, to receive on board a battalion of 600 men, regular veteran soldiers, fully equipped, for Oporto. Two other battalions, of an equal force, will start in the course of the ensuing week.’

May 14.—‘ On Saturday, and several days last week, detachments of recruits have been sent down by the agents of Dom Pedro to Gravesend, to embark on board the Lord of the Isles steamer, which is lying there bound for Oporto. Several hundred more men are wanted for the expedition, and it has now become rather difficult to procure recruits.

‘ The agents of Dom Pedro have engaged a brig, which is at present lying sixty-five miles below Gravesend, to receive troops, and this vessel, as well as the Lord of the Isles, is expected to leave the river, for Oporto, about the latter end of the week.’

Falmouth, May 25.—‘ The Britannia steamer, with 220 volunteers for the service of Dom Pedro, consisting of Poles, Germans, and French, continues here. She waits here for the *additional number of four hundred troops*, which are already expected, when they will altogether proceed direct for Oporto.’

May 27.—[Portsmouth, Saturday.]—Colonel Dodgin, late of the 66th regiment, left this port yesterday (the 24th) in the Birmingham steamer, Captain Beazley, and by this time is at Falmouth, *where*
eighteen

eighteen hundred men are assembled as a brigade under his command ; and a very large proportion of them are seasoned soldiers. The Birmingham had on board Lieutenant-Colonel Butts, twenty-one officers, and a large quantity of naval and military stores, clothing, accoutrements, &c. The City of Waterford steamer, Captain Bailey, which has been lying at Spithead all the week, went off for Falmouth this evening (25th) with two hundred and fifty seamen. . . . She calls at Falmouth to receive on board the Marquis of Palmella and suite, where she will be joined by five more steamers.'

May 29.—[Falmouth, May 26.]—The Birmingham steamer came in last evening from Portsmouth, having on board 450 well-disciplined troops, under the command of Colonel Dodgin. A further supply is hourly expected.

'The Marquis Palmella and Mr. J. Y. Mendezabel arrived here last evening from London. They intend accompanying the troops which are congregating here for Oporto.'

May 31.—[Falmouth, May 28.]—This afternoon the reinforcements for the constitutional cause in Portugal left this port to join the forces in Oporto. The Birmingham steamer sailed with three hundred and fifty English troops under the command of Colonel Dodgin. The Britannia steamer with two hundred and fifty-six volunteers, &c. The City of Waterford with two hundred seamen for the fleet. The presence of the troops in our town has occasioned an universal degree of bustle ; and to supply the future wants of the army there are a number of vessels about to leave Cork with provisions, so as to prevent their entire dependence on success or speculators.'

Was it, we will ask any man—was it unnatural or premature—was it indicative of a hasty anxiety to find fault—that, after such a series of notices of such bold infractions of our domestic law and our public neutrality, received from all the ports, and circulated in all the journals of the empire, the Duke of Wellington should, in the House of Lords, on the evening of the 29th May, have 'begged leave' to ask Lord Grey

'whether the noble lord was aware that English vessels, with arms and ammunition, one of them under the command of a captain in his majesty's navy, had recently proceeded to Oporto, in support of Don Pedro ?'

To this question, surely not too hastily asked, and not in any way offensively expressed, Lord Grey gave an answer which we will not venture to characterize, though we shall *do worse—we shall quote it.*

'Lord Grey said, he had seen such accounts in the newspapers, but that was all he knew of the subject'!

We shall say nothing of the *style* of this reply, delivered in so high a place, by the first minister of England, to

'The foremost man of all the world,'

lest

lest our own style should catch the infection. But the *substance* is still more extraordinary. What? the first minister of the crown—the first director of our foreign affairs—the first superintendent of the police of the country, knows nothing of the assemblage of ‘a *brigade of 1800 well-disciplined troops*’ at Falmouth; of the actual assemblage of 220 foreigners, and the expectation of 400 more—‘of 200 seamen embarked in Portsmouth harbour for the service of a foreign sovereign’—‘of a number of vessels collected at Cork to supply the future wants of a *foreign army*.’ Of all this Lord Grey knows nothing but *what he sees in the newspapers*. No police or custom-house officer—no mayor, no magistrate—no admiral, no general—reports to his Majesty’s government the assemblage of *foreign forces* large enough to have seized the town and shipping in their neighbourhood. We knew pretty well before how deeply indebted Lord Grey’s government is to the *newspapers* for its existence; but we were not quite aware that he trusted to them for all the details of his administration—for naval and military discipline, for internal police, and commercial security. But so, it seems, it is—Lord Grey ‘knew nothing about it but by the *newspapers*.’ Well! that was strange!—but, at least, he admits that he did read it ‘in the newspapers;’ and,—no matter how the information reached him,—when it did come, he would be, no doubt, anxious to know whether it could possibly be true, and would cause immediate inquiries to be made as to the circumstances which had given rise to such extraordinary paragraphs. No such thing; he read them over his breakfast-table as negligently as if it had been a new series of Lord Palmerston’s protocols; and though these proceedings had been going on for months, Lord Grey still knew, on the 29th of May, nothing more about them. Such ignorance, such negligence, should, one would have thought, induced his lordship, in common prudence, if not in parliamentary courtesy, to have given a civil and explanatory answer. He might have said, ‘that he had seen such reports, but was not aware of any infringement of our law; yet, as his notice was now particularly called to it, he would cause inquiry to be made into the alleged facts.’ Something of this kind would have probably satisfied the House of Lords for the moment; instead of which Lord Grey contrived not merely to insult the ‘*order to which he belongs*,’ but to involve a great general principle of international policy in this short and intemperate reply; for—by admitting that he had read of all these proceedings, and yet considered them as not calling for any notice on his part—he inferred that they were not merely legal but innocent proceedings, of which the government neither saw the expediency nor had the power of taking any cognizance

whatsoever. Was this to be endured?—so flagrant a contempt of our internal legislation—so gross a violation of all our public engagements—so direct a breach of the king's royal word—a precedent so dangerous to safety at home and to peace abroad! Lord Grey's indecent answer, and still more the great consequences involved in it, *forced* the Duke of Wellington into the only course that was left—a parliamentary discussion! We all know what followed; the House of Lords—how could men who had any pretence to common sense, any regard to their own parliamentary pledges, any respect for royal engagements, any wishes for the peace of Europe, do otherwise?—they resolved to address the King, 'most respectfully intreating that his Majesty would be pleased to give such directions as may enforce the observance by his Majesty's subjects of the *neutrality declared by his Majesty* in the contest now carrying on in Portugal.'

We shall say a word on the only two arguments by which this motion was opposed by the ministers,—1st, They maintained that 'it was no breach of national neutrality that individual subjects should assist either of the parties'—a most monstrous and most dangerous doctrine—contrary to all the best writers, and what is still more important, revolting to common sense—for how can peace or property be preserved among nations if the *state* be not responsible for its *subjects*? The history of the world refutes such an allegation, and the peace of the world required its disavowal. Many, if not most of the wars of modern times, have begun in the acts of individuals, for which the sovereign was held responsible; and the majority of wars which England has waged for two centuries have commenced with a recital of individual injuries, and the issue of letters of *reprisal*. Nay, more, so strictly are *governments* held to be bound for their *subjects*, as the only mode of international redress, that when an individual for whom no government is responsible is found doing any act of a warlike nature he is held to be a pirate, and treated as an outlaw. Can it be possible, that the king, the parliament, and the nation should be strictly neutral, and yet that hostile armaments should publicly be fitted out in various parts of the kingdom? But let us try the ministerial doctrine by one practical test. Does any man in his senses believe, that, if such armaments as have been despatched from the shores of England in favour of Dom Pedro, had been sent last summer to La Vendée, in favour of Henry V., the government of France would have submitted to such a new reading of the doctrine of neutrality?—We need not, we think, add another word on that point.

But it is not only a gross violation of neutrality, as explained by

all

all writers and practised by all states, of which our ministers have been guilty,—they have equally set at naught the provisions of our own municipal law; and, in doing so, they have also acted in direct opposition to their promises publicly and solemnly made. It appears that, at an early period of this disgraceful conduct, Lord Grey, in answer to a question put to him in the House of Lords, declared his intention, that the ‘Foreign Enlistment Act,’ so long as it remained on the statute-book, ‘*should be fairly and impartially executed.*’ Need we ask in what manner this pledge has been fulfilled?

The second ministerial objection was, that the Duke of Wellington’s motion was meant as a censure on the ministers, and calculated to displace them:—we have yet to learn that this would not have been a perfectly constitutional course; and we do not deny that—in the practical working of our old constitution, and on the doctrine of choosing the least of two evils—a peer, disapproving the proceedings or the doctrines of the government in the individual case, might yet have voted for them rather than see them displaced. But was there any intention to displace, or even embarrass the ministers? The very facts contradict any such supposition—for it was the inconsiderate levity of Lord Grey’s own reply which forced on a debate, where the Duke of Wellington only asked for an explanation. The embarrassment was of Lord Grey’s own seeking—his danger was his own creation. He had left no retreat, no alternative; and having been worsted in a conflict which he had petulantly provoked, he imputes to his antagonists the consequence of his own ill-temper and false doctrine.

What follows is in the same direction, but takes a higher flight. The King was advised to return to the House of Lords an answer to their address, which *we* will not characterize—but we will extract the description given of it,—probably by a ministerial pen—published certainly by a ministerial organ:—

‘The eighty Spiritual and Temporal Peers have received an answer from his majesty, which, in plain English, means,—“*Your opinion is not worth a straw*—I have already taken all such measures as appeared to me necessary for maintaining the neutrality I had determined to observe in the contest now carrying on in Portugal.” It was *impossible to treat them more cavalierly*—but they have deserved this *rebuff*.’—*Morning Chronicle*, 7th June.

That his majesty could, by any representations or misrepresentations, have been induced to affix his signature to such an answer, fills us with equal regret and surprise—a ‘*rebuff*’ that treats the House of Lords ‘as cavalierly as possible,’ and tells them their ‘opinion is not worth a straw,’ should, we humbly think,

think, never have received the royal sanction. We know well—too well—that the message was worded by the minister; but low as the royal authority has been reduced, we did not suspect that it was so utterly powerless as not to be able to induce its ministers to soften an offensive expression, or to substitute a calm, dignified, and *royal* tone for such a ‘cavalier rebuff’ as must, we think, have shocked the personal feelings of the person who was to give it, much more than of those who were to receive it. In our constitutional system, the monarch and the peerage are so connected—we might almost say, so identified—that any degradation of the one must immediately act upon the other; and in the whole course of our history, it will be found that every attack upon the king or the House of Lords has been immediately followed by *reaction* on the House of Lords or the king, respectively. Nor in this case has the rule failed. For a few days his majesty was at the height of popularity—his ministers had been permitted to ‘rebuff’ the House of Lords—and ‘never was there so gracious a sovereign!’ But a week revolved, and brought with it, in the very columns which had been so lately full of the king’s praises, an assault on his majesty’s public conduct—an inroad into his private life—a laceration of all his personal affections, which must revolt not merely every loyal and constitutional, but every gentlemanly and generous feeling. We will not repeat, nor give a wider circulation, and more permanent existence to these odious invectives—the curious in libels, who may have not seen them, will find them in the files of the leading ministerial journal—but we cannot help adverting to them as affording a new and alarming proof, that whenever a king of England can be persuaded to strike at the House of Lords, the blow will inevitably recoil on the Crown.

But the royal ‘rebuff’ did not satisfy the intemperance, or console the mortification of the ministers; they and their adherents instigated the House of Commons to enter into a resolution, with the professed object of committing that House to a contrary opinion from that given by the House of Lords; and this being carried by a large majority (Whigs and Radicals cordially uniting), an outcry was raised by all the ministerial press, and particularly by two papers—the Times and the Chronicle, which are said to represent two sections of the cabinet—against the Duke of Wellington and the House of Lords itself, for having,—‘on a trumpery Portuguese question, and in favour of the monster Miguel—volunteered to put itself in opposition to, and so provoke a collision with, the other branch of the legislature.’ With these journals lying on our tables—with these assertions ringing in our ears—we yet can scarcely believe our senses that such gross and palpable *falsehoods* should have been risked—but so it is.

Now

Now it does happen that the Portuguese question was almost the only one in the whole circle of political topics which had not been even noticed in the House of Commons. It was one—almost the only one on which there had occurred no debate—to which not even an incidental allusion had been made—upon which not only the House of Commons had passed no resolution, but individual members had expressed (as far as we have ever heard) no opinion; and the vote of the House of Lords on this *untouched* question is called *setting itself in opposition* to the House of Commons, and *wantonly provoking a collision*. This audacious *falsehood*—we repeat the word advisedly—for although the pen which has written those paragraphs may be suspected of being the *same* which traced the king's answer, we cannot treat all its productions with equal respect—this audacious falsehood, we say, is not the mere blundering of ignorance and impudence—it has an *ulterior object*; namely, to establish as a kind of constitutional doctrine—that, if the House of Commons shall have taken its line on any subject, the House of Lords shall not,—under pain of popular displeasure, and of consequent annihilation,—venture to express a contrary opinion. In other words, that the House of Commons is omnipotent—the sole real power of the state—and that the House of Lords is only *tolerated* as a convenience, and even *that*, only so long as it shall be content to register the edicts of the Commons without daring to have any action of its own.

But this is not all—these writers proceed with perfect candour and (granting their premises) exceeding good logic, to the higher and more important conclusion, namely, that the *House of Lords is useless*—that its power has been virtually abrogated by the Reform Bill—and that the sooner its formal abolition takes place the better, for the personal safety of the peers themselves, and for the general prosperity of the country. We could fill our whole Number with extracts to this effect, from the London and provincial papers;—and a most portentous mass of evidence it would be, in support of all that we have prophesied of the real design and eventual effect of the Reform Bill—but as our quotations must be limited, we will extract only a few of the innumerable articles tending to the destruction of the House of Lords, which have appeared in the Times and Morning Chronicle; and we give these papers the pre-eminence, because their connexion with the ministers is, we believe, openly avowed—at least it is perfectly notorious—their paragraphs are therefore not the mere ephemeral effusions of anonymous writers, but deserve to be recorded—*pour servir à l'histoire*—as the voice of *ministerial organs* and as indications of *ministerial policy*.

'Members ought not to attach any undue importance to the vote of last night; the House of Peers is only important when its vote is in unison with that of the nation.'—*Morning Chronicle*, June 4.

'The power has now substantially *passed away* from the House of Peers. Had that body been wise, they would have carefully guarded against a collision of this kind.'—*Ib.*

'But it is said, shall the House of Lords have no independent power—are its constitutional privileges nothing? we answer deliberately that as *against*, that is to say *above*, the opinion of the House of Commons, ascertained by its votes, and those of the country generally, ascertained through the accustomed channels of meetings, petitions, and the public press (!)—*absolutely nothing!*'—*Times*, June 5.

'The prevalent feeling yesterday, throughout the metropolis, was *contempt* for the *eighty*. We were astonished to find how little importance was everywhere attached to the vote of the majority of the peers; we could hardly have believed that, in so short a space as that which elapsed from the passing the Reform Bill, the change in the viewing that branch of the legislature could have been so great. The peers, under the shade of their former power, and carefully avoiding all wanton and unnecessary *collision with the people*, might have continued to fill a large space in the public eye; but nothing can be so impolitic as, *when power no longer exists*, to threaten mischief: the oligarchs, with their long list of rotten boroughs, might be hated, but we could not afford to despise them; but a House of Peers, without rotten boroughs to fall back upon, is impotent when opposed to the nation.'—*Morning Chronicle*, June 6.

'There cannot be two powers counteracting each other in a state. Parliamentary reform has made the representatives of the people, *de facto*, what before they were in theory; and it is little short of insanity in the Peers, to force on a collision with the Commons, in order to afford the world a demonstration of their own insignificance whenever they run counter to the people.'—*Ib.*, June 7.

'The House of Peers (observes a northern contemporary) is now generally pronounced a House of Incurables; and has given another signal proof how little it is in harmony with the age and the spirit of our renovated institutions; and afforded another practical demonstration, that an *unreformed House of Peers cannot possibly co-exist with a reformed House of Commons*. The House of Lords, as at present constituted, is merely a *venerable absurdity*. It must therefore '*be set in order*,' and remodelled in harmony with our renovated system of representation, otherwise a necessity will undoubtedly arrive for voting it *useless, or worse*.'"—*Ib.*, June 11.

"It were better (says a Sunday contemporary) to have a creation [of new peers] than the tyranny of the Lords; but it were more *worthy of the nation to abolish the institution altogether*, than to permit a subservient and passive assembly to discharge the high functions of an independent branch of the legislature." There cannot be a question, that such freaks as the Lords have been playing will rapidly prepare the people for such changes as are indicated.'—*Ib.*, June 7.

We

We must pause for a moment to observe upon the consistency and logic of the last extract. If the Lords attempt to have an opinion of their own, they should be reduced to passive obedience by a new creation of peers; and when so reduced they should be altogether abolished for such passive obedience. This is true revolutionary logic and law.

'When the peers, or any portion of them, make the enjoyment of their privileges the most essential object of their political efforts, they forfeit the condition on which those privileges were vested in them.'—*Times*, June 15.

This, again, is admirable. We attack your privileges—if you submit, well and good, they are gone! if you resist—better still, you have forfeited them, and they are gone!—either way, gone! The child's play of '*head, I win, and tail, you lose,*' is the prototype of this!

'Do they (the Tory peers) hope to repeal the Reform Acts, and repossess themselves of their rotten boroughs? Can they blind themselves to the fact, that the aristocratic principle *is essentially destroyed in this country?* Blind and infatuated must the Tory aristocracy be not to perceive that a *regal revolution has been effected!*'—*Morn. Chron.*, June 15.

And these are the sentiments promulgated by the general adherents and supporters, if not by the still nearer connexions, of that Mr. Grey who so warmly urged, in 1795, the prosecution of Mr. Reeves, for having in a theoretic '*Essay on the English Constitution,*' assigned to the monarchical branch a character too substantive and predominant, and who on that occasion reproached the existing government—

'for having suffered this *daring breach of privilege* and this *libel on the constitution* to go without punishment.'—*Mr. Grey's Speech, Parl. Debates*, 23d Nov. 1795.

—Of that Lord Grey who so recently as the 13th June, 1827, on the occasion of some slight and indistinct menaces made by the *Liberals* of that day against the House of Lords for rejecting a Corn Bill, spoke as follows:—

'They had been threatened with a worse bill if the present was not carried. He hoped their lordships would not shrink, if a new bill came before them, from examining and scrutinizing it most rigidly; with a firm resolution to alter or amend it if requisite; and if a worse bill were brought forward, he trusted they would meet it with a determination of the most strenuous opposition. He had said so much; in consequence of the observations which had been made respecting what had been described as the *formidable consequences* likely to be produced by the fate of this measure—consequences, however, with which he had no apprehension of its being attended—but if it did

come to that kind of encounter, between the House of Lords and a great part of the population of the country—his (Earl Grey's) part was taken,—he was one of an ORDER with which he was resolved to stand or fall, and to the last hour of his existence he would never yield up one jot of those rights and privileges.'—*Times*, June 14, 1827.

'Wits have short memories, but Whigs have none!'

But this bold proposition for levelling the peerage as a body—which, we must presume, Mr. Grey no longer considers a punishable 'breach of privilege'—'a libel' on the constitution—is helped out by individual slander and personal misrepresentation. In describing the majority in the Peers, the *Morning Chronicle* talks of

'The hungry and reckless paupers, raised to the peerage by the Pitt and Castlereagh administrations.'—*Morn. Chron.*, June 18.

How can a journal that means to preserve any character venture on assertions which can be easily and so conclusively refuted?

We take its own list of the division—(the names of peers, *Morning Chronicle*, June 5)—in that list we find, for the Duke of Wellington's motion, 72; and against it, 63: of the 72, only twenty-six were raised to the peerage in the Pitt and Castlereagh administrations, (as they are somewhat inaccurately called,) and amongst them are some of the wealthiest of their class. Of the 63, no less than twenty-nine have been raised to the peerage in the Pitt, Castlereagh, and Whig administrations; and amongst them happen to be some of the very poorest of the nobility. So that the peers of more modern creation constitute a much larger proportion of the minority than of the majority. Again; what is termed 'the Pitt and Castlereagh administration' may be said to have lasted from 1782 to 1822, with intervals amounting to about four years—that is, about thirty-six years. These thirty-six years supply twenty-six peers to the majority; while the two years and a half of Whig administration have added twelve to the minority.

But these are small and very inconsiderable matters, on which ever side antiquity of creation or individual wealth might preponderate; and still more contemptible were the endeavours of the ministerial press to misrepresent the Duke of Wellington's motion as involving approbation either of Dom Miguel's personal claims, or of the despotic principles on which they allege his government to be founded. Did these writers believe that the public had forgotten his grace's whole course of policy with regard to Portugal,—of which, if any reproach can be made to it, it may be said that it insisted too much on the private character of Dom Miguel, and delayed too long a recognition, which (even if he

had

had no other than the *de facto* claim) it became, *after* acknowledging King Louis Philippe, alike inconsistent and unjust to refuse? The torrent of libel and calumny which was poured out against the House of Lords on this account has already passed away; the people felt no interest in so monstrous a fiction, and we believe that the press never so signally failed in leading public opinion as it did on this occasion. But the truth is, that it failed because everybody saw that it was neither Miguel nor Portugal, nor even the address of the House of Lords, which were the real objects of clamour. It was not a *foreign*, but a *domestic* question that excited the violence.

The Conservative strength of the House of Lords alarmed the revolutionary party for the success of the destructive measures then in progress; and while they affected to deplore the triumph of Dom Miguel, their real anxiety was about the fate of the bill for the spoliation of the Irish branch of our church. That bill, amongst many objectionable details, and many, we think, dangerous errors, involved one *principle* so entirely subversive of all justice—of all right of property—of the very foundation of our social system—namely, the confiscation of the surplus of church property to the use of the state—that it was confidently and justly anticipated that the House of Lords, the especial guardians of the rights of property, could never be brought to sanction such a principle of spoliation. Now, this principle of spoliation was notoriously, the only part of the bill on which the radical party set any great value; it promised to be the first blow against the two objects which, in all times and circumstances, republicans and levellers have been most anxious to overthrow—the established church, and the rights to landed property; and it was in the vain hope of intimidating the House of Lords into an acquiescence in this and similar measures, that calumnies so groundless and menaces so audacious were directed against it. But, as we have said, the public was not to be deluded, the people were not to be excited, by such a flimsy pretence and so dangerous a design. It became evident that the time was not *yet* arrived when the House of Lords could be either intimidated from doing its duty, or abolished for having done it.

Then came his Majesty's ministers on the stage, and exhibited such an instance of weakness, folly, and inconsistency, as, with all the examples they had already given of these qualities, has really astonished us. They withdrew the confiscation clause; and withdrew it—on what grounds?

When the bill was first proposed, they had stated that its operation would create, *without injury to either the bishops or their tenants*, a disposable surplus of 3,000,000*l.* They never
condescended,

condescended, indeed, to explain how, if two parties are jointly possessed of the *whole* of a certain property, and if it is to be divided between them without *loss to either*, a third party, a stranger, should get 3,000,000*l.* by the division. This process of *Althorp-arithmetic* is certainly not to be found in Cocker; though there is something like it in that more venerable authority, which records how an umpire divided an oyster between two parties, by giving each a shell and swallowing the fish as his own perquisite. The temper and strength of the Conservative party in the House of Lords, however, opened the ministers' eyes to this little error; and accordingly, after *one hundred and forty-six* clauses of the bill had been disposed of, they were obliged to confess that its leading principle and most important promise was a delusion—an arithmetical mistake—for that, in fact, it appeared there would be no surplus at all; 'they were sorry for it—very—but the fact was so.' They had undertaken to *cabbage* a coat for my *Lord Peter* out of a new set of liveries which they were preparing for his brother *Martin's* servants—but, like the tailor in Laputa, they had made a slight error in the calculation, and it turned out that they had already expended all their cloth. But the theory which promised this surplus—sunbeams to be extracted from cucumbers—was not more absurd than the argument used to justify the proposed appropriation of it,—namely, that when a legislative act improves property, the profit accrues not to the owner but to the State—a very palatable doctrine to those who obtain acts of parliament for bridges, railroads, and canals, but not quite so satisfactory to the neighbouring proprietors. How would Mr. Stanley like to see the State appropriating to public uses the increase which the *Manchester rail-road* may eventually make in the value of the ground at each side of it? But out of that question he escaped, by abandoning the visionary surplus.

Then came another, and, indeed, the only reasonable proposition in the whole discussion—that, as the surplus had vanished, the clause disposing of the surplus might as well vanish also. This was, of course, violently objected to by all the *Irish* members; they saw no occasion in the world for such a course,—on the contrary, they thought the principle of disposing of something which not only did not belong to them, but which also had no existence in *rerum naturâ*, was essentially *Irish*, and should by no means be abandoned.

This proposition the ministers did not venture to deny, but then they said that they were afraid that even Lord Cloncurry might take umbrage at the legislative enactment of a *bull* instead of a *bill*, and that there was nothing they dreaded so much as a
‘collision

'collision between the Houses on a question in which no profit was to be obtained.' This seemed a strange reason from men who, the week before, had dragged the House of Commons into direct collision with the House of Lords on the question of the Portuguese neutrality, which was certainly not a much more *profitable* question than the confiscation of church property; but though the argument was not in their mouths very consistent, it was a very sound one, and by the help of the Conservatives they induced the house to ratify it;—the *hundred and forty-seventh clause* followed the fate of the *three millions of surplus*, and

'Agnès et le corps mort s'en sont allés ensemble.'

In the reports of the debates on this subject two incidental circumstances are worth notice. The one is the avowal of Lord John Russell—*himself*—that the Reform Bill was a Revolution,—for we suppose that must have been his meaning when—deprecating a new collision with the House of Lords—he stated that 'he was not one of those who thought the country *could bear a REVOLUTION every year.*' A piquant and pregnant expression, which gives us a perfect measure of the discretion and integrity of the great statesman who uttered it. The other remarkable circumstance was, that in the whole of the debate, the ministers—even when they were making a concession to common sense and common justice, did it on the poorest and narrowest grounds—confessed that they were not agreed amongst themselves on the principles of their proceeding, though they managed to concur in the result; and instead of taking an open, honest, and intelligible line against the *Annual Revolution*, which alarms even Lord John, contrived to leave that revolution more powerful, in our humble opinion, as well as more exasperated, at the close of the debate, than it was at the beginning. They have stimulated appetites already too ravenous, and provoked tempers already too violent, by showing them their prey, and then suddenly snatching it from their jaws. And Mr. Stanley, whose importance and utility as a public man rest chiefly on his professed reluctance to overthrow the church, has—unfortunately for himself, and we fear for the church—forfeited, by this miserable juggle, his best claims to parliamentary influence and public confidence.

The 'result, we fear, is, that, although the crisis may be postponed, the hostility against the House of Lords, which the ministers began, and with which they have inoculated the House of Commons and the Press, is become more formidable than ever, and only waits the occasion for another, and, perhaps, final, explosion. Towards effecting any object, however odious and unpopular, the first great step is to have it talked of—to familiarize it to the mouths and minds of men. The abolition of the House of
Lords

Lords was two years ago *treason*; it is now become a political *problem*—before two years more it may be *law*!

Our readers are well aware that, from the hour in which the Reform Bill was proposed, we anticipated this result. When by that measure it was proposed to bring back the constitution to the *theory* of *three* distinct and equiponderant estates—when it was claimed that the Commons should be absolutely the *Commons*, and wholly independent; with, however, a promise that the Crown and the Lords were to be also independent, and each of the three estates invested with *separate* yet *equal* powers—we, and the whole Conservative party, did then—as the Radicals and Ministerialists do now—assert that such a system of government is a mere vision; and that, under the pretence of restoring our constitution to a state which never did and never could practically exist, we were preparing the overthrow of the throne—the annihilation of the House of Lords—and a complete and not-distant subversion of the whole practice of the constitution. We were and are deeply impressed with the wisdom of Mr. Burke's view of this subject:—

‘Mr. Fox and the “Friends of the People” well know that the House of Lords is, by itself, the feeblest part of the constitution; they know that the House of Lords is supported only by its connexions with the Crown and with the House of Commons; and that without this double connexion the Lords could not exist a single year. They know that all these parts of our constitution, whilst they are balanced as opposing interests, are also connected as friends; otherwise nothing but confusion could be the result of such a complex constitution. It is natural, therefore, that they who wish the common destruction of the whole, and of all its parts, should contend for their total separation. But as the House of Commons is that link which connects both the other parts of the constitution (the Crown and the Lords) *with the mass of the people*, it is to that link (as it is natural enough) that their incessant attacks are directed;—that artificial representation of the people being once discredited and overturned, all goes to pieces, and nothing but a plain French democracy or arbitrary monarchy can possibly exist.’—*Observations on the Conduct of the Minority*, vol. vii. p. 257.

We say ‘*ditto* to Mr. Burke:’ but our reformers had a very different logic; and the result which has confirmed Mr. Burke's views, announced near fifty years ago, contradicts the promises of his Majesty's ministers though only six months old. Restore, they said, to each of the three estates their own proper powers, and you will restore the balance of the constitution, and the result will be to give vigour to each and unity to the whole. The reform was made! and now, even in the very outset of the experiment,—we are told, and we fear but too truly,—that there ‘can

not

not exist two powers in a state,' and that the only alternative now left is either the 're-establishment of the rotten borough system'—which of course is not to be thought of—or 'the annihilation of the House of Lords!'

And what is to follow? Liberty and prosperity?—no—democracy and despotism!—In the House of Lords first germed the liberties of England, and with the House of Lords they will expire. And can the House of Lords avert the *evil*? We know not; but we know that they can escape the *guilt*!—As long as they are permitted to express an opinion, they must, as free agents, follow the course of law, and obey the dictates of their consciences; and when that power shall be denied to them, either by actual interference or such certain indications of approaching violence, as cannot be mistaken, they must console themselves with the suggestion of a true Whig of the old school, that—

'——— when impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.'

But while we deduce these conclusions from the general principles that have been unbridled—we see, in several passing circumstances, an accession of difficulty and peril. There is not one of the *foreign* topics which we enumerated at the outset of this article, which may not endanger the peace of Europe; and however erroneous, or impolitic, or disgraceful the conduct of our ministers may be, there is now neither check, control, nor remedy. The House of Commons has neither time, nor patience, nor information to handle such nice details; and, when any of them have been occasionally touched in debate, it seems inclined to place a careless, ignorant, and therefore unbounded confidence in ministers: and if the House of Lords were to presume again to form a judgment upon any such matters, even though it should be one on which the House of Commons were before indifferent, the opportunity would no doubt be eagerly seized of giving it another 'rebuff' from the throne—of overwhelming it again with the calumnies and menaces of the Press—and of eliciting from the zealous Commons a conflicting and even a hostile vote. In our *domestic* system, everything is *at sea*, except our *ships*. The East Indies and the West—the banks, national and private—the Law—the Discipline of the Army and of the Navy—the Corporations—the Church; and, incidentally to this latter subject, the connexion between Church and State, and the Union between Great Britain and Ireland;—all are in jeopardy. There is, in Burke's *Reflections* on the French Revolution, a passage which so wonderfully describes our present condition, even to some of its details, that it seems as if it had been inspired by a spirit of prophecy, rather than by mere human sagacity:—

'Is

‘Is our monarchy (he asks) to be annihilated with all the laws—all the tribunals—and all the *ancient corporations* of the kingdom? Is every landmark in the country to be done away in favour of a *geometrical and arithmetical constitution*? Is the *House of Lords* to be voted useless? Is *episcopacy* to be abolished? Are the *church-lands* to be sold to *Jews and jobbers*? Are all *taxes* to be voted *grievances*? Are *curates* to be seduced from their bishops by holding out to them the delusive hope of a *dole out of the spoils of their own order*? Is a *compulsory paper currency* to be substituted in place of the legal coin of the kingdom?’—*Reflections*, p. 114.

Would not one believe that this had been written but yesterday? So accurately did Mr. Burke discern what would be the symptoms and what must be the march of Revolution.

But the conduct of ministers, as it has produced most of these difficulties and dangers, so it aggravates them all: their views have been so rash and so weak, so hasty and so slow, so bold in the project and so wavering in the execution, that they have lost the confidence of every party in the country; and in the House of Commons itself, though it follows and supports them out of fear of a *dissolution*, they are the objects of hatred, or pity, or contempt. As long as the present House of Commons, as a body, believes that its own permanence depends upon that of the ministry—as long as individual members are not disturbed by the prospect of meeting their constituents—and as long as they fancy they can postpone the day of reckoning—so long we think that the present administration may drag on a dishonoured existence. But the period of a dissolution must at last come round, and members must, however reluctant, begin to think of forfeited pledges and disappointed constituencies; and the cry of *wolf* against the Tories will every hour become more notoriously contemptible; and having already lost the populace, ministers will also lose the venal, the time-serving, and profligate portion of the press; and then—where are they?

In all times and in all countries, the immediate cause or excuse for revolutions has been finance. It was by an exaggeration of our fiscal difficulties that the present ministers obtained power—it was for the purpose of ultimately remedying them that they introduced their Reform Bill—it was by promises of economy in expenditure, and alleviation of taxation, that they obtained whatever influence they have with the public. How stands that matter now? Infinitely worse than it did at their accession to office. There has been no real alleviation of the burthens of the people, and there has been a wasteful and profligate increase of public expenditure, which must eventually lead to an increase of taxation infinitely beyond all the trifling, ill-managed, and worse-distributed economies and

and remissions which they have affected to make. We knew and know, and they knew and know, that no *considerable* reduction of taxation was possible—but why then did they promise it?—why did they, for party purposes, excite expectations which they knew that they could not fulfil—why inflate hopes which must be disappointed? Why, with the knowledge that they were about to incur fifteen or twenty millions of debt on account of West India compensation, why did they yet make a remission of taxes to nearly the exact amount which this arrangement will oblige them to re-impose? Their economies may starve individual families—but have they given, or can they give, one additional slice of bread to the artisan or the peasant? They have sent many a poor clerk and his wife and children to the workhouse—but have they rescued one individual from it? But they have remitted taxes—yes, truly, on tiles, and tallow, and marine insurances, and cotton—all proper enough to be removed whenever the state of the revenue might admit, but most improper to be the *first* removed. But while they made these inconsiderable and *ill-selected* remissions, what have they been doing on the other hand? Increasing, with a blind and wanton profusion, the pecuniary difficulties and embarrassments of the country. Like those unhappy people, who, having been guilty of some offence, or subjected to some imputation which they have not courage to face, they ruin themselves in *hush money*—and the first reform ministry, and the first reform parliament, have given us examples, beyond all precedent and parallel, of solving their difficulties, not by measures, but by money—the most deplorable symptom of an unnerved authority and a degraded spirit. Let us touch a few of these instances.

To obtain a *German* youth of sixteen, with the auspicious name of *Otho*, as king for Greece, they guarantee a third part of a loan of sixty millions of livres. To arrange that the boundary line of this new kingdom shall pass at the north side of a range of barren mountains, instead of the south, they sanction a payment of 500,000*l*. Last year they got out of their heedless engagements about Irish tithes by a payment computed at 60,000*l*.; and again, in the present session, they have attempted, but in vain, to quiet another storm in the same quarter by the panacean application of *half a million*: and thus the distractions and animosities of Ireland, which were fostered and exaggerated by their own imprudence—by giddy promises and random expressions*—are to be suspended, not removed—palliated, not pacified—by additional burthens on the peaceable inhabitants of the rest of the empire. To extricate themselves from their difficulties with the Bank, they liquidate 25 per cent. upon their debt; and

* Mr. Stanley's '*extinction of tythes*,' &c.

after

after stating in their first deliberate proposal that they should require a sacrifice of 250,000*l.* a year from the Bank, together with a participation in its ultimate profits, as a fair price for the renewal of the charter, they have accepted 120,000*l.* per annum,—a reduction equivalent in value to about 2,700,000*l.*, and they abandon altogether the promised participation in the future profits. To obtain the Emperor of Russia's acquiescence in new-fangling the Netherlands, they renew the expired engagements for the Russian-Dutch loan of 5,000,000*l.* To arrange the Negro-slavery question, they offer a *loan* of 15,000,000*l.*—and when every one exclaimed against the mingled extravagance and inefficacy of that device, they amend the matter by changing the *loan* into a *gift*, and—instead of making a proportionate *diminution* in the sum—they *increase* the 15,000,000*l.* into 20,000,000*l.* With the East India Company, their negotiation, though more obscure and complicated, is on the same principle—they take the Company's assets, which will give them a present sum of money, but they saddle the country with debt, engagements and expenditure to an infinitely greater amount; and the goodness of this bargain will be best understood by stating that East-India shares have risen near 40*l.* during this session:—Whence is to come that enormous profit to the India proprietors?—whence—but from the pockets of the opposite party in the negotiation—the public?

Do we object to the charitable justice done to the Irish clergy—to the compensation to the West India proprietors, or to the favour shown to the Bank or to the East India Company? Far from it—but we produce these facts as proofs of the weakness and incapacity of the men who wantonly incur such enormous expenses under the pretence of economy and good management, and who can find no other mode of solving any difficulty, foreign or domestic, than the easy one of *buying* the acquiescence which they have neither ability to obtain by negotiation, nor strength to carry by authority.

Does it give us any satisfaction to be able to allege these facts against the ministry?—Alas, no! far from it—we do it ‘more in sorrow than in anger.’ We admit—and the conservatives in either house of parliament should never forget—that the accession of unpopularity which has lately fallen on the administration is produced chiefly, if not solely, by their reluctance to accelerate the work of destruction—by their attempting to put a drag on the wheel of revolution. Had they not started at the precipice to which they were driving, they might have still enjoyed the drunkenness of their false popularity. We firmly believe that (with the exception of the poor, low-minded arts, with which they think they can keep themselves in office, by slandering the

Tories

Tories, and insulting the House of Lords)—we believe, we say, that they are the creatures of circumstances—the victims of their own inexecutable system of government. They have, too late, discovered that—

‘An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.’

They are not their own masters—they have no option—no power; they could not, even if they were indifferent to the pay and patronage of office, venture to resign; for we do them the favour to believe (though the principles and proceedings of one section of the cabinet afford us little reason for doing so) that they do not desire to throw us into an anarchy; and we candidly, though reluctantly, and with deep sorrow, confess that we do not see how any other government can be *formed or maintained* in our present circumstances. These men may continue for some time longer to go down stairs, they are not yet at the bottom—

‘Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras’—

is we believe impossible to them;—nor are we sanguine that any men, or any association of men, can redeem us from the difficulties in which they have plunged us.

Not that it is men that are wanting—men we have, of the purest patriotism, the most commanding talents, the highest courage, the most extensive and deserved influence; but all their qualities will, we fear, be paralyzed by the practical working of the Reform Bill. Let us call the attention of our readers to one practical consideration.

It is well known that the present ministers feel, and to their confidentials avow, that they cannot make the changes which every now and then become necessary to the conduct of the government, under the present state of the law of election; and one of their most intimate friends and most zealous supporters—Sir Robert Heron—gave, about two months ago—not without their sanction—*notice* of a motion to exempt members of the House of Commons from vacating their seats on a *change* of office. After some deliberation and a week or two of additional experience, it was seen that even this provision would be inadequate to the purpose, and would moreover have the *awkward* appearance of giving the *present* ministers the well-known Irish tenure of a *lease of lives renewable for ever*,—an object, no doubt, most desirable and the first in their thoughts, but hardly to be ventured upon *yet*. So that scheme was abandoned, and the same member subsequently repeated his *notice*—with the amendment of including both *acceptance* and *change*—of office; but then, unfortunately, this proposal has the obvious disadvantage of being *impartial*, and of re-

storing to the king and the country the power of calling another man, or other men, to the public service whenever circumstances might require a change. So this motion is suspended *sine die*. And thus, after stirring once and again this important question, they are bewildered what to do with it: on the one hand, the absence of Sir John Hobhouse presses upon them the necessity of doing something towards restoring to the crown some weight in the choice of its ministers; on the other hand, the presence of Sir Robert Peel—his great and unbalanced weight even in their devoted House of Commons—terrifies them from anything which might facilitate a change, which they feel to be *certain*, whenever it may be *practicable*.

They hesitate—from no sense of shame that Whigs should propose the repeal of an act which Whigs have for above a century lauded as second only in popular importance to the Bill of Rights—from no shame that the first parliamentary regulation after the Reform Bill should be an avowal of its impracticability—no; for the very *notice* has sufficiently made both those, to them most humiliating, confessions. But what care they for humiliation as long as they can keep their places? So they submit to the humiliation of having this suspended *notice*, crying *peccavi*, on the order-book of the Reformed House of Commons; with the additional mortification of knowing that everybody appreciates the mean and mercenary motives which keep them, like the school-man's ass, in this ridiculous dilemma.

Ridiculous to them—fearful to the country. The constitution says the king shall have the power of choosing his ministers—the Reform Bill and the Press, and the example of Westminster, say no; the people, and the people alone, shall choose the ministers of the crown. Then a remedy is proposed, which is found impracticable and insufficient as soon as announced; another is then propounded, which they are afraid to adopt; and so the constitution is at a dead lock. With Sir Robert Heron's *notice* the most pressing political arrangements are suspended; and when death or accident makes an inevitable vacancy, the question is no longer the parliamentary talents—the personal integrity—the public services of the candidate—but whether he can secure his re-election! With this practical proof that the constitution has been changed in one of its most essential points, we hardly need the evidence of that sapient seer, Lord John Russell, that the bill of last year was a 'Revolution.'

Can such a state of things go on? Can the national interests be safe under such a system? The notice-book records the answer of the ministers themselves,—No; and the whole country re-echoes that answer. Then what is to be done?—they know
not,

not. What their own personal interests would prompt, they cannot, and what the public good requires, they will not,—perhaps they dare not do! They are caught in their own trap, and are the first victims of their own short-sighted perfidy.

—— ‘Nec est lex justior ullâ
Quam necis artificis arte perire suâ.’

But alas! the danger is not theirs alone—it is ours—it is the nation's; and when we look at all that is passing around us, we cannot but fear that the *Movement* Press is right, which boldly and candidly tells us, that nothing but a complete, avowed, and radical Revolution can solve the otherwise inextricable embarrassments in which the bewildered ministry and their impracticable system has involved all the constitutional powers of the state.

We live in times that will be history;—events are in progress, the enormous magnitude of which is concealed from us by our very proximity; those who stand at a distance see them better: and every European and American publication, from whatever parties they emanate, and whether they hail or deplore it, all admit the *fact*, that we are in a state of Revolution! Our children too will see clearly the progress of our ruin, and will wonder how any man amongst us could have been blind to it. Let those, at least, who are not blind, vindicate themselves in the eyes of the European world and of posterity. Those whose *order* in the state, and whose position in society impose any duties of interference, are invested—as they are but too well aware—with a most painful responsibility,—if they acquiesce, they will be accused of helping on the ruin; if they resist, they will be charged with creating it. Hear what a writer, one of the most moderate of his class, is not ashamed to advance:—

‘Probably the overthrow of our institutions is not so certain through the agency of the Radicals, as it is by that of the Conservatives. Indeed the former would be rendered innocuous by the adoption of remedial measures which are strenuously denied by the latter, who thus furnish the elements of mischief.’—*Reflections on Foreign and Domestic Policy*, p. 209.

So, though the Radical aims at ‘the overthrow of our institutions,’ his intentions are only *remedial*, and if accomplished would become *innocuous*; and those who would *resist* this remedial and innocuous ‘overthrow of our institutions’ are the very persons who accomplish it; and are accordingly in the deepest degree criminal, if, by their agency, shall be brought about what is remedial and innocuous. This is true revolutionary logic. So the guilt of the 10th of August was on those who resisted the cut-throats who attacked them;—so Buonaparte would have held Palafox responsible for the thousands of lives lost in Saragossa, because he

was rash enough to oppose an invasion which would otherwise have been quite 'innocuous';—so it was the *Police*, and not the *National Conventionalists*, that created the Calthorpe-street riots,—so, when a robber blows out the brains of the passenger who will not quietly deliver his purse, it is not *he*, but the victim, who is, in *foro radicali conscientiæ*, the murderer.

Yes, for all this the Conservatives must be prepared. If the bishops exert a right which the law and the constitution give them—they shall be slandered in the lowest places, and rebuked in the highest—and shall moreover forfeit that right—unless they will engage never again to exercise it. The Commons will admit the House of Lords to be a power in the state, but on the express condition that it shall have no power whatsoever; and the King shall continue in the undisturbed privilege of naming his ministers, as long as he shall choose no one whom a body of 10*l*. householders may not approve; and if any of these parties should be so blindly obstinate as to object to being thus made *non-entities*, they, and they alone, shall be responsible for the state of non-entity to which they may be reduced!

For all this, and for more, we repeat, the Conservatives must be prepared—but the knowledge of their danger should only make their course the more steady—they must be at once firm and conciliatory—not seeking, rather avoiding the exercise of extreme rights—but, on the other hand, abandoning no great principle, and trafficking with no question of conscience. They, perhaps, cannot promise themselves immediate success, but they may be assured that they will be thus laying the foundation of a *certain* return to a better order of things, when either suffering or good sense shall bring back the people to a true notion of their own interests, and to some respect for the ancient institutions to which they have so long owed all their happiness and all their glory.



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